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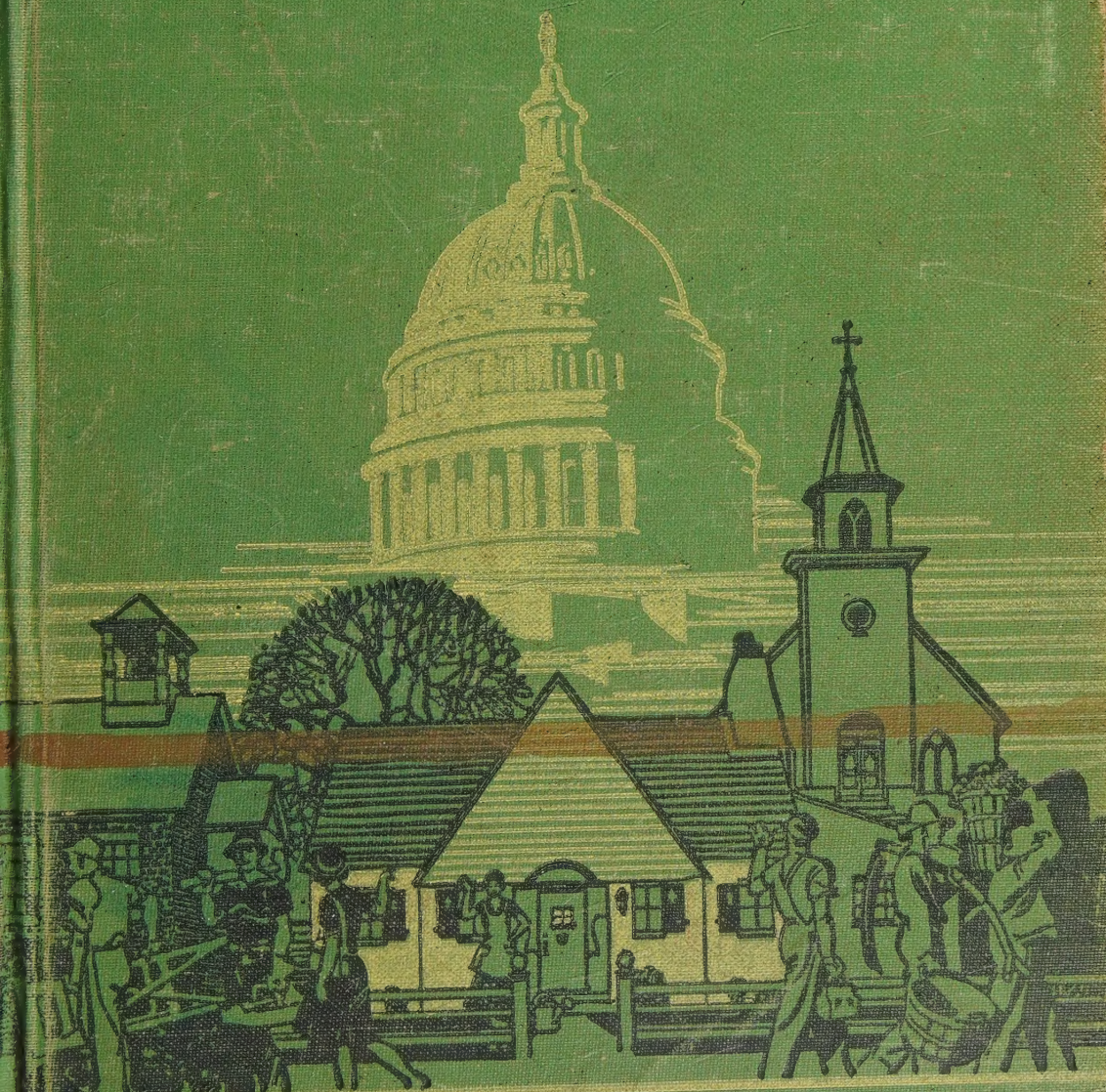

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Faith and Freedom

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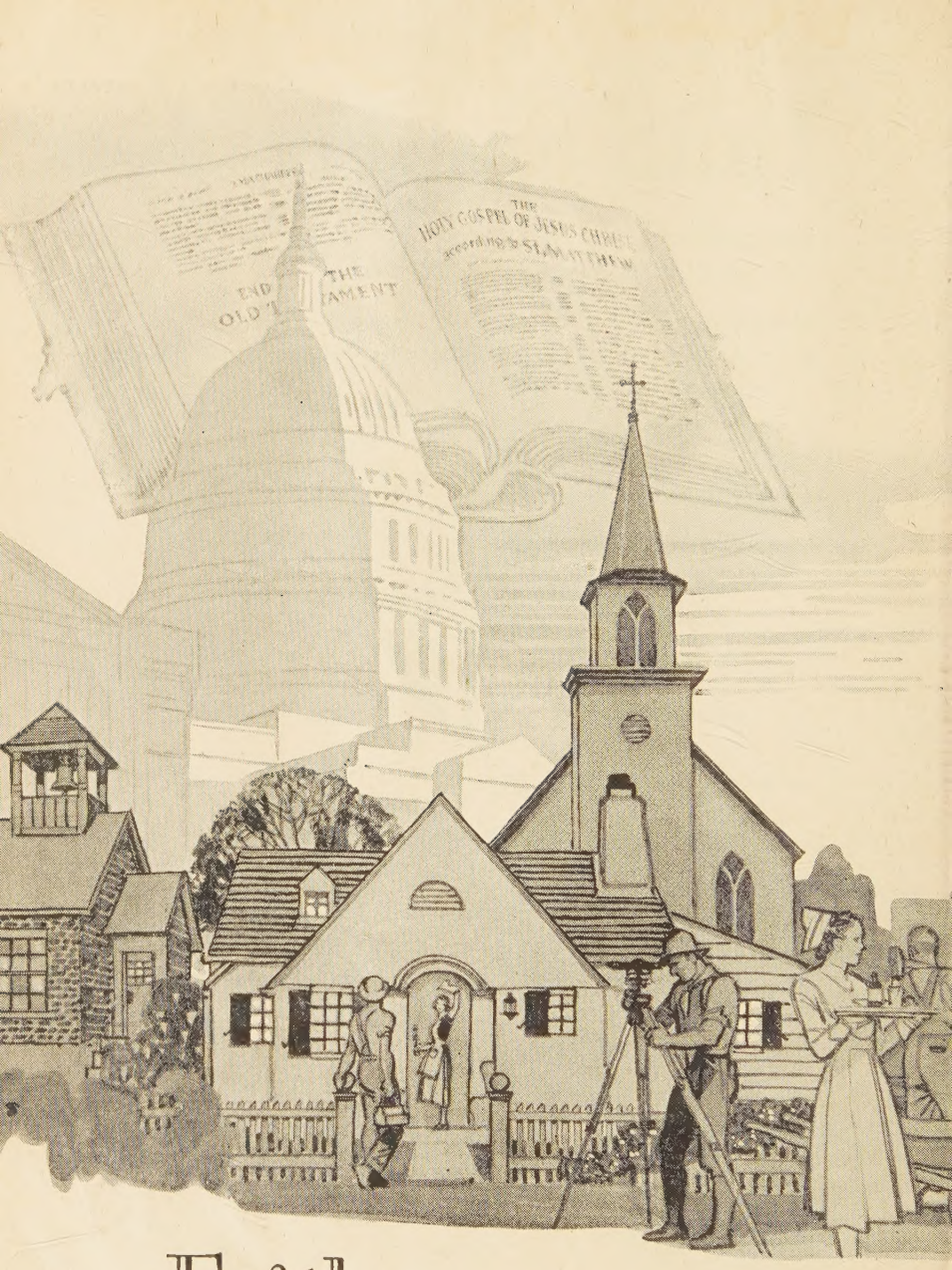

Faith and Freedom

These are Our Freedoms

By

SISTER M. CHARLOTTE, R.S.M., M.A.

and

MARY SYNON, LL.D.

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

RT. REV. MSGR. GEORGE JOHNSON, PH.D.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

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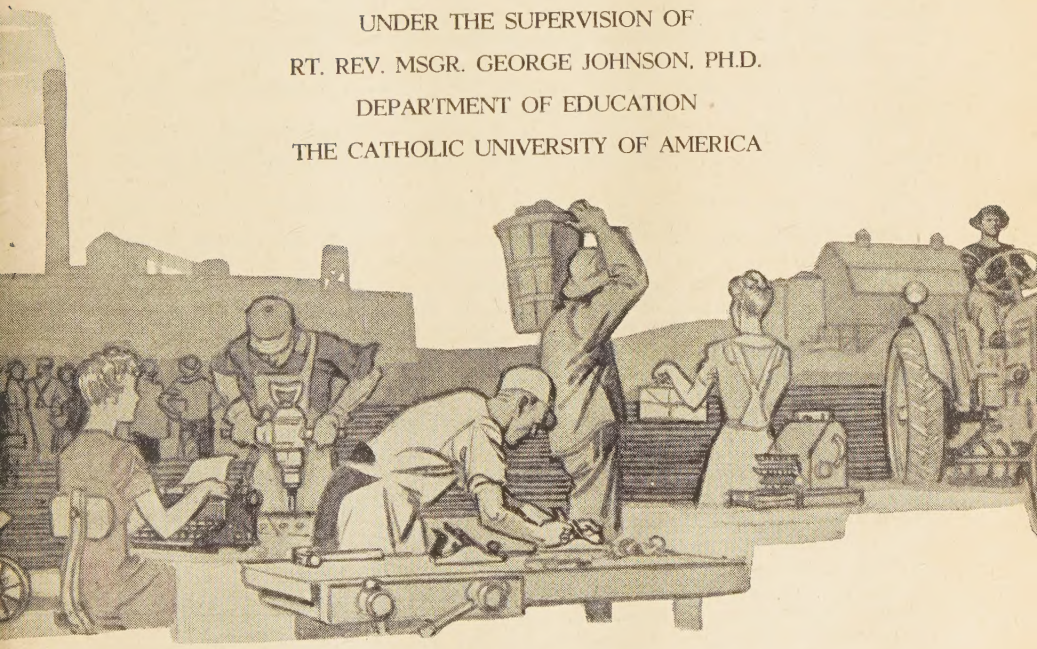

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All verses not otherwise credited have been written as text for this reader by Mary Synon.

II

We Build Our Homes

The house of the just shall stand firm.

Proverbs xii, 7

The right of the people to be secure
in their persons, houses, papers, and effects,
against unreasonable searches and seizures,
shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue,
but upon probable cause,
supported by Oath or affirmation,
and particularly describing the place to be searched,
and the persons or things to be seized.

Bill of Rights, Article IV
Constitution of the United States

To Mary Immaculate

Patroness of our loved land,
Maiden-Mother pure,
Guard thine own America
From all harm secure.
Radiant with sanctity,
Be thyself our light,
Guide our nation's destinies;
Thou wilt lead aright.
By thy mystic crown of stars,
By thy mantle's hue,
Keep our starry banner high,
Help us to be true.
Let thy smile rest tenderly
On our country's youth.
School their hearts in honor, faith,
Purity, and truth.
Thou by God's foreshadowing
Kept from sin-stain free,
Pray for us who have recourse,
Virgin fair, to thee!

SISTER MARYANNA, O.P.

The Juliet Cap of Anneke Bergen

I. *Homes of the Free*

Today it is a great city, the Brooklyn that was only a village on the summer day when Jean Larue and Patrick Sullivan and Anneke Bergen met at the foot of its one winding road.

Today its streets and avenues, narrow and wide, short and long, spread out over miles that were once farms and marshes. Tall buildings look out on a harbor where ride the ships of the world. Factories, warehouses, shops, stand in testimony to its wealth. Churches lift their spires on hills and in hollows. Homes—great homes on the heights, little houses on a thousand thoroughfares—tell the story of a people, a free people.

Out in the harbor rises a great golden statue, the Statue of Liberty, which France sent as a gift to the United States of America. Every day the goddess of the statue holds high her torch of freedom for the peoples of the earth. Every day the boys and girls of Brooklyn may see that uplifted torch, may know what it promises to the poor, the weak, the oppressed of other lands who have come to our land, seeking a new life.

They do not know how much Jean Larue and Patrick Sullivan and Anneke Bergen helped to make possible that freedom under which we all live in our land. Why should they know? It was a long, long time ago when two boys, an Acadian exile and an Irish immigrant, and a girl, the daughter of a Dutch patroon, lighted a fire that still burns. It was a fire of truth and justice; and on it they threw shavings of laughter. Those shavings curled and blazed until the people of the province, the New York which had once been the New Netherlands, laughed in mirth, then

frowned in a deep anger that was not to die until the nation was free.

Today, even in Brooklyn, the names of Jean Larue and Patrick Sullivan and Anneke Bergen have long been forgotten; but today, in Brooklyn and in every other American city and town and village, boys and girls live in homes of the free because, long ago, other boys and girls believed in freedom.

WHAT DOES IT SAY?

Headlines tell in a few words what an article or paragraph says. Here are five groups of headlines. From each set select the one that tells most accurately what the paragraph says. As you choose each headline, in order, copy it on a piece of paper.

Paragraph 1

Brooklyn Once a Village
A Meeting in Summer
Brooklyn a Great City
One Winding Road
Meeting on Road

Paragraph 2

City Dotted with Buildings
Homes Tell of Free People
Ships Ride in Harbor
City's Appearance Changed
Factories Indicate Wealth

Paragraph 3

Goddess with the Torch
Great Statue in Harbor
France's Gift to America
Statue of Liberty Promises Freedom
Immigrants Seek New Life

Paragraph 4

New Netherlands Became New York
Fire Still Burns
X Two Boys and a Girl Helped the Country
People Laughed and Frowned
Acadian, Irish, and Dutch Settlers

Paragraph 5

Children Have Free Homes
Two Boys and a Girl Forgotten
Freedom Owes a Debt to the Past
X Free Homes in America
Believers in Liberty

MAKE A SUMMARY

By adding a few words to fill out each headline you can make a five-sentence summary of Part I of this story.

II. *The Boy from Acadia*

Jean Larue came from Acadia. He had been born in that northern country when it was French. He grew to boyhood in a quiet, peaceful land where men loved God and their neighbors. To him the wars between France and England meant little. A few men from the next village had gone away to fight in them; but most of the Acadians stayed to till the soil, to care for the cows and sheep, to keep their homes in order, to raise their children. Acadia was a peaceful, a happy land.

Then, one day, the soldiers of the king of England marched into Grand Pré. They gathered the men of the village into the church. They made them prisoners. They sent them away from Acadia. Later they sent away the women and children. "We will seek your father," Jean Larue's mother told him. "Perhaps, with God's aid, we shall find him."

Madame Larue died on the ship that was taking her and the boy to Baltimore. She was buried at sea, with old Pierre Mosquelon saying the Prayers for the Dead. "At Baltimore we shall find your father," old Pierre told Jean.

There was no Larue among the exiles in the Maryland town. Some of the Acadians had been taken to New Orleans, some to Brooklyn, some to Charleston, some to Philadelphia. Pierre Mosquelon heard that Jean's father had been on the ship which had put into port at Brooklyn. "Then I must go to Brooklyn," the boy said.

"It is many, many miles," old Pierre warned him. "The only way you can go there is by ship—and where will you get the money to pay for your passage?"

The Acadian exiles in Baltimore Town, miserably poor as they were in the tenements which had been turned over to them by the townsfolk, shared food and shelter with the boy; but no one had money to give him for passage. He might never have sailed to Brooklyn had it not been for a Portuguese captain who came into port on a trading vessel from the West Indies. Jean had never before seen the man. He never saw him again; but he never forgot the big, dark sailor, with gold hoops in his ears, who swung him aboard the little ship. "You will not take up much space," he told Jean, "and I can use you while you are with me."

He used the boy for heavy work as the vessel fought the storms of the Atlantic; but he taught him a little English, and he gave him a silver piece after the ship had cleared the Narrows and had docked below the ferry that connected Brooklyn with New York. "Now seek your father," he bade Jean.

No amount of seeking, however, discovered Joseph Larue. There were, the ferryman said, twenty Acadian families somewhere around Brooklyn, scattered over the farms of thirteen Long Island settlements. For weeks Jean

went from place to place, Bushwick, the Wallabout, Flatbush, New Utrecht, Gravesend, even down to Coney Island.

He learned more English as he talked with Webers and Rennaus and Fischers and Plettels, men and women from the Palatinate, who had come as children to make new homes in a new land when their fathers and mothers sought to escape religious persecution. He talked with people who had known John Peter Zenger, the printer who had defied a royal governor for his belief in the right of a free press. He talked with Reillys and Burkes and Welshes and Sheas, Irish men and women who had sought in this new land the freedom denied them in the old country.

He found some Acadians: Thibaudeaus, Le Princes, Vocelles, and Comeaus. They were working for Dutch farmers, struggling to earn enough money to buy farms of their own. They welcomed Jean, but they could do nothing

for him. They had not seen his father since the day in Grand Pré when Colonel John Winslow of His Majesty's forces had passed sentence upon the Acadian prisoners. "Your father may be in Philadelphia," they said.

WHAT DO YOU THINK AND WHY?

None of these questions is answered directly in the material that you have just read. What do *you* think are the answers?

In preparing to give the class your opinion, skim through the story to find the statements that make you think as you do. When you tell *what* you think, show *why* by reading the sentence or sentences that seem to indicate that your view is correct.

1. Do you think the Acadians were troublesome to the British government?
2. Was the treatment that the Acadians received from the soldiers particularly cruel in any way?
3. Were there any priests aboard the boat with Jean?
4. Why was it difficult to locate any particular Acadian in the new country?
5. What sort of man was the Portuguese captain?
6. Did the country in and around Brooklyn offer freedom to the settlers of Jean Larue's time?

III. *The Brooklyn Ferry*

Jean Larue was looking for a ship to Philadelphia when he came to Jacob Brewerton's ferry. There were a half-dozen vessels at the docks, but no one of them looked promising for a Philadelphia passage. Two were West India merchantmen, loaded with teakwood and silks from the Orient. Another, from Bristol in England, was trading a cargo of china and calicoes and carpets for furs and cotton. A Spanish ship had brought wines. Two oyster boats were

waiting for odd jobs, now that the giant oysters, pickled in small casks for sending to the Barbados, were out of season. The ferry sailboat, which wove its way back and forth between Brooklyn and New York, was out in the middle of the river. Except for a boy standing near the door, the ferry house was deserted.

The boy, a year or two older than Jean, stared at him curiously. His gaze measured the Acadian's worn clothing, his tired slouch, his pale cheeks, his sad eyes. "Where are you going?" he asked Jean. His voice was not unkind, but it demanded answer.

"Philadelphia," Jean said.

"Have you the money for your passage?" the boy asked.

"No. I will work to pay my way."

"There's little chance of anyone's working a passage anywhere now," the other boy said. "Have you eaten today?" he went on, evidently seeing the disappointment in the Acadian's eyes.

"What's it to you?" Jean flung back.

"Nothing," the other boy said, "but I'm thinking it will be quite a little to you if you don't eat something soon. Do you see that house yonder?" He pointed to a stone mansion near the turn of the road which led up from the ferry. "Go up there, and ask at the back door for something to eat."

"Is it your home?" Jean asked.

The other boy laughed. "Indeed, and it is not," he said. "I am Patrick Sullivan. My mother and father and the twelve of us Sullivan children live in the wee house you'll see just beyond the mansion. The big house is the Bergen place. Mynheer Joris Bergen is the richest man on this side of the river. Go up there, and someone will give you food."

"Will they let me work to earn it?" Jean asked.

"Don't worry about that," Patrick Sullivan said. "They'll give you plenty of food and plenty of work." His bright

eyes swung their gaze away from Jean. "Here's Anneke now," he said. "Anneke Bergen."

A girl, a little younger than either of them, was coming down the lane toward the ferry. Her short wide petticoats swayed as she walked, and a tassel on her cap swung saucily. As she came nearer, Jean heard her whistling. "Do girls whistle here?" he asked Patrick.

"Anneke does," said the Irish boy. He laughed at the Acadian's surprise. "Anneke Bergen isn't afraid of anyone."

"Not soldiers?" Jean remembered Acadia.

"Not soldiers. Not highwaymen. Not pirates."

"Pirates do not come here."

"Sometimes they do. I'll show you where Captain Kidd used to come."

"Who is Captain Kidd?"

Patrick Sullivan shouted so loudly that Anneke Bergen hurried her steps a little. "What is funny?" she asked, as she came near. Her voice was soft and round, but it carried far. She looked steadily at Jean while Patrick told her that the Acadian boy had never heard of Captain Kidd. "I'll tell you the story someday," she said and went on to Brewerton's sailboat.

Through hot sunshine Jean went up the lane to the stone house. As he came near, its importance grew greater. Not until afterward was he to see the great carved bedsteads and huge feather beds, the heavy tables and chairs, the gleaming silver and fine linens from Holland which made the Bergen house one of the finest in all the province. From its solid exterior, however, its shining windows, its tiled roof, its many iron decorations the boy knew its elegance. For a moment he hesitated to approach it. Then, remembering Patrick's words, he stepped to its kitchen door.

A huge woman thrust her head through the open upper half of the door. She spoke to Jean, first in Dutch, then in English. He told his story, pointing down the road toward Patrick and Anneke. The woman, Catelyna Lefferts, opened the lower half of the door, and motioned Jean to sit down at a scoured wooden table. Then, from the big stove, which took up one side of the room, she ladled out soup. From a covered wooden box on the floor she brought bread and broke off a big piece.

"Eat!" she bade the boy, and laughed in admiration when he obeyed. "It is wonderful to be young and have appetite," she said.

"What do I do to earn my food?" he asked when he had finished. For a time, which seemed hours to him, he brought in wood from a shed, scrubbed the brick floor of the kitchen, and polished pewter plates and bowls. Then, suddenly, Anneke Bergen was in the room, telling Catelyna that Jean was to come out with her and Patrick Sullivan. "Och, so?" the big woman said, and shoved Jean out after the girl.

"What shall I do for you?" the boy asked wearily, as he followed Anneke to the well house, where Patrick sat.

"You will talk," Anneke said. "Patrick says you have traveled far. You will tell me of Baltimore Town and of your own land. Have you no people, no family?"

"I do not know," Jean said. "I am trying to find my father."

"Do you think we can help him, Patrick?" Anneke's question was a promise. Patrick nodded solemnly. In that moment was born a friendship which was to endure as long as the three of them lived, a friendship which was to go through war and siege and the birth of a new nation, a friendship which was to see and take part in some of the great events which made possible a land of the free. All

they knew then—Jean Larue and Patrick Sullivan and Anneke Bergen—was that they liked and trusted one another. For them that was enough.

IV. *The House on the Highway*

Mynheer Joris Bergen, the richest man in the colony outside Manhattan, that fast-growing town across the river, was willing enough to give work and food and a roof to the Acadian boy. The wage for which Jean labored was so tiny that he figured it would take him years and years to earn money enough to pay his fare to Philadelphia either on a vessel which went around the Delaware Capes, or on the coach-ferry which ran from Brooklyn to Gravesend, then to Staten Island, then to Perth Amboy, and finally to the Pennsylvania city. He reasoned, however, that he would find a way. Someday he and his father, together again, would once more make a home. In this new land they would find something of the old peace—even if they could never again find the old happiness—of Acadia. Meanwhile, there was work, and a place to live in, and Patrick Sullivan, and Anneke.

Every evening, when work for Patrick and himself was done,—for Patrick worked on the Bergen farm, while Jean worked around the stone mansion,—the two boys and the girl met by the well house. Through the long summer twilights they talked of many things, of the few books they knew, of far lands of which they had heard, of dreams and hopes of tomorrow. Always, no matter from what point they started, they came to the heart of their deepest dream —their desire for homes of their own.

"Someday I want a home of my own," Patrick would say. "My father and my mother came from Ireland to have a home of their own, and we are all happy in our wee house."

"I want only a little house," Jean said, "a house even smaller than yours, Patrick, but with my father and myself in it. That will make a home, anywhere."

"Yes," said Anneke. "That is what makes our big house a home, even though I, like Jean, have no mother, no brothers, no sisters. My father says, though, that we are facing bad times. We may have to fight, he says, to keep our homes free."

"If I had a home," said Jean, "I should be glad to fight for it."

"I should be glad to fight," said Patrick, "for the right to have a home, even if I had no home."

"We shall all have free homes someday," Anneke said. "My people, the people of the Netherlands, have always sought freedom."

"So have mine," said Patrick Sullivan, "and someday they'll win it."

"My people are—where?" asked Jean. "In Maryland, in Philadelphia, in Charleston, in New Orleans; but I know that, wherever they are, they are working and praying for homes once more."

It was his own prayer, morning and evening. Winter or summer, when he arose, he knelt upon the sanded floor and said the prayers his mother had taught him in Acadia, old prayers which his people had said, generation after generation. At night, when work and supper and talk were done, he knelt again. No matter how tired he was, he said all he could remember of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. "Our Lady will help me," he told himself. "She will help me to find my father, and then we shall have a home, a home like the one the Sullivans have."

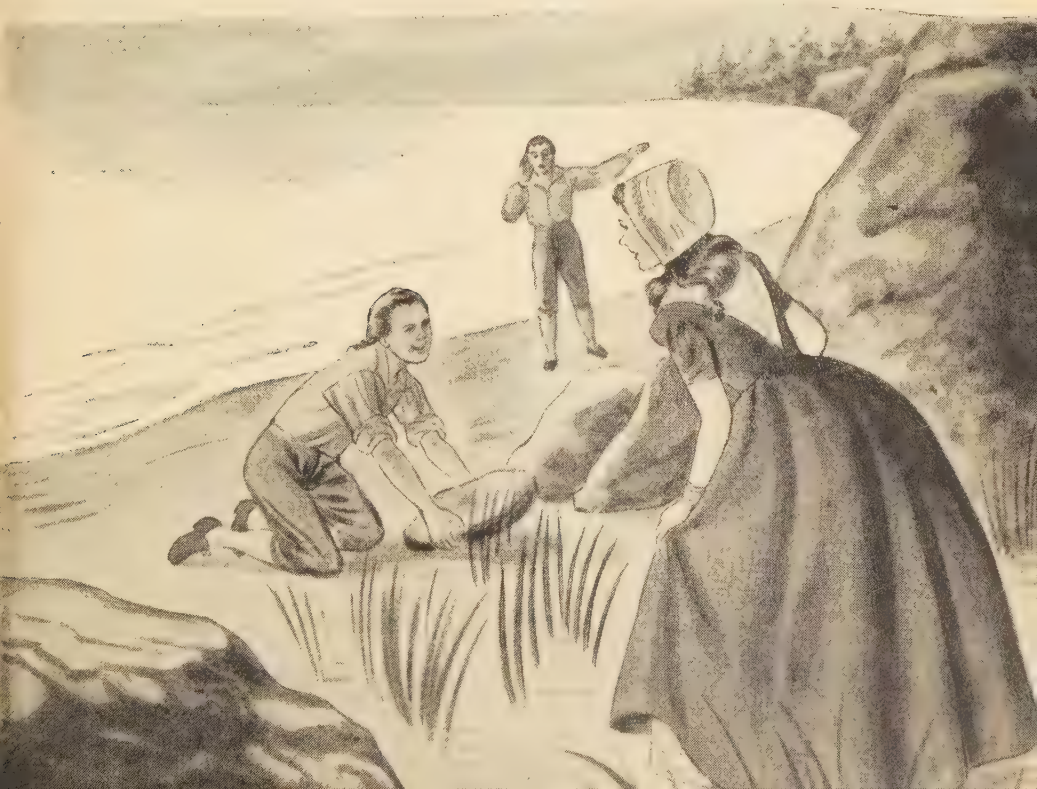
For all his loneliness and longing, however, he was not unhappy in the house of Joris Bergen. Patrick and he worked hard; but so did everyone in the household, Myn-

heer and Catelyna and Anneke. No one was unkind to him; and with Anneke and Patrick he had a friendship which deepened, both in work-time and in leisure, as the days went by.

Sometimes, when the errands in the house were done, and work in the fields ran slow, the three of them, Anneke and Patrick and Jean, went off on excursions of their own. Once, with the one-horse chaise, which was Joris Bergen's particular pride, they drove to the beach where Captain Kidd had come ashore after his years as a pirate. There was a rumor that his treasure had been buried there; and, although sixty years had gone by since the captain had been hanged in England, men were still seeking his gold in the sands.

"I wonder where those old pirates really buried their treasure," Patrick said.

"What would you do if you found it?" Anneke asked; and they all laughed because they knew the answer so well.



Sometimes, as they walked on the King's Highway, the coach going to or coming from Gravesend whirled by them, a bright-red coach, drawn by eight horses, traveling with a flourish to the Staten Island ferry. Wigged gentlemen and beflounced ladies rode in it, daring the dangers of the highwaymen, who often held up riders here on the road. Once, as the coach passed, they saw the governor of New York and his wife among the passengers. Anneke pursed up her red lips. "I hope she falls into the water as she goes on the ferry," she said angrily.

"You do not like her ladyship?" Jean asked.

"I certainly do not like her ladyship," Anneke said. "No one in the colony likes her—but everyone is afraid to say anything about her."

"What has she done?"

"I'll tell you what she has done, what she keeps on doing. She visits all the Dutch families in New York. She asks them to show her their treasures. They bring out gold and silver and jewels and needlework and fine linen. She looks over all they show; then she chooses one piece—always the finest, the rarest—and asks to borrow it. They dare not refuse her. She is the governor's wife."

"But does she not return what she has borrowed?" asked Jean.

"Borrowed? It is not borrowing. It is highway robbery, just the same as the highwaymen practice on the road near the ferry to Staten Island. No one ever gets back what Milady borrows."

"Has she ever taken anything from you?" Jean asked.

"Not yet," said Anneke.

"If she does, I will get it back for you."

"You? How can you, Jean?"

"I will find a way."

V. *Anneke's Heirloom*

Anneke remembered his promise one autumn evening as they sat with Mynheer Joris in the "best room" of the mansion. By firelight and candlelight that gleamed on the Bible-story tiles of the fireplace, the Dutchman was listing the contents of a leather chest: silver spoons which he called Apostle spoons because tiny figures of the Apostles topped the long handles; ivory chessmen carved by long-dead Chinese with almost unbelievable fineness; heavy golden chains and bracelets wrought by artists of the Low Countries; finger rings flashing with diamonds and rubies cut and polished by the craftsmen of Holland. Anneke and Jean paid no heed to the mynheer's task until he held up what seemed to the boy some tangled strings of white-gleaming pearls.

"My Juliet cap!" Anneke cried, and ran across the room to take it from her father's hand.

"What is a Juliet cap?" Jean asked, as the girl set the pearls upon her bright hair.

She laughed at his earnest question. "This was my mother's," she said, while her father nodded.

"Her mother gave it to her," he said. "She called it a Juliet cap because once she went to London and saw a play called *Romeo and Juliet.* It was a very sad, a very beautiful play. The girl Juliet of the play wore a cap like this. But this cap is of real pearls, pearls which the Dutch traders brought back to Antwerp from the South Pacific."

"Real pearls," Jean said. "I hope Milady will not wish to 'borrow' them."

"No danger," said Mynheer Bergen. "The men of Antwerp have always known how to protect their rights against oppression." He began to sing the Dutch words of a song. Anneke translated it for Jean.

"It is the song of the workers of Antwerp," she said.

Proud are we of each lofty spire,
Of our city's towers and the church's dome,
But prouder far that each can acquire
A happy spot he can call a home.

The tramp of thousands of hurrying feet,
Steadily plodding, each morn and night,
Re-echoes loud on the busy street,
And the men who labor can also fight!

"Jean says that if Milady ever takes anything away from me, he will get it back," she told her father.

"So?" Mynheer Bergen stared at him. "Well, there is a fable of a lion and a mouse, and there is some truth in all fables."

ARRANGING EVENTS IN ORDER

Can you arrange these events in order? When you have written them on paper, prepare to take part in retelling the story to the class.

Jean made a promise to Anneke.
Mynheer Bergen hired Jean.
Anneke came along.
The mynheer learned of Jean's promise.
The three friends spent pleasant hours together.
Patrick became interested in the Acadian.
Jean was looking for a boat to Philadelphia.
The boy and girl promised to help Jean.
Mynheer Bergen looked over his treasures.
Jean went to the big house for food.
Anneke told the boys about the governor's wife.

WELL SAID!

Ordinary things can be said in interesting ways if one knows how to use words well. Here are some examples. Explain each one in your own words. If you need help, turn to the Glossary.

his gaze measured the Acadian's worn clothing
tassel on her cap swung saucily
ladled out soup
swung their gaze
laughed in admiration
go through war and siege
heart of their deepest dream
seeking his gold in the sands
traveling with a flourish
wigged gentlemen
beflounced ladies
pursed up her red lips
wove its way back and forth

THEY WERE LIKE THIS

Jean, Patrick, and Anneke were three very likable and, in many ways, very different persons. Think over and, if necessary, read over the things that they said and did. Then write a short paragraph describing the character of each one.

VI. *Festival Days*

The golden autumn of Long Island whitened into winter. Through the short days Anneke and Jean and Patrick did the tasks set for them. In the long evenings Patrick studied at home with the other Sullivan children, while Anneke taught Jean how to say in English what he had already learned in French. She taught him, too, old Dutch songs, all of them strong with the wish for freedom. "Someday," she always ended her singing lesson, "this lovely new land, our land, will be free."

Jeremiah Sullivan, Patrick's father, said almost the same words when, on Sundays, Jean went to the tiny house to join the Sullivans in reading the Prayers of the Mass. Jeremiah Sullivan, kneeling before his family and the Acadian boy, read slowly from a worn book. The Sullivan boys and Jean took turns in giving the responses.

"If only we could have a priest, at least once a year!" Mrs. Sullivan would sigh. "But there's no priest nearer than Philadelphia. I have heard that Father Farmer of that place sometimes comes to New York, even though priests are forbidden to enter the province. Would we be knowing," she asked her husband, "when he might come?"

"Someone would send out the word," said Jeremiah.

"When I go to Philadelphia," Jean said, "I will tell Father Farmer how much the Catholics here need a priest. Many Catholics have now come to the province."

"But you will not be going there for a long, long time," Patrick said.

"Who knows?" said Jean. "The good God may clear the way for me sooner than we think."

" 'Tis a way He has," said Mrs. Sullivan.

That was a winter of deep snows, the winter when a great bear loped past the house of Cornelius Sebring. When

Sebring pursued it, the bear leaped into the water and tried to swim across the bay; but Sebring killed it from a boat. Men and boys—Bennets and Bogarts, Remsens and Ryersons, Vanderhoevens and Vandervoorts—came from all over the borough to see the huge hulk of the animal. Van Pelts and Hyberts, Van Nuyses and Van Dycks, came from New Utrecht. They gathered around a big fire which Sebring made and talked for hours about trade and the weather, about ships and crops, about their servants and their neighbors. But always, Jean noticed, their talk—no matter where it started—ended with the declaration that they were free men who would not endure too many of the restrictions which the English were setting on their freedom.

"They will see what we shall do," one man after another said; and when Sebring gave them all big cups of hot wine, they lifted them high and drank toasts to men who had fought and died for freedom in the Low Countries.

The Christmas celebration lasted from Christmas Eve, when the Sullivans set a lighted candle in the window, through New Year's Day. The Dutch children had already received their gifts on the day of Saint Nicholas; but on Christmas, Anneke gave Jean a pair of mittens that she had knitted for him, and Mynheer Bergen gave him a pair of boots.

On Saint Valentine's Day the Dutch girls carried cords with knots at the end with which they struck at the boys; but Anneke said she was too old for such nonsense.

Springtime came to Brooklyn with banners of blossoms, blossoms of apple and peach and pear, pink and white in the orchards. On Easter Monday the Dutch children celebrated, calling the day "Paasch." Mynheer Bergen gave Jean a holiday. He spent it with Anneke and Patrick, wandering through the woods on the heights. On "Pinkster Day," the day after Whitsunday, the three of them ate soft waffles, then went to the market near the ferry to watch the Negro slaves dancing in bright costumes to the music of drums. The slaves seemed gay, but Jean turned away with a sigh. To him slavery would always mean the sadness of exile, as well as the sadness of the ownership of another human being.

The boy still grieved over his loneliness, although he seldom spoke of it. Once, when Anneke asked him what he would rather have than anything else in the world, he said, "The sight of my father." When Patrick stormed against his brother Gerald for something the younger boy had done, Jean said, "If I had a brother, I would never speak against him." For the most part, however, he kept his longing to himself; but he sought out every stranger who came to Brooklyn to ask if he might have met an Acadian named Larue. No one of them had ever heard of him.

VII. *Milady Comes to the Party*

Anneke's birthday came in May. Mynheer Joris Bergen might have forgotten the day had it not been for Catelyna Lefferts, the huge Dutchwoman who was commanding general of the Bergen household. "We shall have a party," Catelyna announced, "a party for Anneke." For a week Catelyna sanded floors and shook out feather beds and washed linen and polished silver. "Scrub," she would order Jean. "Shake! Shine!"

When the house gleamed with cleanliness, she started to bake little cakes and big cakes, dark cakes and light cakes, wafer cakes, cinnamon cakes, and rich pork cakes. "There will be plenty from far and near. There may even be those who are not invited."

"How can that be?" Jean asked. "Would anyone come who was not asked?"

Catelyna laughed until she shook like jelly. "I have seen it happen," she said. "Let us hope that all who come will behave as good guests should." She looked at the house with pride. "I am willing to show this to everyone in the province," she declared, "to everyone but the governor's lady."

"You do not think she will come?" Jean asked.

"I hope that she does not know that we give a party," said Catelyna.

The news of the party, however, had evidently gone farther than the invitations, for in the Maytime afternoon big and little groups of men and women, boys and girls, came to honor Anneke Bergen's birthday. They came on foot, on horseback, in one-horse chaises, in low carts, even on lumber wagons. Some came from the south, from Gravesend and Gowanus, others from the north, from the Wallabout settlement, others from the east, from Flatlands

and Flatbush, and still others came by way of Jacob Brewerton's ferry from Manhattan. They brought gifts for Anneke, candies shaped like ducks, lambs, and Spanish coins from Debrosse's shop in Manhattan. They brought bright trinkets, and kerchiefs, and little bottles of scent.

Joris Bergen, handsome and stately in silken suit, and Anneke, lovely in flowered satin, and with the Juliet cap gleaming in her golden hair, made welcome all who had come.

Patrick and Jean, passing glasses and dishes to the guests, joined in the spirit of gaiety. Catelyna fussed and fumed over the numbers of the crowd, but the two boys knew that she too was happy. Boys and girls played games of hide-and-seek and of *trock*, a kind of croquet, upon the grass before the house. The stronger men bowled or tried their skill in tossing horseshoes. The quieter ones played ticktack, with figures and pegs. Every little while groups began to sing so joyously that even Catelyna stopped her grumbling to say, "Fine, fine!"

Then, like a clap of thunder on a clear day, came the threat of storm. Up the road from the ferry came a chaise, Mynheer Cortelyou's chaise—but Mynheer Cortelyou was not beside the driver. In his place sat a tall, thin woman, the governor's lady.

At sight of her all the joy of the party vanished. A crowd of quiet people watched her step down from the chaise and move toward Joris Bergen and his daughter. They did not shout, as women at home sometimes cried when they saw Milady's arrival: "Hide the silver! Hide the new linens!" But their gloomy faces gave her no welcome. Many of them had already suffered from her highhanded taking of their treasures. All of them feared her misuse of her power.

They were descendants of the first settlers of the place, Dutch who had built the New Netherlands by skill and

thrift and hard work. Then, nearly a hundred years before, the English had taken the colony by force and changed its name to New York. True, there had been one good English governor, the Irish Catholic Dongan, who had given New York her Charter of Liberties; but Dongan had gone back to his native land to fight there for freedom, and the governors who had followed him had not been of his kind. The Dutch of the colony had suffered from them, and, most of all, from the one who now let his wife rob the wives and daughters of the patroons. It was little wonder that all of them stared at her with hostile eyes as she seemed to pounce down upon Anneke Bergen.

"It is a lovely party," Milady cried in a high, shrill voice. "And what a beautiful gown!"

"She'd take it off the girl's back," Catelyna muttered to Jean, "if she thought she could put it on herself."

"Will you not break bread with us?" Mynheer Bergen asked, and led Milady toward the loaded tables. There she stood, staring at silver and glass and china rather than at food. "May I borrow that Apostle spoon?" she asked her host.

"I am sorry," he said smoothly, "but that spoon is one of a dozen which my family has kept together for many generations. May I give you a packet of these Keskatomas nuts?"

"Thank you," said Milady, but her smile grew thin.

She went then around the company. Everyone gave her courtesy, but no one gave her friendliness. Sometimes she touched a jewel or an ornament which one of the women or girls wore, but she made no demand until she came back to Anneke. Then, as if she saw it for the first time, she cried out over the Juliet cap which shone in Anneke's hair. "How exquisite! Where did you get it?" Her long fingers reached out to touch the pearls. "Why, they are real!"

"This was my mother's," Anneke said.

"It is lovely," said Milady. With a twist of her wrist she swung it off the girl's head. "I know you will not refuse me," she went on. "It is such a little favor. Next week I go with my husband, the governor, to visit the governor of the colony of Virginia in his palace at Williamsburg. This is just what I need for the ball he will give for me. I will be careful of it, my dear, and you will be happy to know that it has graced a governor's ball. I will return it when I come back."

"But it is mine," Anneke said, "my greatest treasure!" Tears rushed to her eyes, while, around her, people stood in silence.

Mynheer Bergen came beside his daughter. "Can I not have a copy of it made for you, Milady?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said Milady. "I should not think of putting you to that trouble. I shall be gone only a little while. Then I will bring it back to your daughter, perhaps with some pretty trifle from Virginia."

"She'll never bring it back," ran the whisper, as Milady marched off to the Cortelyou chaise. "That is what she always says," said one woman after another. "She said that when she took my gold pin. . . . She said that when she took my silver bracelets. . . . She said that when she took my wedding tablecloth. . . . Always she says that she will bring back what she takes, but never, never does she return anything."

They crowded around Anneke as the chaise whirled back to the ferry. "It is terrible," they said. "It is wrong. It is unjust. But what can we do? What can anyone do?"

No one could do anything now, Jean thought, but he was both sorry for Anneke and angry at the woman who had taken the girl's pearls. Anneke treasured the pearls more than anything else she owned because they had been her mother's; and the lad raged at the injustice of their taking.

REMEMBERING FACTS

Remembering facts is a part of good reading. Test your memory with these questions. All of them have been answered in the story.

1. What did Anneke do in winter evenings?
2. Why did Jean go to the Sullivan home on Sunday?
3. What was a favorite topic of conversation among the people?
4. What festival days are mentioned in the story?
5. What was always in Jean's mind?
6. What preparations did Catelyna make for the party?
7. How did the people come to the party?
8. What did the guests bring Anneke?
9. How were Mynheer Bergen and Anneke dressed for the party?
10. Why did the people fear the governor's lady?
11. What made Catelyna "fuss," and what made her say "Fine"?
12. Did Joris Bergen refuse Milady anything?
13. For what purpose did the governor's wife say she wanted the cap?
14. How did Anneke's father try to save her Juliet cap?
15. How did the Bergen guests feel about the "borrowing"?

MAKE A PICTURE

Some people use words to describe what they see; others use pictures. Both ways are good. So select from part VI or VII of this story some scene that you see clearly in your imagination and make an interesting picture with words or with a drawing.

VIII. *Highwaymen and Heroes*

Jean and Patrick knew that Anneke grieved over the loss of her cap, although she said little of her grief. "I know I shall never see my pearls again," she told the boys. "Milady never gives back anything she takes." She did not look at Jean, but he remembered his promise, given long before.

"Perhaps I can get it for you, Anneke," he said shyly.

"You? How could you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he had to say.

If Milady, who had not yet gone to Williamsburg in Virginia, had opened her windows wide she might have heard the murmurs of protest against her acts. All the Dutch of New York regarded her taking of Anneke's pearl cap as the most daring and highhanded of all her offenses against them. To take from a motherless girl her most treasured heirloom! It was worse than the deeds of the highwaymen who held up the coach on the King's Highway. Men and women, boys and girls, spoke of the act whenever two of them met,—at docks and in shops, at town pumps, in taverns and in playhouses, at races in Newmarket, even near the doors of churches,—but no one knew what could be done to force Milady to return the treasure.

"The wife of the governor of Virginia has more power than the wife of the governor of New York," one of the New Yorkers declared. "Perhaps she will use it to take away the cap from Milady."

But Milady seemed to have no fear of such loss. Jonica Duyts, who worked for her, reported that the cap already lay within the leather jewel box which the governor's wife would carry to Williamsburg. "It looks terrible on her," Jonica said, "but she will not go without it."

Twice, as the eight-horse, red-wheeled coach of the Royal Mail rushed past the Bergen house on the highway, Jean

and Patrick looked to see if the governor's wife was within it; but she had not yet gone on the day when Joris Bergen bade the boys take back to Pieter Vechte in New Utrecht a tool which had been borrowed from him.

They set out very early in the morning, for the day threatened to be hot. They kept up a steady walking pace past the neat Dutch farms, which always reminded Jean of his native Acadia. Only when they had passed the Winter White Oak Tree, which marked the boundary between Brooklyn and New Utrecht, did they realize that they were tired.

"Can't we sit down a little while?" Patrick said.

There were no trees now beside the rutted road which ran through farm lands and dunes on its way to the Staten Island ferry. There was, however, a wide ditch. Patrick and Jean flung themselves down into it. There they lay until Patrick said, "It's time we took to the road again." But, before they arose, there came to them the sound of clattering hoofbeats. " 'Tis the coach," said Patrick.

"No," said Jean. "The sound does not come from that direction."

They pulled themselves up to the top of the ditch, then slid back in haste as they saw three men on horseback riding madly from the eastward. "Highwaymen!" Patrick gasped. "Lie low now, Jean, until they have gone by!"

Nearer and nearer came the sound of hoofbeats, while the boys flattened their bodies against the bottom of the dry ditch. "They will not see us," Patrick whispered.

Then, suddenly, came another sound, a farther sound to the westward, the beat of other hoofs upon the highway. "Here comes the coach," Jean said.

Almost above them the horses of the highwaymen were pulled up short. "We'll have to meet them here," a rough voice said.

Down in the ditch the boys could hear the sounds of three voices. They hardly dared breathe as the clatter of hoof-beats told them of the approach of the stagecoach. Nearer and nearer it came until the first rough voice shouted loudly, "Pull them up! Stay where you are on that box, Jack Crane. Ladies and gentlemen, step out. Stand right there on the road. We will not keep you long if you cause us no trouble. If you do, you'll be here for a long, long time."

A man snarled protest, and a woman screamed. Another woman's voice spoke. "My good men," it said, "do you realize what you are doing?"

"We know very well," the highwayman said.

"Do you know," the woman's voice continued, "that I am the wife of the governor of New York, and that I can have you hanged?"

"Take your place beside the others," the highwayman ordered. "Now, all of you, set down your bags and your boxes. While I hold this gun, my fellows here will take your watches and jewels and money. Stand in line!" he ordered sharply.

"The soldiers of the king will soon be here," said Milady. "They are following us from the ferry."

"All the more reason for us to hurry," the highwayman said coolly. "Set those bags and boxes beside the road," he bade one of his companions.

From the ditch Jean could see the piling of the luggage which the highwaymen planned to loot. A locker trunk came first, then smaller articles, some of elegance, others of poor materials. Last, as if it had been given over most unwillingly, came a red-leather box, the jewel box of Milady. Silently Jean poked Patrick, then pointed to the box.

It lay so near the ditch that Jean could, if he dared, reach it and bring it down. He looked at Patrick, asking him, without words, if he should take the risk to win back Anneke's

treasure, which was certainly within it. Patrick looked back at him uncertainly, trying to tell him the danger of action. If one of the highwaymen saw him pull down the box, he would certainly shoot him.

This was peril; but it was also the chance to prove to Anneke that he had meant his promise to win back whatever Milady might take from her.

The boy reached up slowly, cautiously. He gripped one end of the bright box, brought it to the edge of the ditch, then carefully moved it, inch by inch, down the slope. He slid it under his body, and lay upon it as the voices once again rose above the ditch.

"The soldiers!" a woman shouted. "The soldiers of the king are coming!"

Again the sound of hoofs clattered on the road to the westward. "You shall pay for this!" Milady shrieked. "I will have you all hanged!"

"When you take us," the hoarse voice of the highwayman said. "Pick up what you can," he ordered his men. "Take the small boxes."

There was trampling on the road above them, and the boys lay without moving a muscle. Then, "Good-by, ladies and gentlemen," the hoarse voice said, and there came the thud of swift-running horses.

"We can say good-by to our money and jewels," a man's voice spoke. "The soldiers will never overtake them."

"They must, they must!" Milady cried.

Her voice stayed high, crying out orders as the soldiers came. Patrick and Jean lay quiet on the bottom of the ditch. It was no time, they knew, to make known their presence. Finally, with shouts and cries from the robbed passengers, the redcoats rode off in pursuit.

Down in the ditch Jean clutched tightly the red-leather box. It held, he knew, Anneke's cap, those pearls which Milady had taken from the girl as boldly and as wrongfully as the highwaymen had taken the box from Milady. Should he take them out, hide the box, and go his way unquestioned?

For a moment he struggled with the temptation. If he took out the pearls and returned them to Anneke, he need explain only to the Bergens. If he gave back the box to Milady, she would take the cap away with her to Williamsburg, and Anneke would probably never see it again. If he got out of the ditch, held up the box, and demanded that Milady send back the pearls to their owner, what would happen? Would the governor's wife have him put under arrest? What should he do?

Then, as always, Jean Larue did what his father and mother had taught him to do in all times of doubt. Silently he prayed to God for the grace to know what was right and for the strength to do the right. As he prayed, he remembered the pastor before the altar of the church in Grand Pré. "The honest man is the brave man," the old priest had said. "The truth brings courage. Know the truth. Tell the truth. Act the truth. God will always help you."

With the prayer still in his heart, and with Patrick Sullivan at his heels, Jean climbed up the slope.

A woman screamed as the boy's head rose over the top of the ditch. A dozen men and women faced the boys in amazement. "What were you doing there?" asked a stout man, whom Jean remembered as Jan van Twiller, a friend of Joris Bergen, and chairman of the legislative assembly of the province, that body which had been assured to the people by the charter of Thomas Dongan.

"We saw the highwaymen coming," the boy answered. "We had to stay there until they had gone."

"Who are you?" the man demanded.

"I am Jean Larue. He is Patrick Sullivan. We work for Mynheer Bergen."

"Look, look!" Milady cried. "One of them has my box. Give it to me, boy!" She advanced toward Jean, her hand outstretched; but Jean held out the leather box to Jan van Twiller.

"Mynheer," he said, trying to keep his voice steady, although he trembled in terror, "this box holds the pearls of Anneke Bergen. They do not belong to Milady. They belong to Anneke. Milady took them from her. Will you not take out the pearls and give them back to their true owner?"

"How dare you?" Milady shrieked. "The box is mine, and everything in it. Give it to me!" She put her hand upon Van Twiller's arm but he shook away from her.

"The boy speaks truth," he said sternly. "My wife saw you take these pearls from Joris Bergen's daughter. You had no right to them. It is only fair that they be taken back to her."

"I will have you all punished," said Milady. "I will have the governor take more than this away from you."

"No, no," Van Twiller said. "You will not dare, for there is a limit to patience, even to our patience. We have suffered

much from your English rule. We have been forbidden the manufacture of many articles which we could make in this province. We have been overtaxed. We have been restrained in our trade. We have endured this—but one thing we will not continue to endure. You cannot come into our homes and take away the treasures of our wives and daughters. We have come to the end of that."

He opened the red-leather box, and motioned to the two Dutchwomen who stood behind Milady. "Does anything in this box belong to you?"

"This is mine," one of the women said, and touched a shining ornament. "My grandmother brought it from Delft."

"You should know this, Jan van Twiller," the other woman said, as she picked out a golden bracelet. "You yourself gave it to me on our wedding day."

"True," said the stout man. He held up the Juliet cap. "We all know this is the cap of Anneke Bergen," he said. He stared solemnly at Jean Larue. "I believe I can trust you," he told the boy. "Take this back to its rightful owner." He gave the pearls to Jean, then spoke once more to Milady. "If you make trouble over this," he said, "I will take the matter before the assembly."

"I will make you pay," Milady said grimly.

Then, suddenly, as if someone had pulled a string in a marionette show, the wife of Jan van Twiller flung up her hands. "Och, och!" she laughed. "It is worth being robbed by highwaymen to see something like this. Och, Louisa, Louisa," she told the other woman, "what a story we have to tell when we come back to New York!"

"New York will laugh," said the other woman. "New York will laugh as we laugh now. To think of a boy having the wit to get something back from Milady!"

"Mynheer Bergen will be glad," Jan van Twiller said.

He urged the company, a strangely silent Milady with them, back into the stagecoach. "Run all the way home," he warned Jean and Patrick; but, as the coach once more took its way toward the Staten Island ferry, the boys stared at each other in question. Then, "We must take the tool to Pieter Vechte before we return," said Patrick.

"Do you think Anneke will be glad?" Jean asked him.

"I think that everyone in the province will be glad," said Patrick Sullivan.

IX. *The Laughter of New York*

Anneke Bergen wept with joy for the return of her treasure. Afterward, her father, standing beside her, stared at Jean and Patrick as if he were considering what he should say to them. The two boys, happy with their triumph, grew nervous before Mynheer Bergen spoke.

"My daughter and I," he said slowly, "are grateful to you. We do not wish to owe debts. Therefore I wish to do something for you. My daughter tells me"—he turned to Patrick—"that, more than anything else, your father wishes to own his home. I am giving to him the house where you live. It shall be his own." Then, while Patrick strove to stammer thanks, Mynheer Bergen turned to Jean. "Anneke says," he went on, "that you wish to go to Philadelphia to seek your father there." He handed the boy a leather bag heavy with coins. "Take this. Go by boat or by coach—but if you go by coach, beware the highwaymen!"

"I cannot tell you—" Jean began, then could say no more. For, to his surprise, he realized that he would be sorry to go from this house which had given him more than food and shelter. It had become a home to him; and, glad though he was to have the chance to find his own people, he would be sorry to leave this place.

As if she read his thoughts, Anneke spoke. "If you do not find your father, Jean," she said, "come back to us. We shall always be glad to have him, shall we not?" she asked her father.

Joris Bergen smiled. "There will always be a place for you before our hearth fire, Jean," he said. "You are a good lad, a very good lad."

Long before Jean Larue found his father among the Acadian exiles in William Penn's city of Philadelphia, even before the wife of Jan van Twiller and her friend came back from their journey, New York was laughing at the story of the boy and the highwaymen.

"Milady got her 'comeuppance,'" said the wives and daughters of the Dutch citizens. The governor's wife had abused their liberties long and often, but she would not do

it again. A boy, a young and penniless exile who worked for his daily bread, had made Milady ridiculous by restoring, in honesty, what she had taken in greed. Never again would she dare to take anything from the wives and daughters of the Dutch patroons. The laughter of the province would be its best weapon against the governor's lady.

No one of those who laughed knew then that in less than a half-score years those words which Jan van Twiller had spoken would sound again upon a great wind of protest when men of the province of New York would organize the Sons of Liberty and sow the seeds of the War for Independence. No one of them knew then, any more than did Jean Larue and Patrick Sullivan and Anneke Bergen, that in less than twenty years the colonies would be joined in that war to win their freedom, and that, in less than thirty years, the United States of America would be their own free nation.

MAJOR AND MINOR IDEAS

Everything that you read is not equally important. Major ideas give the main thought of the story. Minor ideas tell something about the major ones.

People who distinguish between major and minor ideas in their reading have an advantage. They can study more easily and faster, and they can get better results.

Here is a list of major and minor ideas not arranged in proper order. Can you make an outline of them? There are seven major ideas, and each one has several minor ideas, telling something about it. You may make an idea line or make an outline, arranging it like this:

I. *Distress over loss of cap*

A. Anneke's grief
B. People's protest

These are the ideas for the entire outline:

Jean saw jewel case
The errand for Mynheer Bergen
Patrick's father given home
Rest by the road
The holdup
People's liberties protected
Distress over loss of cap
Coach approached
Reward of bravery
Anneke's grief
Jean took leather box
People's protest
Milady demanded jewel box
Events of later years
Jean given money for journey
United States became free
Sounds on the road
Luggage piled by ditch
Walk past farms
People asserted rights
Rescue of the pearls
Highwaymen made ready
Passengers robbed
Van Twiller gave out jewelry
Jean told story about pearls
Jean found father
Jean gave jewels to Van Twiller

A PLAY

Should you like to use the highway incident for a one-act classroom play? If so, make these preparations:

1. Write the script for the play. Begin with the boys resting near the road, and end with the laughter of the wife of Jan van Twiller. Be sure to bring out such important points as Jean's decision concerning what to do with the box and Van Twiller's speech about the rights of the people.

2. Make a list of characters. Choose for these parts pupils who will impersonate well the persons in the story.

3. Arrange ahead of time all details for presenting the play. Stage equipment and costumes are not needed. The imagination of the class will supply these.

Old Saint Mary's

Saint Mary's City was the first capital of the colony of Maryland, a colony settled by English Catholics who sought freedom of worship and who granted that freedom to others in the new settlement.

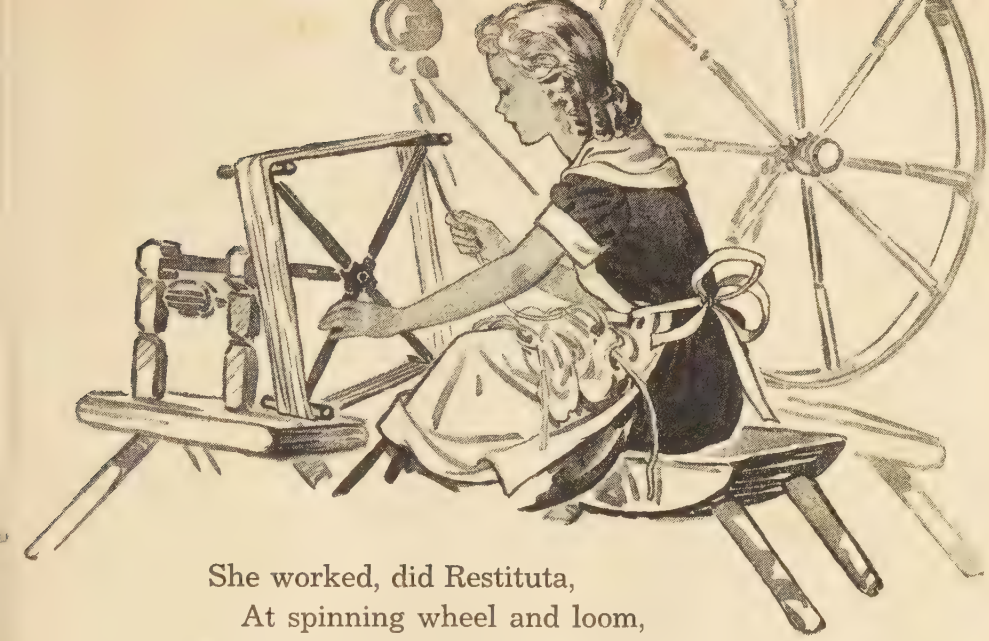
Although Saint Mary's was really a town, in spite of its name of city, it had — as early as the year 1640 — many beautiful, well-kept homes with fine furniture, linens, and silver which the Catholics of Lord Baltimore's colony had brought from their homes in England.

This is an account, in verse, of how one of the girls of Saint Mary's City helped to keep her own home a bright and shining place.

She lived in Old Saint Mary's
On the wide Potomac shore,
In the pleasant, happy province
Of his Lordship, Baltimore.
She was young and gay and merry,
And polite to all she knew;
And her name—if you'll believe it—
Was Restituta Tue.

There were Margarets and Marys,
There were Carolines and Janes,
There were Claras and Louisas
Who walked through the township lanes,
There were Eleanors and Lucys,
There were Charlottes, quite a few;
But the girl who's best remembered
Is Restituta Tue.

She dwelt within a cottage
Which was called Saint Peter's Key;
But no Tue ever set a lock
On hospitality.
The door had but a wooden latch,
With string upon its frame
To give a silent welcome
To anyone who came.



She worked, did Restituta,
At spinning wheel and loom,
She carded wool, spun harness-twine,
And once she made a broom;
She helped make candles in the spring,
And soft soap in the fall,
And planted ivy where it grew
Upon the garden wall.

She mixed the salads in the bowl.
(And she herself confessed
That of all salads which she made
She liked the violet best.)
She picked the early buttercups;
She knew where wild flowers grew.
In fact, she knew all sorts of things,
Did Restituta Tue.

She called the cows at evening,
She kept the milkhouse neat,
The butter which she churned and worked
Was always clean and sweet.

She heard bee-martin signals,
And when the wild hawks flew
She saved the frightened chickens,
Did Restituta Tue.

She washed the windows of the house,
She polished silver plates,
She kept the cows from coming through
The little garden gates.
Her days passed all too swiftly,
Her hours were all too few
For all the happy tasks which came
To Restituta Tue.

Is this why she's remembered?
For butter, cakes, and pies?
For knitting and for patchwork?
For weaving and for dyes?
For deeds which all the other girls
Of Maryland could do?
Oh, no, she's known because her name
Was Restituta Tue.

COMPARE THE PAST AND PRESENT

Compare American homes today with those of colonial times.

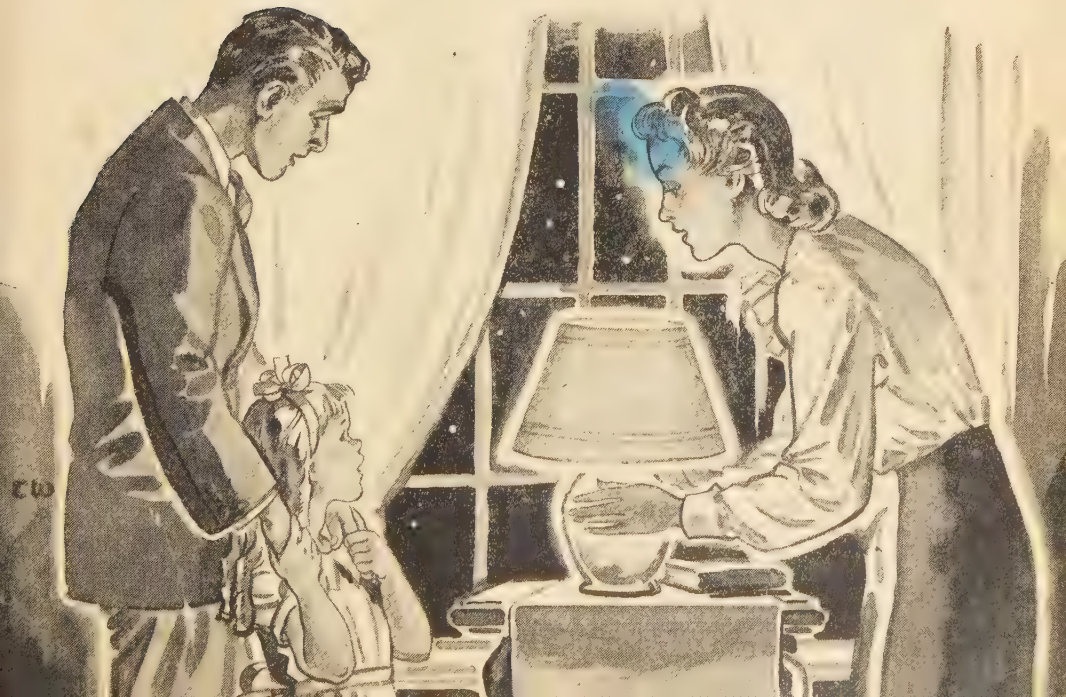
The girls may list the tasks performed by Restituta and, wherever possible, compare these with their own duties. The boys may write opposite the list of Restituta's duties the corresponding tasks that boys performed in a Maryland colonial home. Both boys and girls may list the names of the colonial home furnishings or surroundings, and opposite each one write the name of the thing which takes its place today.

Hymn for a Household

Lord Christ, beneath Thy starry dome
We light this flickering lamp of home,
And where bewildering shadows throng
Uplift our prayer and evensong.
Dost Thou, with heaven in Thy ken,
Seek still a dwelling place with men,
Wandering the world in ceaseless quest?
O Man of Nazareth, be our guest!

Lord Christ, the bird his nest has found,
The fox is sheltered in his ground,
But dost Thou still this dark earth tread
And have no place to lay Thy head?
Shepherd of mortals, here behold
A little flock, a wayside fold
That wait Thy presence to be blest—
O Man of Nazareth, be our guest!

DANIEL HENDERSON



We Build Our Homes

Nearly two thousand years ago, upon a little street in the little village of Nazareth stood a little home. Three persons lived within it, persons whom the village knew only as Joseph, a carpenter, Mary, his wife, and the Child Jesus. No one outside that house yet knew that the Child was the Son of God, come to free mankind from the burden of their sins.

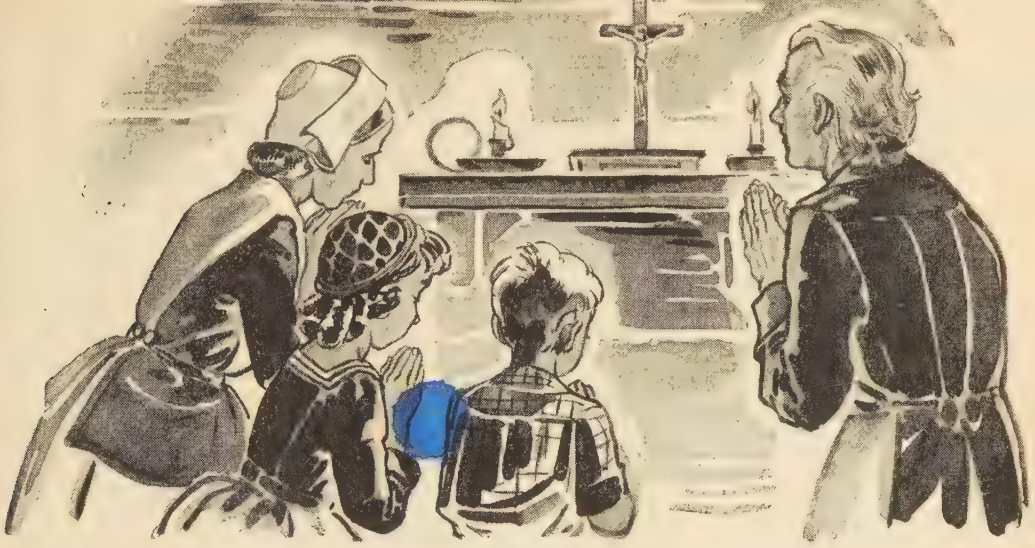
The people of Nazareth lived good and useful lives. Their homes were family centers, for Jewish homes were held together closely. In the home of Joseph, the carpenter, however, the people of Nazareth saw a home life that was strangely beautiful.

No one could enter that home without feeling a peace which he met nowhere else. No one could leave it without a feeling of having been blessed. The carpenter's family was poor in worldly goods; but it was rich beyond measure in true happiness, so rich that it could share that happiness with everyone in the village.

For many years the life within the walls of that humble home could have been the model of the village where it stood. For all the years since that time the little home in Nazareth has been the model home of the Christian world.

There was a long time when nearly all the homes of the Christian world were like the little home in Nazareth in one way: within them the family was able to supply for itself almost everything it needed. The home provided shelter, food, and clothing. It provided guidance in living for the children of the family. It provided culture and a means of passing on to children the social, intellectual, and moral riches already won by the race.

This was the condition not only in Nazareth in the time of Our Lord, but in our own country in the beginning of its history. Men, women, and children worked together in the



home. Children were taught in the home. Sometimes, when families lived where there was no church, they worshiped God in their homes, praying earnestly for the time when a church might come to them. With their prayers there came to them, no matter how rude was their cabin, something of the peace and beauty of the home of Nazareth.

In time, however, there came to the world a great change in the nature of many homes. The invention of machinery on a large scale brought about a condition which men called the Industrial Revolution. This revolution took industry out of the home and into the factory. The father, and oftentimes the mother and the children, were forced to seek employment outside the home. The family began to buy, with money earned as wages, what it had formerly made for itself.

The whole character of family life changed. Children were sent to schools, instead of being taught at home. Trades were taught in factories. Even recreation was sought outside the home. Bit by bit the home became merely a house to give the family rest, shelter, and food purchased in the market.

This condition of home life is dangerous for everyone, for parents, for children, for the community, for the nation, for the world. The home must be made a vital force in all our lives if we are to keep our heritage of freedom.

We need no longer build our homes as did the pioneer founders of our nation. In fact, such a task would be most difficult. We can, however, put into our homes what they put into them, a feeling that the home is the most important place we know, a place where children long to be with fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, a place where they find their greatest pleasures, their keenest joys. The finest work we can do, as American citizens, is to do our part in rebuilding home life, which has been weakened by the Industrial Revolution.

We cannot turn back the clock of the years to pioneer days, but we can set for our model of home life that home in Nazareth where lived the Son of God. There no harsh word was ever spoken. There no quarrels ever broke out. There was no disobedience. There was no hatred. There, always, were love and peace; and it is upon the love of Christ and the peace of Christ that men still build the true homes of the world.

UNDERSTAND AND REMEMBER

Because this selection carries an important message, you will want to understand it well and remember what it says. Here are suggestions to help you to do these two things:

1. Reread each paragraph carefully to find the major idea.

2. Write the major ideas on paper as you select them.

3. Using the list of major ideas as a guide, tell the class what the entire selection is about.

4. Try to illustrate points in this selection with examples from everyday life.

BUILD A VOCABULARY

Your speech tells a great deal about you. If it is good, it does a great deal for you. One way to improve it is to build a vocabulary of useful words. You will be well repaid in results for every effort you put into learning new words.

Many people like to keep a word book. In it they jot down every new and worth-while word that they learn. Beside the word they write a short definition. Then from time to time they read over the list to see if they remember the words and are making use of them. Should you like to try this system? In June you will be amazed to see how your vocabulary has grown.

Here are some new words that have appeared in this unit. Can you tell what each one means? In your notebook write down all those that may be useful to you. You may omit such words as *chaise* and *patroon*, since they will not enter your daily conversation.

testimony	pewter	fumed	restrained
uplifted	siege	highhanded	grimly
oppressed	well house	misuse	marionette
province	leisure	smoothly	abuse
mirth	chaise	graced	penniless
till (the soil)	beflounced	descendants	half-score
defied	heirloom	restrictions	patroon
teakwood	chessman	legislative	social (adj.)
cask	craftsmen	assured	feather beds
elegance	loped	charter	coach-ferry
ladled	toast	stately	redcoats

Possessions

The seas are burdened with the wealth they bear
From far horizons to horizons far—
Of gold you had, O gentlest Queen, no share,
But in your heart the stilled light of a star.

You had no silken stores, no linens fine,
No fragrant casks of oil, no spices sweet:
You held, above all treasure, field or mine,
Close to your lips a Baby's tender feet.

There hung no paintings on your giftless walls,
Nor did you dream that men would one day trace
Your hushed loveliness. Saw you not all
The living wonder of a small Boy's face?

You heard no symphonies, you heard no long,
High rapture that a violin has stirred
From silence. But once your night was song,
And still you hear the Son of God's first word.

Sister Mary Edwardine, R.S.M.

The Franklins of Boston

Benjamin Franklin was one of the great statesmen who helped to win the independence of the colonies. He was a printer, publisher, and writer. He was also a scientist and inventor. Through his experiments with a kite he learned so much about electricity that he has often been called the discoverer of modern electrical processes.

For nearly fifty years he held various public offices, all of them without pay, and ranging from clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly to diplomat at the courts of Europe.

Franklin was born in Boston in a simple wooden house of the kind New Englanders still call salt boxes. This is his own account of the family in that home:

Josiah, my father, married young, and carried his wife with three children into New England, about 1692. By the same wife he had four more children born there, and by a second wife ten more, in all seventeen; of which I remember thirteen sitting at one time at his table, who all grew up to be men and women, and married; I was the youngest son, and the youngest child but two, and was born in Boston, New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England. . . .

Josiah Franklin and Abiah, his wife, lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years. Without an estate, or any gainful employment, by constant labor and industry, with God's blessing, they maintained a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grandchildren reputably.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A Song of Peace

This is my song, O God of all the nations,
A song of peace for lands afar, and mine;
This is my home, the country where my heart is,
This is my hope, my dream, my shrine;
But other hearts in other lands are beating
With hopes and dreams the same as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
And sunlight beams on clover leaf and pine.
But other lands have sunlight, too, and clover,
And skies are sometimes blue as mine.
Oh, hear my song, Thou God of all the nations,
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

LLOYD STONE

II

We Guard Our Liberties

WEST POINT

1776

Live as freemen, yet not using your freedom
as a cloak for malice but as servants of God.

1 Peter ii, 16

A well-regulated militia being necessary
to the security of a free State,
the right of the people to keep and bear arms
shall not be infringed.

Bill of Rights, Article II
Constitution of the United States

Mr. John Nixon Reads a Paper

Ellen Baxter and Thomas Walsh,
Catherine Kenna and Henry Balch,
One of the Bryalds and two of the Careys
Came that morning from Mass at Saint Mary's
Into the Philadelphia street,
Heavy already with July heat.

"Look at the crowd!" cried Thomas Walsh.
"Something has happened," said Henry Balch.
"Let's follow the others," yelled both the Careys,
And they all went pell-mell away from Saint Mary's.

They frightened old Mr. Franklin's cat,
As they ran by the doorway where she sat;
Mr. Rodney's horse almost rode them down,
As they plunged across the square of the town.
They ran as if they were in a race,
As they passed the Congress's meeting-place.

"Is it a battle?" asked Henry Balch.
"Washington's won it!" yelled Thomas Walsh.
"Three cheers for Liberty!" all of them cried,
As they rushed along, with the crowd for guide.

"My father was wounded at Bunker Hill,
He's in General Putnam's army still,"
Said Catherine Kenna to Henry Balch.
"My father's with Gates," said Thomas Walsh.
"We're all of us patriots at Saint Mary's,"
Said Ellen Baxter and both the Careys.

It wasn't a battle, they quickly found,
But they kept on going as they heard the sound
Of a bugle note rising, high and sweet,
From a balcony over Library Street.

"It's Mr. John Nixon," said Thomas Walsh;
"He has a paper," said Henry Balch.
"He's going to read it now aloud
To us and all the rest of the crowd."
"Listen!" said Ellen and both the Careys
And all the others who came from Saint Mary's.

Mr. John Nixon wiped his brow,
Pulled down his glasses, and said, "And now
I have here a document, hardly dry,
Which the Congress passed on the Fourth of July."

He cleared his throat as a last command,
Then read from the paper in his hand:

"*When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary*
for one people to dissolve the political bands
which have connected them with another, and to assume
among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station
to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,
a decent respect to the opinions of mankind
requires that they should declare the causes that impel them
to the separation.
"*We hold these truths to be self-evident:*
—That all men are created equal;
that they are endowed by their Creator
with certain unalienable Rights;
that among these are Life, Liberty,
and the pursuit of Happiness."

Mr. John Nixon's spectacles shone
As Mr. John Nixon lifted his tone:

"*And, for the support of this Declaration,*
with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence,
we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our Fortunes,
and our sacred Honor."

"Three cheers for Freedom!" cried Thomas Walsh.
"For the Continentals!" yelled Henry Balch.
"For God and for country," said both the Careys,
And all of the others who came from Saint Mary's,
Then started home in procession gay,
Not knowing they had lived through their greatest day.

For the Freedoms Given by God to Man

God, Who made all mankind, has given freedoms to all His children. He has given these freedoms, which are the liberty to do anything which does not conflict with His law, to all the people of the world, not to any one group of people, not to the people of any one nation.

Since every right carries its own responsibilities, every man who enjoys the freedoms given him by his Creator must guard the liberties he uses in accordance with the law of God.

The liberties which we find in our American way of living may be set down within these groups: those which concern the person, or individual; those which concern the home; those which are associated with the communication between a person and his neighbor; those which are associated with the relationship between the individual and the state; and those which have direct reference to the relationship between the individual and God.

The first group, the one which centers about the individual, embraces two precious liberties: freedom of conscience and freedom of recreation. Freedom of conscience means liberty to worship God and to act according to what one believes is right. It means that everyone who uses right reason may decide if any action is right or wrong. Freedom of recreation means the American tradition to choose the way to spend leisure time. Like all other freedoms, it must be used for the benefit of man, and must not be misused by spending that leisure time in sin.

Freedom of the home protects the home from unjust search and seizure. It includes freedom of education, since the law of God places on parents the obligation to teach and train their children. It also includes freedom of labor. This freedom protects men against forced labor, and permits

them to unite with their fellow workers in unions to secure just wages and to enjoy the fruits of their toil.

Freedom of communication is protected in the United States by the Bill of Rights in the Constitution. It means freedom of assembly, of speech, of press, of radio. This freedom is limited by justice, by decency, and by truth, since sometimes it must be restricted in order to be held. Free speech does not mean the liberty to injure faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, truth, or any other virtue. Words of anger and insult are not part of freedom of speech, but offenses against that freedom.

The freedoms associated with the relationship between the individual and the state include freedom of election and freedom of trial by jury. The right of election means the right of citizens to vote. It also means the obligation to vote, and vote wisely. It means, too, the obligation of public servants to act always with honesty and justice. The right of trial by jury is one of the most important liberties assured to Americans by the Constitution. Lynchings, perjury, unjust decisions, are all offenses against it.

The freedom which is concerned with the relationship between the individual and God does not mean a choice between the right to worship God and the right not to worship God, since worship of God is everyone's duty. It means the right to go to the church chosen according to conscience. It means liberty for the building of churches and religious schools. It means the right of every citizen to render public, as well as private, worship to God.

These are the freedoms given by God to all men.

It is the duty of all men to protect these freedoms, to guard them, if necessary, with their lives. It is unfortunate that such guarding has often been necessary. The sins of men have too often prevented the peace between nations which is the intention of God. Many of the wars between

nations have been unjust; but a war fought by a nation to protect its God-given freedoms from the threat of another nation to take away any or all of these precious freedoms is a just war.

The War of Independence, fought by the American colonies, was a just war. The people of the colonies did not love war. They wished to live in peace. They knew, however, that they could not have peace of soul unless they held their true liberties. Many of these liberties had come to them as part of English common law; but the British government of that time, which ruled over the colonies, took away some of these liberties from the colonists. To regain these liberties, and to hold others which were being threatened, the colonists went to war with England.

To win this war they had to build a navy and build an army. Compared with the army and navy of Great Britain, the Continental Army and Navy were small and poorly supplied. Soldiers and sailors had to depend upon their own courage and resourcefulness rather than upon strength of supplies or of numbers. The real strength of the colonists, however, lay in their knowledge that they were fighting to guard their liberties. The best-remembered stories of the War of Independence are tales of the courage of soldiers, sailors, and marines who went into battle to protect their infant nation. To them war was not for gain, not for greed. It was a crusade to hold their greatest and best gift, the freedoms which God had given to them, as He had given freedoms to all men.

The Continental Navy

I. *The Spirit of the Navy*

How did the men of the Continental Navy feel as they went into battle under John Barry, John Paul Jones, Joshua Barney, and the other brave captains of that time?

Nearly every man above decks or below decks was a plain man, come from a plain home. It was not a time of easy writing or of much writing. No one of them left a record of his thoughts as he prepared to go into action; but we know that they established a tradition of service which has come down through the years.

This tradition has been expressed by a man who lived, not in that time, but just a little while ago. He was John J. Shea of Boston, the flight-deck commander of the aircraft-carrier *Wasp*. Out in the South Pacific in the dark times of the Second World War, he set down that spirit of love of God, of home, and of country which the first sailors of the American Navy had known.

On the feast day of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, as the carrier sailed bravely and perilously, under the Southern Cross, this man wrote a letter. He had no thought that anyone but a member of his own family would ever see it; and in it he set down the thoughts of his soul. It was a letter to his five-year-old son. It read:

June 29, 1942

Dear Jackie:

This is the first letter I have ever written directly to my little son, and I am thrilled to know that you can read it all by yourself. If you miss some of the words, I am sure it will be because I do not write very plainly. Mother will help you in that case, I am sure.

I was certainly glad to hear your voice over the long-distance telephone. It sounded as though I were right in the living room with you. You sounded as though you missed your Daddy very much. I miss you too, more than anyone will ever know. It is too bad that this war could not have been delayed a few more years so that I could grow up again with you and do with you all the things I planned to do when you were old enough to go to school.

I thought how nice it would be for me to come home early in the afternoon and play ball with you, and go mountain climbing and see the trees and brooks, and learn all about woodcraft, hunting, fishing, swimming, and things like that. I suppose we must be brave and put these things off for a little while.

When you are a little bigger you will know why your Daddy is not home so much any more. You know we have a big country and we have ideals as to how people should live and enjoy the riches of it, and how each is born with equal rights to life, freedom,

and the pursuit of happiness. Unfortunately, there are some countries in the world where they don't have these ideals, where a boy cannot grow up to be what he wants to be with no limit on his opportunities to be a great man, such as a great priest, statesman, doctor, soldier, businessman, etc.

Because there are people and countries who want to change our nation, its ideals, form of government, and way of life, we must leave our homes and families to fight. Fighting for the defense of our country, ideals, homes, and honor is an honor and a duty which your Daddy has to do before he can come home to settle down with you and Mother. When it is done, he is coming home to be with you always and forever. So wait just a little while longer. I am afraid it will be more than the two weeks you told me on the phone.

In the meantime, take good care of Mother. Be a good boy and grow up to be a good young man. Study hard when you go to school. Be a leader in everything good in life. Be a good Catholic and you can't help being a good American. Play fair always. Strive to win, but if you must lose, lose like a gentleman and a good sportsman. Don't ever be a quitter either in sports or in your business or profession when you grow up. Get all the education you can. Stay close to Mother and follow her advice. Obey her in everything, no matter how you may at times disagree. She knows what is best and will never let you down or lead you away from the right and honorable things in life. If I don't get back, you will have to be Mother's protector because you will be the only one she has. You must grow up to take my place as well as your own in her life and heart.

Love your Grandmother and Granddad as long as they live. They too will never let you down. Love your aunts and see them as often as you can. Last of all, don't ever forget your Daddy. Pray for him to come back, and if it is God's will that he does not, be the kind of boy and man your Daddy wants you to be.

Write me very often and tell me everything. Kiss Mother for me every night. Good-by for now, with all my love and devotion for Mother and you.

Your Daddy

A little while afterward, in the battle for the Solomon Islands, the *Wasp* was sunk. The flight-deck commander, John J. Shea, United States Navy, was reported "missing in action." He was dead long before his son was able to read what his father had written to him; but that letter, the "Letter to Jackie," has become one of the famous human documents of American history because it speaks so truly and so well the spirit of the men of our nation who go down to the sea in ships for God, country, and home.

DISCUSSION

You will probably want to discuss the "Letter to Jackie" in class. It is interesting and helpful to exchange ideas with your fellow pupils. To make your opinion worth while, you must explain to your classmates why you think as you do.

These questions are suggested for discussion. If you were impressed by any other point, you may bring it to the attention of the class.

1. What kind of mood do you think Commander Shea was in when he wrote this letter?
2. Why do you suppose he wrote this sort of letter to Jackie?
3. Do you think he expected a small boy to understand everything he said?

4. Contrast the first three paragraphs with paragraphs six and seven. What are the two chief differences?

5. Judging him from his own statements in this letter, what idea have you formed of Commander Shea as a father? a citizen? a Catholic? a naval officer?

6. Which sentence in the letter impressed you most?

7. Is there any one sentence that you think the commander might have meant more earnestly than all the others?

8. What do you think of the advice which this letter contains?

9. Do you think Commander Shea's letter will have any effect upon the life of his son?

II. *The First Captain of the Navy*

In the January days of 1781, nearly six years after the outbreak of the War of Independence, the Continental Congress faced a major crisis.

The British had gone from Philadelphia, but Lord Cornwallis had defeated Gates in the Carolinas. Charleston had surrendered. Savannah had been captured. The Americans were holding back the enemy from invasion by way of Canada; but unless more help came soon from France, the cause of American freedom might be lost.

In the camps the Continental soldiers were demanding payment in coin, since the Continental paper money was without value. Only through the aid of France could these coins be obtained. American envoys must be sent to France. Already General George Washington, commander in chief of the armies, had chosen these envoys, the French Count de Noailles, brother-in-law of the Marquis de Lafayette, Thomas Paine, and Colonel Henry Laurens, whose father was being held a prisoner in London. They were hopeful that, if they could reach France in safety, they could gain the help. But how could speed and safety be assured them?

Remembering the treason of Benedict Arnold, who had once done so much for the cause of the colonies but who had

been unable to endure defeats and hardships, General Washington insisted that the captain of the ship which should bear the envoys to France should be absolutely trustworthy. "Whom can we trust now?" he asked sadly.

Instantly the Continental Congress made answer, "Captain John Barry," and gave to that patriot command of the best and fastest ship of the Continental Navy, the *Alliance*, then at anchor in Boston harbor.

Captain John Barry, by notable deeds, had already won fame as a man to be trusted. A Catholic, born in Ireland, he had gone to sea as a cabin boy when he was fifteen. When he was eighteen, he had come to Philadelphia. By the time he was twenty-one years old, he was captain of a schooner which sailed between the Pennsylvania port and the Barbados. Ten years later he was captain of the *Black Prince*, one of the finest trading vessels that sailed from the Atlantic ports.

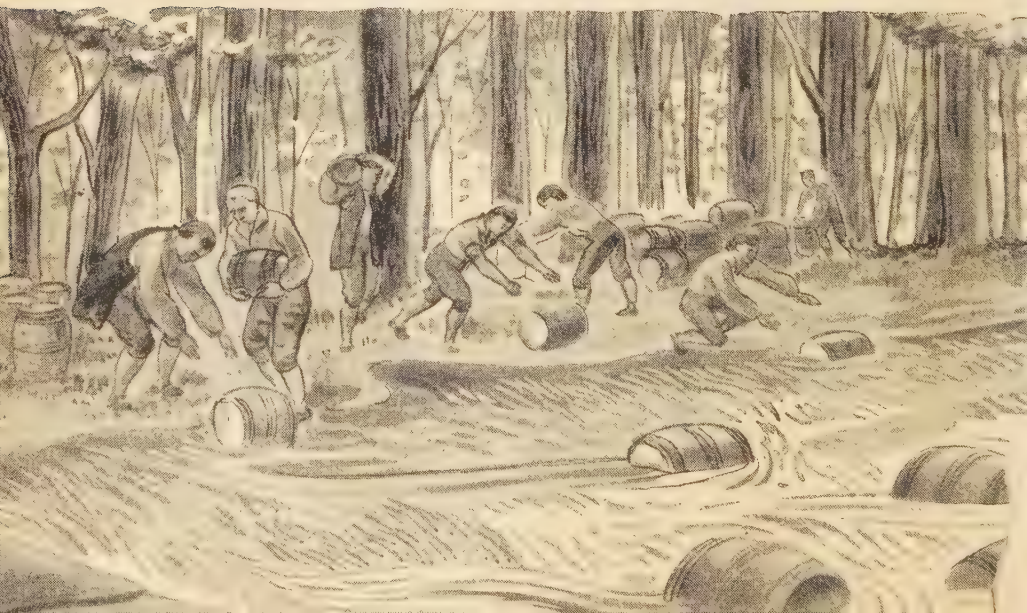
Barry was on a cruise to London when the battle of Lexington was fought. He returned to find the colonies aflame with determination to win their independence. On the day of his arrival Congress resolved to fit out two armed cruisers for the capture of British vessels that were bringing supplies to the British army. Congress bought two ships, the *Lexington* and the *Reprisal*. To Barry they gave command of the *Lexington*. His was the first naval commission issued by the Continental Congress.

The *Lexington* was the first ship to bear the Continental flag to victory on the seas. Barry brought back to Philadelphia the first prize won in the war, the British ship *Edward*. For months, in and around the Delaware Capes, Captain Barry made important captures, which greatly cheered the patriots, especially those Philadelphians who had to struggle continually against the Tory sympathies of their neighbors.

Then came the terrible winter after the Declaration of Independence, when General Washington had to retreat from Cornwallis, crossing New Jersey from New York. Barry, seeing that the need on land was greater than the need at sea, organized a company of volunteers and went to Washington's aid. He helped to transport the Continental Army across the ice-locked Delaware on that fateful Christmas of 1776. He served in the battles of Princeton and Trenton, which drove the British back to New York. When Cornwallis asked for the conveyance of relief to his wounded men, General Washington, in Christian charity, sent John Barry to assure safe conduct to baggage, medicine, and surgeons for the care of the British wounded.

With that task done, John Barry went back to his old job. It was Barry who, when the British came up the Delaware, worked out the plan of filling kegs with gunpowder, and sending them downstream to explode against wharves and warships. This was the famous "Battle of the Kegs," described in verse by a man who liked Barry not at all, but who recognized the genius of the plan.

Then, with only twenty-seven men in open rowboats,



Barry captured in the Delaware a British ship of ten guns. With it he took four convoys and one hundred and fifty prisoners.

In the sixth year of the war Barry was given command of the *Alliance*, the ship on which he took the American envoys to France. On his way to France, he captured the British privateer *Alert*. He waited at the French port of Lorient while the three envoys presented their case to King Louis XVI with such success that they came back with enough money to make it possible for General Washington to go into the Yorktown campaign and force the surrender of Cornwallis.

Then, coming home, Captain Barry almost met disaster. Just off France, he captured two British privateers. Weeks later, two other vessels attacked the American ship. Barry was badly wounded. Surrender seemed almost certain.

Below decks, knowing the vital importance of his mission, the captain prayed—as he did all things—openly. Afterward he was to say that his answer came from God as direct as his pleading to his Maker. For, when all hope seemed lost, a wind arose, filling the sails of his ship. "Swing her

around," Barry gave order. Between her two enemies the ship ran, firing broadsides upon them from her guns until the two ships lowered their flags. The wounded captain brought not two, but four prizes into port.

Barry was rewarded by an order to take Lafayette, who had already won the grateful devotion of the colonies, back to France upon a mission for the Congress. The success of that mission brought about the treaty of peace between England and the colonies. Barry, not knowing it had been signed, was bringing back a large amount of coin from Havana when he met the British sloop of war *Sybil*. He fought her until she was ready to surrender, but two other English ships came up, and the *Alliance* had to find safety in flight. This was the last battle of the War of Independence.

At the end of the War of Independence, Barry retired. Afterward he was brought back from private life to become the first captain of the *United States*, the first ship built by act of Congress for the United States Navy. General Washington, then President, gave further honor to Barry by making him the first commander in chief of the navy.

After a long life of service to his country John Barry died during the administration of Thomas Jefferson. He was buried in Philadelphia, in Old Saint Mary's Churchyard. There his tomb is near to the graves of other great Catholics of the Revolution, Thomas FitzSimons, who signed the Constitution of the United States, and George Meade, and Captain John Rosseter. Upon the stone is an inscription carved a hundred years ago; but there was an older inscription, one written by Barry's friend and neighbor Doctor Benjamin Rush, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Erased by time from a crumbling tombstone, the lettering may no longer be read in Saint Mary's; but no one who has read it in the records of its time forgets the tribute of one patriot to another.

JOHN BARRY

He was born in the County of Wexford, in Ireland,
But America was the object of his patriotism
and the theatre of his usefulness.
In the Revolutionary War, which established the
Independence of the United States,
he took an early and active part as a Captain in their
Navy, and afterwards became Commander-in-Chief.
He fought often, and once bled in the Cause of Freedom.
His habits of war did not lessen his
Virtues as a Man, nor his piety as a Christian.
He was gentle, kind, and just in private life, and was not less
beloved by his family and friends than by his
Grateful Country.
The number and objects of his charities will be
known only at that time when his dust
shall be reanimated, and when He who sees in secret
shall reward openly.
In the full belief of the doctrines of the Gospel
he peacefully resigned his soul into the arms of his Redeemer.

SOME FAMOUS FIRSTS

Before you answer these questions, be sure that you know the difference between the Continental Congress and the Congress of the United States; between the Continental Navy and the United States Navy.

1. To whom did the Continental Congress give the first naval commission?

2 What was the first ship to carry the Continental flag to victory?

3. What vessel brought back the first prize of war captured by the Continental Navy?

4. Name the first ship built by order of Congress for the United States Navy.

5. Who was the first captain of the *United States*?

6. Whom did Washington make first commander in chief of the United States Navy?

MAJOR IDEAS

Everything that you read is built around a framework of major ideas. When you know these ideas, you have the heart of the story.

Can you select the ideas around which the story, "The First Captain of the Navy," is written? There are seventeen of them; six are given below to guide you in selecting the other eleven.

Find the major idea in each paragraph by asking yourself, "What is this paragraph about?" Be sure that your answer includes the main idea of the entire paragraph.

When you have listed all the major ideas, notice how easy it is to recall the entire story by glancing at what you have written. Do not write in this book.

Paragraph 1. Continental Congress faced problem

2. _ _?_ _

3. Envoys appointed to secure aid from France

4. _ _?_ _

5. _ _?_ _

6. Barry's early life at sea

7. _ _?_ _

8. _ _?_ _

9. Barry's work during difficult winter of '76

10. _ _?_ _

11. _ _?_ _

12. The trip to France

13. _ _?_ _

14. _ _?_ _

15. Second trip to France

16. _ _?_ _

17. _ _?_ _

III. *Ships of the Navy*

THE SHIP WITHOUT A NAME

She was a little lumber sloop, so small that she did not even have a name. She lay beside the wharf of Machias, Maine, when news of Lexington came from the south. Out in the harbor stood a British schooner, the *Margaretta*, armed and fit for battle, a big ship with big guns and a big crew, but not big enough to frighten the men of Maine.

Thirty-five of them, leaping on the sloop, made Jeremiah O'Brien their captain, and rowed out to the *Margaretta*. They had only twenty guns, all small but one, and only three loads of lead to a gun; but they had twelve axes and thirteen pitchforks.

"Haymakers!" the British sailors yelled at them, as they came close to the schooner; but one shot from the haymakers killed the helmsman of the enemy ship, and the men of Machias swarmed over the rail, their axes and their pitchforks in their hard hands. The captain of the *Margaretta* surrendered.

The haymakers of Machias, with patriotism and pitchforks, had won the first naval engagement in the war for freedom.

THE *BONHOMME RICHARD*

Bright in new uniforms of green and white, with silver epaulets gleaming upon their right shoulders, they marched grimly through the streets of the French port town of Lorient on an August day of 1779.

One hundred and forty-nine of them, officers and men of the Marine Corps, they were on their way to duty upon the *Bonhomme Richard*, flagship of the little fleet. The Scottish-born Captain John Paul Jones of the Continental Navy had been able to assemble this fleet through the aid of Benjamin Franklin and the friendliness of France. To honor Doctor Franklin, author of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, the ship had been given the French name for *Good Man Richard.*

As they marched, the men remembered that they had a score to settle. Nearly one hundred of them had just come from British prisons, released by an exchange of prisoners. Because of them Doctor Franklin, American envoy to France, had given this order to Captain Jones:

"As many of your officers and people have recently escaped from English prisons, you are to be particularly attentive to their conduct toward the prisoners which the fortunes of war may throw into your hands, lest the resentment of the more than barbarous usage by the English in many places toward the Americans should occasion a re-

taliation and imitation of what ought rather to be detested and avoided for the sake of humanity and for the honor of our country."

The order, however, would not prevent them from doing their best to win victory for their own nation. How much of the effort depended upon them they realized as they came to the ships. With an ocean between Lorient and the colonies, Captain Jones had been forced to take what sailors he could find. He had for crews men from Scotland and Ireland, from Norway, France, Spain, Portugal, Malta, and the Azores, from Africa, India, and the Malay Peninsula, and even men from England. The Marines were the only group of Americans. Upon them, in crisis, might depend the entire success of the expedition.

Already their motto of *Semper Fidelis* inspired them as they went aboard the flagship. Most of them were still weak after their experience in prison, but all of them were determined to win whatever battle they fought.

Captain John Paul Jones, who was to become in a little while one of the most famous naval commanders of history, assigned the Marines to their duties upon his flagship. Soldiers of the sea, they were to hold themselves ready to fight at close quarters if the *Richard* met an enemy ship.

For more than a month the fleet cruised through northern seas. Then, on the night of the twenty-third of September, it met two British frigates, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, convoying forty merchantmen through the Baltic. The *Countess* held off the rest of the fleet while the *Serapis* came toward the *Richard*. As the bigger ship bore down upon him, John Paul Jones gave the order to fire.

For more than an hour the two ships drifted side by side, always drawing closer, while the men on both worked desperately at their guns. The gunners of the *Serapis* shot so

well that they defeated their purpose. They shot the six ports of the *Richard* into one huge hole so that, as they kept on firing, the shells went through the ship and fell into the sea. They cut away the wooden walls of the *Bonhomme Richard*, and almost cleared her lower deck; but on that deck stood the Marines, guarding the line of boys who passed shells from the store below to the gunners above.

When the *Bonhomme Richard* ran so close to the *Serapis* that no great gun could fire from either ship, the captain of the *Serapis* asked if the American had surrendered. Through the darkness came back the answer: "I have not yet begun to fight."

The shifting of sails drove the ships apart again. Jones pulled back his ship until the rigging tangled with the rigging of the enemy ship. With the help of a carpenter Jones himself lashed the ships together. Once, as they worked desperately, the carpenter swore.

"Don't swear, Mr. Stacy," Jones said. "In another moment we all may be in eternity, but let us do our duty."

Both the *Richard* and the *Serapis* took fire. In the hold of the American ship were more than a hundred English prisoners. To save their lives, they were brought up on deck; and it became the task of the Marines to guard them, as well as to fight the enemy upon the other ship.

For more than two hours longer the ships, lashed to one another, kept up the battle. The time came when the *Richard* had only two cannon left. John Paul Jones was firing one of them when one of the French ships of his little fleet, coming into the battle, sent a broadside which struck the *Richard* instead of the *Serapis*. In the panic which followed, one of the released English prisoners cried out that the ship was sinking. "Quarter!" he shouted.

"Do you call for quarter?" yelled the captain of the *Serapis*.

"Never!" cried Jones.

Down at the pumps sailors worked to keep the ship afloat. Burned, wounded, dying, others fought the fires which threatened to burn to the water's edge. They worked in gangs until men dropped. The *Bonhomme Richard* held together, but at every moment destruction threatened.

An English prisoner got across to the *Serapis*. "Now is your time to win," he told the British captain.

At that moment a young Marine saw that the main yard of the *Bonhomme Richard* stretched over the main hatch of the *Serapis*. Quickly he climbed to the maintop, carrying a leather bucket of hand grenades and a lighted candle. As he hung perilously out on the main yard over the hatch of the other ship, he began dropping lighted grenades into the hold below. The first grenade set afire a heap of gun cartridges. The explosion which followed set the *Serapis* on fire so badly that her captain surrendered.

The Americans were able to put out the fire on the British ship, but fire and water had wrecked the *Bonhomme Richard*. At last Jones was forced to give the order to abandon ship.

The *Bonhomme Richard* had gone into battle under a flag of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes. The flag had been shot away, but it had been rescued. As the ship went down, the battle-torn banner was run up her mast. The last anyone saw of the *Richard* was that flag upon the waves in the northern dawn.

Today men of the Marine Corps wear a cross on the top of their uniform caps. It is a mark established after that battle to protect them from the gunfire of their own ship. For, in the mad scramble of the battle in the Baltic, forty-nine Marines were killed and as many more were seriously wounded.

When the survivors went ashore, there were few to march

from the docks in the bright green-and-white uniforms which had flashed on the streets of Lorient; but in the few hours of that battle the Marine Corps had set a tradition which was to go far and hold long. And, just as the Marines remember the *Bonhomme Richard* when they look upon the cross on their caps, the Navy of the United States remembers the long and the splendid service of its soldiers of the sea.

SKIM FOR FACTS

Skimming is the kind of reading you should do when you want to locate information. Glance quickly over the lines, but do not read them carefully as you would for outlining or for answering thought questions. When you find what seems to be the information that you are looking for, read carefully to make sure that it is.

Now test your ability to skim. On a piece of paper write the numbers 1 to 22. Locate the answer to question 1 and write beside the number the first two words of the sentence in which the answer was found. After those words place the number of the page on which the sentence occurs. Then go on to the next question. Begin when your teacher gives a signal and work as fast as you can.

1. Who was captain of the sloop that fought the *Margaretta*?
2. Did the men of Machias fight from their own boat or on the enemy ship?
3. What did the British call the men of Machias?
4. What won the first naval victory of the War of Independence?
5. Where is the town of Lorient?
6. Was John Paul Jones Irish-born or Scottish-born?
7. *Bonhomme Richard* means what?
8. About how many of Captain Jones's crew had been in British prisons?
9. What office did Doctor Franklin hold in Europe?

10. Were there any Spaniards among Captain Jones's crews?

11. What is the motto of the Marines?

12. To what boat were the Marines assigned?

13. Where did Captain Jones's fleet cruise?

14. How many boats did the *Richard* meet?

15. Were the *Serapis* gunners good marksmen?

16. What answer did the commander of the *Serapis* receive when he asked if the Americans surrendered?

17. Who was Mr. Stacy?

18. Did the Americans look after the safety of their prisoners?

19. Which boat did the French ship strike with a broadside?

20. How was the young Marine able to drop grenades on the *Serapis?*

21. What was the last that anyone saw of the *Richard*?

22. Why do Marines wear a cross on their caps?

WORDS OF THE SEA

The sea, like the air and the land, has a language of its own. Do you know what is meant by each of these words? Explain as many as you can, and look up the remainder in the Glossary.

cruise	schooner	commander	maintop
crusier	convoy	broadside	rigging
sloop	prize	helmsman	flagship
frigate	hold	ports	hatch
mast	privateer	main yard	wharf

The Laws of the Navy

Now these are the laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea;
As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship.

Take heed what ye say of your seniors,
Be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.
If ye labor from morn until even'
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well—that the guns be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

. . . . . .

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire,
Though the sight line shall end on the target,
There cometh perchance a misfire.

. . . . . .

On the strength of one link in the cable
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!

ADMIRAL R. A. HOPWOOD, R. N.

The Continental Army

I. *The Spirit of the Army*

High above the Hudson, as the lordly river winds its slow and stately way from mountains to sea, stands the United States Military Academy, training ground for cadets who are later to become officers of the Army of the United States of America.

Every day, in time of peace, hundreds of young men, wearing the famous cadet gray of the Academy uniform, drill and study and play within these West Point walls. In time of war thousands of future officers of the Army go through their training on these guarded grounds. In peacetime and in wartime every serious young face, every pair of eager, determined young eyes tells the same story of American courage, of American desire to serve the nation, of American intention to hold American freedom.

That is the spirit of West Point.

The United States Military Academy came to birth in the times that tried men's souls, the hard days of the American War of Independence. From the beginning of that war General George Washington urged the establishment of a strong garrison at West Point. There was grave danger that the British might swing down troops from Canada to join the British in New York, and thereby cut apart the struggling colonies. The narrow elbow of the Hudson was the vital point. As long as the Americans could hold it, they could keep the colonies of New England in touch with the other colonies. The Americans held it, first by the Great Chain across the Hudson which stopped the British warships, then by fortifications on the heights of the river.

The engineer of these fortifications was the young Polish Catholic patriot Tadeusz Kosciuszko. An exile from his

native land because of his love of freedom, the youthful officer gave his labor and his genius to the American cause. At West Point, Kosciuszko completed the work on the many forts, which not only saved Washington's headquarters there, but also probably did much to save the colonies from losing the war.

Kosciuszko, engineer and artilleryman, also established at West Point the School for Engineers and Artillerymen. The grade of "cadet" was created by Congress in 1794. Eight years later the first official graduate was given his commission.

Born in danger, continued through times of peace and times of war, the United States Military Academy has always held to the spirit of its founding. Men have taken that spirit of service and responsibility, with the gold bars of their second lieutenant's rank, to lonely posts and bloody battlefields, following flags which now hang, darkened with

blood or faded in glory, upon the walls of the West Point chapels. Men of West Point—Winfield Scott, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, John J. Pershing, Jonathan Wainwright, a thousand others—have made famous their own names and the Academy's name; but greater than any one of them, than all of them, has been the tradition they bore onward, the tradition of loyalty to country, to honor, and to duty which the young Tadeusz Kosciuszko set in the foundations of the school above the wide-flowing Hudson.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE?

Did you enjoy reading "The Spirit of the Army"? Often we say that we like or dislike something that we read, but often we don't decide why.

Try to find out what made you approve or disapprove of this selection, and give your answer orally to the class. Use examples from the reading to show what you mean.

Here are a few suggestions to help you to decide. If you have other reasons for your opinion, give them.

liked the way things were said
not enough action
knew something about the place
learned interesting information
prefer reading conversation
had similar experience
could picture the scenes

II. *The Man Who Founded West Point*

Beyond the windows of the high, narrow room spread the wide fields of Poland. Upon them lay the golden harvest which would soon be reaped, ripened grain which God had given for the health and the wealth of the people of Poland; but, in spite of the richness of the harvest, in spite of the abundance of wheat and rye and barley, the people of

Poland—like the young man in the high-ceilinged room—were unhappy.

This year,—this year of 1775,—the young man thought, there would be no joyous festivals, no heart-lifting music, no gay folk dances. Once again, after a little time of hope that she would be free to work out her own future, Poland was the victim of her stronger neighbors. Over her soil had fought the armies of Prussia and Austria and Russia, burning her villages, stealing her crops, killing her people. Now, just as she was rising from the miseries of war, Prussia and Austria and Russia had made a treaty to divide her among themselves. Was it any wonder that Poland wept?

Someday, the young man told himself, Poland would again take her place among the nations. Now, against the great powers of Europe, she had no chance. The people of Poland must wait; but, as they waited, what could he, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, do for his country?

He had, he realized, gifts which he must one day use. He came of a family noted for honesty and virtue. He had a good education. He had gone to school to the Piarist Fathers. He had studied Latin and modern languages, philosophy, history, and mathematics. His work in mathematics had been so outstanding that, when he was nineteen years old, he was admitted to the Royal Military Academy in Warsaw.

At the academy young Tadeusz had specialized in military engineering and fortifications. At the end of three years he had been made a commissioned officer and placed on the teaching staff. Then the king of Poland—the last king of Poland—had given him a scholarship in a French military academy.

Only last year he had come home from France, ready and willing to serve in the army of his country; but no service was possible. Even the guerrilla forces of the Confederates of Bar, those brave men who had fought as heroes to save

their nation, were now scattered and unarmed. What could a young soldier do now for the freedom he loved?

Already the answer lay before him, but, until he opened the mail which a servant had brought to his desk, he did not know how one sheet of paper would change the course of his life and give him the chance to help in the building of a free nation.

The letter was from Paris, written by one of his former friends in the military academy. The writer was going to America, he told Kosciuszko. The American colonies were fighting for freedom. Americans were coming to Paris for aid. Lafayette and Steuben and De Kalb and Pulaski were talking of a plan to cross the ocean and become aides to General George Washington who was now in command of the American Army. It was going to be a hard war, a long war, but it was a war in the cause of all human freedom.

As the dusk fell over the golden fields of Poland, Tadeusz Kosciuszko studied the letter. America. How far away it was! How strange it would be! A land of forests, of savages, of dangers, all beyond the great ocean. A land fighting for liberty. As if the letter were its writer, Tadeusz spoke to it. "You have called me," he said. "I will answer your call."

The answer took him far from Poland. On borrowed money he made his way down the Vistula to Danzig, then to France, then to Philadelphia. It was the end of August in 1776 when he came to the city which was already the capital of the American colonies.

The American cause was rising high in the souls of freedom-loving folk, but the American fortunes of war were at low ebb.

The daring pamphlet *Common Sense*, written in Philadelphia by an Englishman, Thomas Paine, after he had seen the wrongs done by his nation to the colonies, had aroused demand for a declaration of independence. That Declara-

tion, written by Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, had been adopted by the Second Continental Congress on the fourth of July, and was later read to the people of Philadelphia from a balcony on Library Street. The colonies were standing together for liberty.

On the war front the cause went badly. Some American victories had been offset by the British capture of New York and the danger that threatened Philadelphia. The way down from Canada was open. If the British coming from the north could meet the British coming from the south, the cause of the colonies, the cause of American freedom, would almost certainly be lost.

Tadeusz Kosciuszko saw the difficulties of the American troops, untrained, badly equipped for service against the experienced men of the royal armies. He saw the dangers of defeat. He saw that he might spend months, years of his life in a losing cause; but he saw that the men of the Continental Army were suffering hardships, miseries, loneliness, even death, for love of liberty. Careless of his own fortunes, reckless of himself, he presented to the Continental Congress his memorial, asking for service.

The Congress appointed him a colonel of engineers and sent him to West Point. The Hudson River and the fortifications at West Point stood guard over the American cause. General Washington himself had written, late in December of 1777, to General Putnam, then commanding the Point, that the possession of the Hudson was absolutely necessary "to preserve the communication between the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States." He had added that, upon its security, depended the existence of the American forces.

Kosciuszko found the West Point fortifications miserably inadequate to their task of holding the Hudson against a British army. The scale of work was too large. The officers in command, discouraged by the size of the job and the

wretchedness of the weather, had failed to take any genuine action. An alien in language,—he still wrote English so badly that he set himself down as an "Ingineer,"—the young Polish colonel took charge of the job which had frightened other men.

Within a year he had fortified the Point so well that the British did not even dare to try to take the Highlands. In that time he set up a defense of the Hudson which kept apart the British forces to the north and to the south. If they had met, the War of Independence would have been lost.

Kosciuszko, living to see freedom won by Americans who loved God and their country more than they cared for themselves, never ceased, as long as he lived, to interest himself in the affairs of the new nation.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the singing of the *Te Deum* in the Catholic Church of Saint Mary's in Philadelphia, the Polish officer went back to Europe. He devoted the rest of his days to seeking liberty for his own land. He armed the peasants of Poland with scythes, and, for a time, seemed about to win victory. His Oath of Independence, taken in the Kraków Square in 1794, marked one of the great days of Polish history; but he was taken prisoner by the Russians, held for two years, then released to find his country once more in chains.

Years later he came back to the United States. He came by way of Sweden and England. In both countries he was greeted as a hero, a friend of freedom. In Philadelphia, when he landed, citizens bore him in triumph through the streets. The Congress of the United States, in gratitude for his services with the Continental Army, gave him fifteen thousand dollars and five hundred acres of Ohio lands.

How did he use that gift?

Probably no incident in the life of Tadeusz Kosciuszko better shows the quality of the man. For he left the money

with his friend Thomas Jefferson, to be used for buying the freedom of Negro slaves; and he provided that the Ohio lands be sold and that the money from that sale be used for the foundation of a school in Newark, New Jersey, for the education of Negro children.

By these words the Pole directed use of the money "in purchasing Negroes from among his own slaves or any others, and giving them liberty in my name; in giving them an education in trade or otherwise; in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers and mothers, husbands, and wives, in their duty as citizens,

teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful."

There are many monuments to the memory of Tadeusz Kosciuszko, on the Saratoga battlefield, in Washington, in Yonkers, in Boston, in Cleveland, in Chicago, in Milwaukee. There have been great and famous poems written—one of them by John Keats—to do him honor. There is a Kosciuszko Foundation, a living memorial devoted to the promotion of cultural relationships between America and Poland. All these are splendid tributes; but the greatest tribute to the memory of the patriot who helped to win the freedom of the American nation is the thrill with which the freedom-loving peoples of the world hear the story of the young Polish colonel whose highest praise of himself was the repetition of Washington's word that he was "not the worst of Ingineers."

MAJOR IDEAS

Can you complete this outline? The minor ideas are given, and they will help you to select the eleven major ones. Do not write in this book.

I. _ _?_ _

A. Armies had fought on her soil
B. Countries were preparing to divide her land

II. _ _?_ _

A. Had reputation
B. Had education
C. Had been teacher
D. Wanted to serve
E. Received letter
F. Made decision
G. Traveled to America

III. --?--

A. Independence declared
B. Colonies fighting for liberty
C. War going badly

IV. --?--

A. Untrained troops
B. Badly equipped army
C. Danger of defeat

V. --?--

A. Guarded American cause
B. Necessary to preserve communication

VI. --?--

A. Work too large
B. Weather bad
C. No real action

VII. --?--

A. Made Highlands safe
B. Kept British forces apart

VIII. --?--

A. Worked for liberty
B. Taken prisoner

IX. --?--

A. Hailed in England and Sweden
B. Greeted in Philadelphia
C. Gift from Congress

X. --?--

A. To free slaves
B. To provide schools for Negroes
C. To improve conditions of Negroes in every way

XI. --?--

A. Monuments
B. Poems
C. Kosciuszko Foundation
D. People delight to hear his story

Privates of the Army

We believe that our country's heroes were the instruments of the God of Nations in establishing this home of freedom.

Third Plenary Council of Baltimore

I am John Ames.
I fought at Lexington.
I stood there, in the dawn, behind the bridge,
With Jonas Parker and my other neighbors,
New England farmers, every one of us,
Ready to fight and die to save our homes.
We were all peaceful and peace-loving folk,
But there are times when men must go to battle,
And this was one of them,
And there we were,
Men of the blood of England, of that same blood
Which flowed within the veins of those redcoated soldiers
Who shouted at us, "Now, disperse, ye rebels!"
Our fathers and our fathers' fathers once had known
The quiet English shires, and busy London,
The old cathedral towns, and the sea cities
Of the old England.
We stood, rough northern farmers,
Thinking of lands we should be plowing in April,
Thinking of orchards coming into blossom,
Thinking of cattle in the pleasant meadows,
But thinking, most of all, of liberty.

I am John Welch.
I fought at Bunker Hill.
With pick and spade I labored on the breastworks
Until the British guns came up the slope.
Then, with a musket, I stood waiting, watching
For first clear sight of white upon their eyeballs.

Below us roared the cannon. To our right
Charlestown began to burn. Our wooden houses,
Our only homes, dear to us in this new chosen land,
Burst into flame. I saw them blaze like tinder,
John Foy's house, William Dunn's, and James McGraw's,
Dan Moore's, and Richard Shea's, and Patrick Tracey's,
John Noonan's, Edward Madden's, Thomas Finn's,
They all went up in smoke as we had seen
Our homes in Ireland blazing, long before,
Under the torches of the British soldiers.
Prescott called, "Fire!" We stood with muskets steady
Until, at last, we had no shots to fire.
They took the fort; but we had won the battle.
Gunless and homeless, but still undefeated,
We kept on fighting for our liberty.

I am John MacPherson.
I fought at Ticonderoga.
Back in the Hampshire Grants, among my people,
Scots who had once fought bravely for Prince Charlie,
And come away from Scotland when their cause
Had fallen on the field of Culloden,
I had met Ethan Allen.
When he came, in April, asking for volunteers,
I joined his company. Through the wilderness
We went, just eighty of us. It was sunrise
When we came before the mighty fort.
"How shall we take it?" Matthew Lyon asked.
"By force," said Ethan Allen, and he led
Us forward through the open wicket.
We struck down the guards. "Surrender!" Allen cried.
"By whose authority?" the British captain asked.
Then Allen roared, "Surrender in the name
Of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

We roared it after him. The guns went down.
We had Ticonderoga. How we laughed,
Thinking how daring might yet win our war,
Daring, and right, and faith in liberty!

I am John Collins.
I fought at Monmouth.
Even in the ranks we knew that Lee,
General Charles Lee, whom time would prove a traitor,
Was failing in his duty. For we heard
The voice of Washington raised in high anger,
The only time I ever saw him lose his temper,
And telling Stewart and Ramsey to take over
Our regiments while he and John Fitzgerald,
His trusted aide, would get in shape the army.
Johnstone, and Morgan, Wayne,—Mad Anthony,—
And Knox, and Maxwell, and our Michael Jackson
Did all that brave men could to win the battle.
And yet, there is one deed which I remember,
Greater, I thought, than any of their courage.
There was a gunner, Hayes, with the artillery.
His wife was with him. She was Molly Pitcher,
Sturdy, and strong, and twenty-two years old.
While Hayes stood at his gun, she brought him water,
Though whistling balls and shrieking shells crashed through
The trees above her head. Then Hayes went down.
"They've murdered him!" she cried, and, rushing back,
Knelt down to say with him his final prayer.
"Withdraw the gun," the captain said. "There is no man
Who can take over." Molly Pitcher stood.
"I can take over," quietly she said. She seized the rammer,
And swabbed the gun, then rammed home the charge.
Around her men began to fall, so close to her their blood
Spurted upon her gown; but still she stood

Beside the gun until the summer dark came down
Upon the field which helped to win
Our liberty.

I am Andrew Morgan.
I fought upon King's Mountain.
My father was a North of Ireland man
Who'd come across the seas to make a home
Within the Carolinas. He had worked, early and late,
To clear our mountain farm.
Then, one day, the soldiers of Cornwallis
Came down upon us.
They killed my father and my elder brother.
I was just fifteen, too young, they thought, for fighting.
That night I took my horse and joined the Mountain Men.
I first went into battle at King's Mountain.
We had not many orders. "Fire as you can.
Hold while you can. If you must retreat,
Come back and fire again." And that was all.
We fired; we held. We were driven back. We returned.
We fired again. Charge after charge burst on us.
Always we held. The last charge was a countercharge, our own.
Over the British ranks a white flag rose,
And Carolinians shouted, "Liberty!"

I am William Gauss.
I was at Valley Forge.
I had been in many battles,
Trenton and Brandywine and Germantown,
Since I had left my Pennsylvania farm
Near Goshenhoppen. Then we went to camp,
But what a camp!
The storms of winter fought us.

The winds of winter blew away the snow,
And left the ground in knobs that tore our feet
So that our blood left dark trail of our passing.
We stood guard, almost naked.
We lived in raw huts where we had to sleep
Upon the dirt floors. Blankets? We had none.
We starved. For days we had no flour, no meat.
What did we have?
We had our faith.
To me it was the faith I'd learned in childhood,
Far back in Father Schneider's little school,
A faith in God, a hope to win God's freedom;
And there were others who never saw the school but had the same.
There was the General, our George Washington.
I've seen him kneeling in the dark of night,
When all was worst. Once I saw Moylan with a little book,
Our Catholic prayer book. He handed it to me, and there I read,
"Grant us Thy peace within our day, O Lord."
"God grant us peace," said Moylan after me,
"When we have made our land forever free.
God grant us peace within our day, O Lord.
God grant us peace."

SOMETHING TO DO

In your history or in the encyclopedia find the date of each historic event that is mentioned in this selection. Then make a map of the eastern United States. On it mark the location of the place mentioned in each stanza and beside the name write the date of the happening.

If you would like to read more about the people who took part in the War of Independence, turn to pages 427–428 for suggestions.

We Guard Our Liberties

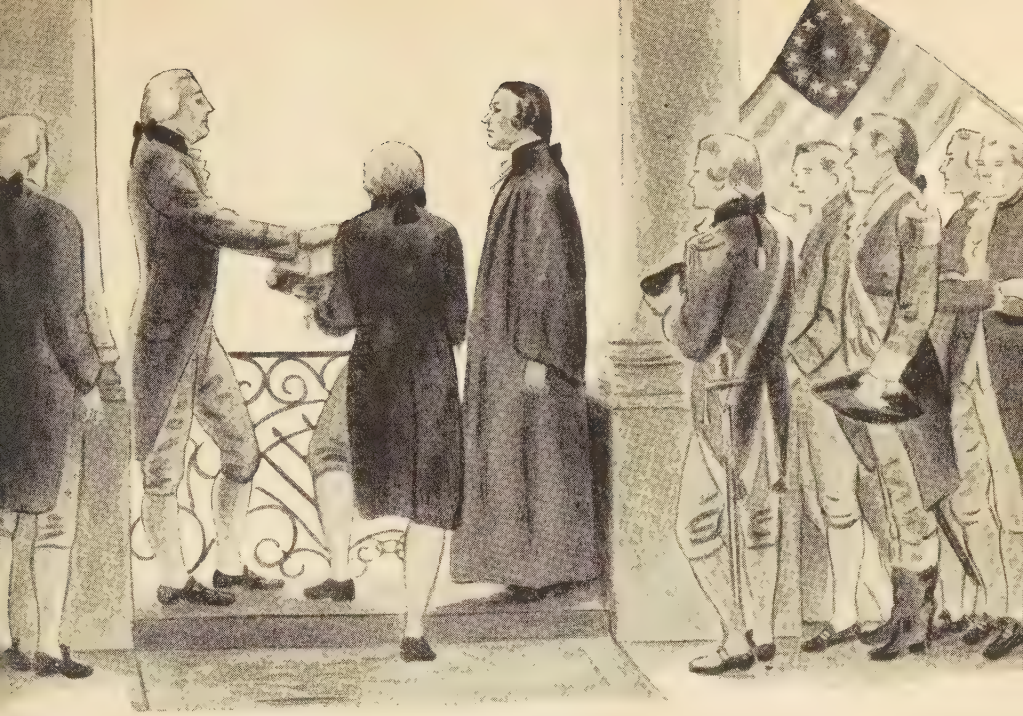
Throughout His public life Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ emphasized the truth that, since God is the Father of all men, then all men are brothers. Over and over again He spoke of this brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

He practiced, too, this brotherhood when He, the Son of God, lived with His disciples, sharing their humble ways of living, their hardships, their difficulties. With this example of the equality of mankind, He showed, too, the true liberty of mankind.

There is something within each and every one of us that is our very own, something that we cannot give without losing the power to give. If we give it up, if it is taken from us, then we are no longer really ourselves. If we are not free, we cannot help others to be free. If we are not free to seek for happiness, we cannot bring happiness to other people.

Down through the ages there have been two kinds of governments directing the lives of men. One kind of government does not recognize the common will of the people, but makes all its people do as it orders. That is a bad government. The other kind of government, knowing that the person of the individual citizen is sacred, seeks to base its orders upon his consent. That is a good government.

When the people of the original thirteen colonies realized that they were living under a government which did not consider the good of the people in the making of laws for them, they started a war to guard their liberties. They were not a warlike people, and they did not love war for its own sake. They went into war only because it was the one way to guard something in their own souls more important to them than their immediate safety.



When that war was done, the people of the United States turned aside from war and started the building of a free nation. Through the history of this nation there have been other wars, but they have never been wars of aggression, wars to take territory, without payment, from weaker nations. The United States has paid, even paid defeated enemies, money for all territories added to the original extent of the country.

Now, in tremendous strength, our nation has come to the place where it is practically certain that we are able to guard our fundamental liberties against any enemy outside our borders. Because of that strength, we have, as a nation, the obligation to use it rightly in the cause of world peace. If we should set ourselves completely away from other nations, we might be safe behind a great Navy, which would be a ring of steel; but that would keep us away from the rest of the world, as well as keep the rest of the world away from us.

Through a terrible war we have learned that we cannot be entirely apart from the rest of the world. We have come to understand that, whether we like it or not, we are vitally concerned with anything that happens anywhere on the globe. We have learned that there is something called world unity which does not mean world empire. We have no desire or intention to destroy other nations and chain other peoples to our chariots of conquest. We seek, as Americans, what we seek as Catholics: a world at peace and united, a true brotherhood of men under the Fatherhood of God. For there is no brotherhood of man except under the Fatherhood of God.

Not in our own land for itself alone, but in our land as part of the whole wide world can we guard those liberties which are the foundation of our land of the free.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

The question of freedom and the rights of man has always been an important one. It will be equally important when you are the men and women who make the laws of this country. For that reason you will want to be able to answer these questions and any others that concern your liberty.

1. What reason is there for saying that all men are brothers? Where would you find the proof for this?

2. How did Christ show His belief in the brotherhood of men? Give examples to illustrate what you say.

3. After reading paragraphs one and two, what argument could you offer to prove the statement, "All men have the same right to be free"?

4. Can you give any instances to show how people do or do not practice this brotherhood today?

5. Why were the colonies right in fighting the War of Independence?

6. Can you find the answer to the above question in any other selection that you have read in Unit II?

7. Show by example the difference between a war of aggression and a war of defense.

8. What obligation does a strong nation have toward the rest of the world?

9. What are some of the things that make a nation strong?

10. Why are friendliness and co-operation among nations more necessary today than ever before?

11. Explain, "World unity does not mean world empire."

12. How do you think the last paragraph of the article on page 108 applies to you now, and in the future?

WORDS AT WORK

Many of these words were new to you when you met them in the reading, but you learned their meaning at that time. Now try your skill at using them in sentences, for words are not really useful to you until you can put them to work.

Begin by making a list of all the words that apply strictly to an army. Use these military words for the first sentences.

varied
quarter
devotion
crisis
envoys
perilously
notable
conveyance
vital
tribute
inspire
original
reanimated
doctrine
aides
cadet
fortifications
exile
commission
tradition
epaulets
philosophy
guerrilla
fundamental
garrison
mission
artilleryman
cultural
inadequate
wretchedness
alien
morality
grimly
humanity
promotion
aggression
common law

Ave Maria

Lady, thy soldier I would be,
  This day I choose thy shield,
And go, thrice-armored for the fight,
  Forth to the world's wide field.

Lady, thy sailor I would be,
  This day I sign my name
To sail the high seas of the earth
  For glory of thy fame.

Thy poet, Lady, I would be
  To sing thy peerless praise;
Thy loyal bard, I'd bring to thee
  Heart-music from all lays.

Lady, I choose to be thy son;
  For Mother thee I choose;
Oh, for thy sweet and holy Child,
  Do not my claim refuse!

Ave Maria! Shield us all.
  Thy sons we choose to be.
Mother of grace, we raise our hearts,
  Our hearts, our love to thee!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY

Prayer for Our Country

As the first Bishop and Archbishop of Baltimore, John Carroll did great service in the building of the nation. By his influence with Catholics and non-Catholics he aided the cause of the young republic. Both by work and by prayer he helped to win and keep our liberties. One of his best-known prayers, one written by him when his friend George Washington was President, and still used in many Catholic churches of the United States, is this:

We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice!
Through Whom authority is rightly administered,
laws are enacted, and judgment decreed,
assist with Thy holy spirit of counsel and fortitude
the President of the United States,
that his administration may be conducted in righteousness,
and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides;
by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion;
by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy;
and by restraining vice and immorality.
Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress,
and shine forth in all the proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government,
so that they may tend to the preservation of peace,
the promotion of national happiness,
the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge;
and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

JOHN CARROLL, Archbishop of Baltimore

America

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

. . . . . .

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

. . . . . .

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

III

We Worship God

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . .
neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,
nor things present, nor things to come . . .
will be able to separate us from the love of God,
which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans viii, 35–39

Congress shall make no law
respecting an establishment of religion,
or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

Bill of Rights, Article I
Constitution of the United States

The Loud Celestial Hymn

Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy scepter claim;
All in heaven above adore Thee:
  Infinite Thy vast domain,
  Everlasting is Thy name.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
  Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
  Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One;
Undivided God we claim Thee;
  And adoring, bend the knee,
  While we own the mystery.

Liberty Bell of the West

I. *Freedom of Worship*

Today, in our country, men and women and children of all religious beliefs are free to love, honor, and serve God according to their consciences. They may build churches and schools, attend religious services, walk in public processions for the honor of their faith, join in great gatherings to glorify God.

Freedom of worship exists in our United States because the desire for this freedom was one of the forces which helped to build our nation.

At a crucial time in the history of the American War of Independence, Father Pierre Gibault held the power to keep out from or bring into the American cause the whole vast and powerful area of the Northwest Territory. Upon him alone depended whether the French of that territory would join the colonists along the coast or hold apart. Unless the French of the Northwest made common cause with the eastern colonies, the British and their Indian allies would hold that great area and prevent the growth of the new nation, even if the colonies won the war. When Colonel George Rogers Clark of Virginia brought his brave company into the Kaskaskia fort, the question of what the French would do rested entirely and squarely upon the shoulders of the little French priest.

The people of Kaskaskia trusted Father Gibault. All the French of the Northwest trusted him—and the Northwest was almost entirely held by French settlers.

What would Father Gibault do?

Father Gibault did not like British rule; but the British had promised religious freedom to the French of Canada, and it was certain that this same freedom would be extended

to the French of the Illinois country. This, then, was the question which he faced: Would the Americans promise that same religious freedom to them?

Upon that question and the answer to it hung the fate of the Northwest, perhaps, too, of the struggling colonies.

In the radio script on pages 119–136 is told the story of how Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, sent Colonel George Rogers Clark to win the West; of how Clark and his soldiers braved the wilderness; and of how Father Pierre Gibault of the Mission Church of the Immaculate Conception met Clark and his soldiers and asked the question which was to decide the fate of the Northwest.

GET READY FOR THE STORY

In order to get the most out of the coming radio script you must be certain to understand clearly what you have just read. See if you can answer these questions:

1. What are some of the ways in which the people of America express their freedom of worship?

2. What is meant by saying that the desire for freedom of worship was one of the forces which helped to build our nation?

3. Why was Father Gibault's position so important with regard to our young country?

4. Can you explain why it was necessary for the eastern colonies to have the aid of the French in the Northwest? Use a map to do this.

5. Did the French priest have any influence with the settlers of the Northwest?

6. If Father Gibault did not like British rule, why did he and his people hesitate to join the American cause?

7. The fate of the Northwest depended upon the answer to what question?

II. *A Liberty Bell Rings*

THE CAST

In Virginia:

PATRICK HENRY,
governor of Virginia
THOMAS JEFFERSON
GEORGE MASON
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
People of Williamsburg

In Illinois:

Members of Clark's expedition:

COLONEL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
MAJOR JOSEPH BOWMAN
CAPTAIN LEONARD HELM
SIMON KENTON
Officers and Privates, Hunters, and Scouts

People of Kaskaskia:

PHILIPPE FRANÇOIS DE RASTEL, CHEVALIER DE ROCHEBLAVE, *commandant at the British post of Fort Gage (Kaskaskia)*
MADAME DE ROCHEBLAVE
DR. JEAN LAFFONT
FATHER PIERRE GIBAULT
Citizens of Kaskaskia, Men and Women

SCENE I: A Street in Williamsburg, Virginia, December 10, 1777

MUSIC: [*Roll of drums, built up to fifes and drums in "Yankee Doodle." After one chorus, music fades into soft background music for announcer.*]

ANNOUNCER: Here in Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, it is the tenth of December, 1777. General Washington is about to take his ragged Continentals into winter quarters at Valley Forge. Benjamin Franklin is in France, but the French Treaty with our colonies has not yet been signed. Burgoyne has surrendered, but our War of Independence is not yet won.

[*Music fades.*]

If England holds the forts of the West, our battles east of the Alleghenies will be but shallow victories. There's trouble in the West now. The Indians are rising against us. The future of our nation, our own United States, depends upon the winning of the frontier.

First Voice: There have been bloody massacres in Kentucky.

Second Voice: Who started them?

Announcer: Governor Henry Hamilton, British commandant of the post at Detroit.

Several Voices: Hamilton, Hamilton the Hair-Buyer! He gives the Indians knives and tomahawks. He pays the savages for every American scalp they bring him.

[*Angry murmur of voices*]

First Voice: Who told you that?

Second Voice: George Rogers Clark!

Other Voices: Clark's a Virginian like ourselves. He was born in the hills of Albemarle County. He went to school with James Madison and John Tyler. He's just back from Kentucky. He's here in Williamsburg to raise an army. For where? For what?

ANNOUNCER: George Rogers Clark has come to plead with Governor Patrick Henry for companies of militia. He'll take them down the Ohio River and into the Illinois country. He'll seize the British forts at Kaskaskia and Cahokia and Vincennes.

VOICES: We'll go with him! The Sons of Liberty will go with him! I was with him in Lord Dunmore's War. I'll go with him again. We'll win the West. God save the Commonwealth of Virginia!

[*Excited murmur of crowd*]

MUSIC: [*Fifes and drums, up and out, "Yankee Doodle." After a moment, fade.*]

ANNOUNCER: The governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry, comes back to his house from the General Assembly.

FIRST VOICE: That's Thomas Jefferson, walking with him.

SECOND VOICE: And George Mason, Mason of Gunston Hall. Between them they'll give us the Act of Religious Freedom, the Bill of Rights.

ANNOUNCER: Look up at the door of the Adelphi Hall. Here comes George Rogers Clark.

FIRST VOICE: I'll follow his red head anywhere!

SECOND VOICE: How tall is he?

FIRST VOICE: Over six feet. He's young too. He doesn't look more than twenty-one.

SECOND VOICE: He's twenty-five.

[*Friendly murmur of crowd. Cheers*]

VOICES: Clark! Clark! Huzzah for Liberty!

MUSIC: [*Fifes and drums, "Yankee Doodle," under and out. After a moment, fades.*]

ANNOUNCER: Young. Hot-tempered. Brave. Ready to fight and ready to die for the freedom of the American frontier. Clark stands now before these three men, who will

decide his fate and the future of the American nation. Three men. Patrick Henry. Thomas Jefferson. George Mason. They listen to George Rogers Clark.

CLARK: But I can do it, Governor Henry. Give me the troops, and I'll seize the British forts in the West.

HENRY: You may be right, young man. Perhaps we're losing a nation by our delay. What do you think, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON: France is about to make a treaty with us. Word may come now on any packet out of a French port. Why not wait for it? Then we'll have the good will of the French in the West.

CLARK: [*Passionately*] Our men on the frontiers will be dead by that time, sir. I've just come from Kentucky, and I've seen its burnt cabins and its dead men.

MASON: The Indians killed them?

CLARK: The Indians killed them, Mr. Mason, but it is Hamilton at Detroit who rouses the tribes to massacre. That's why we must take his forts. And here's the way to take them: If you will give me authority to raise seven companies of militia in Virginia, I'll take them down the Ohio from Fort Pitt to the Falls, and into the Illinois country. I'll take Kaskaskia first, then—

MASON: Who is the British commandant at Kaskaskia now?

CLARK: A Frenchman named Rocheblave. He's held office under three flags, the French, the Spanish, the English.

JEFFERSON: [*Scornfully*] A multinational.

CLARK: We'll give him no chance to serve under the flag of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson.

JEFFERSON: Can you win the support of the people of the Northwest?

CLARK: If we could assure one of their leaders that our cause is their cause.

JEFFERSON: You might tell them of our Bill for Religious Freedom. Is there a priest out there?

CLARK: There is, sir. Father Gibault. He's been eight years at the Kaskaskia Mission. He may help us—if we can get into the fort. But to get there, we'll need boats and powder and—

HENRY: Boats and powder—and men! Where'll you get men, Colonel Clark? Even if I give you the authority to raise militia?

MUSIC: [*"Yankee Doodle," fifes and drums, not too loud, up and under.*]

CLARK: Where shall I get the men, Governor Henry? They'll follow me to the wilderness from every county of Virginia. Men of the tidewater and men of the mountains. Men from Caroline, and men from Albemarle, and men from Franklin, and men from Fauquier. From the banks of the Rivanna and the Shenandoah they'll fall in line. Virginians! Americans! Sons of Liberty, ready to fight for freedom, ready to win either glory or the grave!

MUSIC: [*Not too loud*]

HENRY: Glory it is! Gentlemen, he has won his first victory. George Rogers Clark, I hereby authorize you to proceed without loss of time to enlist seven companies of men to act as militia under your orders. You are to proceed to Kentucky at once.

CLARK: [*Excitedly*] And on to the British forts?

HENRY: [*Solemnly*] To the forts of the Illinois country.

MUSIC: [*Up and out triumphantly. Through to finish of one chorus, with organ accompaniment, then under. Organ fades, but soft fifes and drums continue.*]

ANNOUNCER: From Williamsburg to the wilderness the recruiting begins. George Rogers Clark rides west. The Long Knives join him. *At Red Stone Old Fort:*

VOICES: [*As though calling the roll*] Leonard Helm of Fauquier County
Joseph Bowman of Frederick County
William Harrod of the Big Cove Valley
Patrick Maher
John Murphy
James Monroe

ANNOUNCER: *At Fort Pitt:*

VOICES: David McDonald
Richard Luttrell
George McManus
Samuel McMullen
James McNutt
Jonas Manifee

ANNOUNCER: *At Wheeling:*

VOICES: Edward Murray
Patrick Kennedy

ANNOUNCER: *At the Kanawha:*

VOICES: Jacob Sandusky
Thomas Quirk
Richard Taylor
Robert Breckenridge

ANNOUNCER: *At Limestone Creek:*

VOICES: Henry Higgins
Andrew McConnell

ANNOUNCER: *At the Falls of the Ohio:*

VOICES: John Montgomery
James Curry
Simon Kenton

MUSIC: [*Up and out for a moment, then fade under.*]

ANNOUNCER: It is Saint John's Day, 1778. A total eclipse of the sun has darkened the Western world. In this gray dusk the Long Knives set out for the Illinois country. Moccasins on their feet. Flintlock rifles in their hands. A thousand miles from their source of supplies. No chance of help from behind them. The unknown wilderness ahead of them. Down the river to Fort Massac, only one hundred and fifty-three ragged men, they move bravely forward to victory or certain death. At the old fort they meet by chance a small party of hunters from Kaskaskia:

VOICES: John Saunders
Thomas Dunn
Samuel Moore
John Duff

ANNOUNCER: It is a hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Fort Massac to Kaskaskia. The road leads through swamps. Only a few dim, winding Indian trails mark the way. The success of the Clark expedition depends upon swiftness and secrecy. A hunter offers to guide them. *Three days out from Massac:*

HUNTER: [*John Saunders, in a low, bewildered voice*] We can't be far from the trail. I must have made just one wrong turning. If you let me go ahead, I'll find the landmark.

VOICES: [*Excitedly*] We're lost! We're off the trail! I thought he knew the way! What are we going to do? We'll never see Kaskaskia! We'll never see Virginia again! God have mercy on us!

CLARK: [*In a rage*] Saunders, you cannot leave us wandering in a country where every nation of Indians could raise three or four times our number, where all is lost for us if our enemies find us!

SAUNDERS: [*Fearfully*] You could return to Fort Massac. You could escape from here before it is too late!

CLARK: [*Raging*] Escape? Return to Massac? We'll not retrace one single step of our way! We've come too far! Our fate depends on you!

SAUNDERS: [*Frightened*] Give me time, sir! I'll find the path! [*Murmurs, as if to himself.*] Down the buffalo trail, past the burnt grass, over a narrow stream, up a hill into timber. There was one tree taller than all the rest. A tree with a bloody mark. There was one tree—

VOICES: Watch him! He's going up the hill! Don't let him get away! Clark'll kill him if he doesn't find the trail. Look! Look! He's waving! He's shouting at us!

SAUNDERS: Here it is! I knew I'd find the path! Now we can go on! Follow me!

[*Murmur of excited voices*]

MUSIC: [*Up and out, "Yankee Doodle," fading after a moment.*]

ANNOUNCER: By day, in the blaze of the Illinois country; by night, with only the stars to guide them, they steal down into the Kaskaskia River valley. At last, on the evening

of the Fourth of July, 1778, two years to the day after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, George Rogers Clark and his little company of brave men, a ragged, starving, dauntless band of Americans, come within the shadows of old Fort Kaskaskia, the British stronghold of the Mississippi Valley. They wait, quiet as wildcats, until a scout brings word to Clark.

SCOUT: [*Very low*] The enemy has gone off guard, Colonel. No one has seen us.

CLARK: [*Also low*] The company will divide into two parts. One will surround the town. The other will follow me into the fort. When you on the outside hear two sharp shots and a general shout, you will enter the town, run through the streets. Those of you who can speak French will proclaim to the people of the town what has happened. You will tell them to keep close to their houses, under pain of death. Are you ready?

VOICES: Ready! We're ready, sir!

CLARK: Let Simon Kenton lead the way. Forward!

VOICES: [*Speaking softly*] Kenton's leaped over the gate. He's opened it. Now we're in the stockade.

SENTRY. Who goes there?

VOICES: [*Lifting*] Virginians. The Long Knives of Virginia. The soldiers of George Rogers Clark. Americans.

SENTRY: How many of you are there?

VOICES: [*Loudly*] Five hundred of us—and an army coming from Fort Massac. [*Lower*] It's a good thing it's dark so that he can't see we're just a handful. Or that we're starving.

CLARK: I'm Clark. Where is your commandant, sentry?

SENTRY: I will not tell you.

CLARK: I'll find him!

VOICES: There isn't a light anywhere. Do you think he's here? Kenton'll soon know. He's got into the fort.

CLARK: [*Calling*] Kenton! Simon Kenton! Have you found the commandant?

KENTON: He's in bed.

CLARK: We'll wake him. Every man to his post. Guard the gate. Man the stockade turrets. Fire the two shots. Give the shout. We're going in!

SOUND: [*Two off-mike revolver shots. Shout. Wild cries.*]

VOICES: Hurrah for the Commonwealth of Virginia! Hurrah for the United States of America! You can't tread on us!

NOISE: [*Sound of falling timber. Crash of glass.*]

VOICES: Yank down the Jack of King George! Up with the Stars and Stripes! Here we go, men!

MUSIC: [*Triumphantly, up and out, "Yankee Doodle." After a moment, fades.*]

CLARK: Are you the commandant?

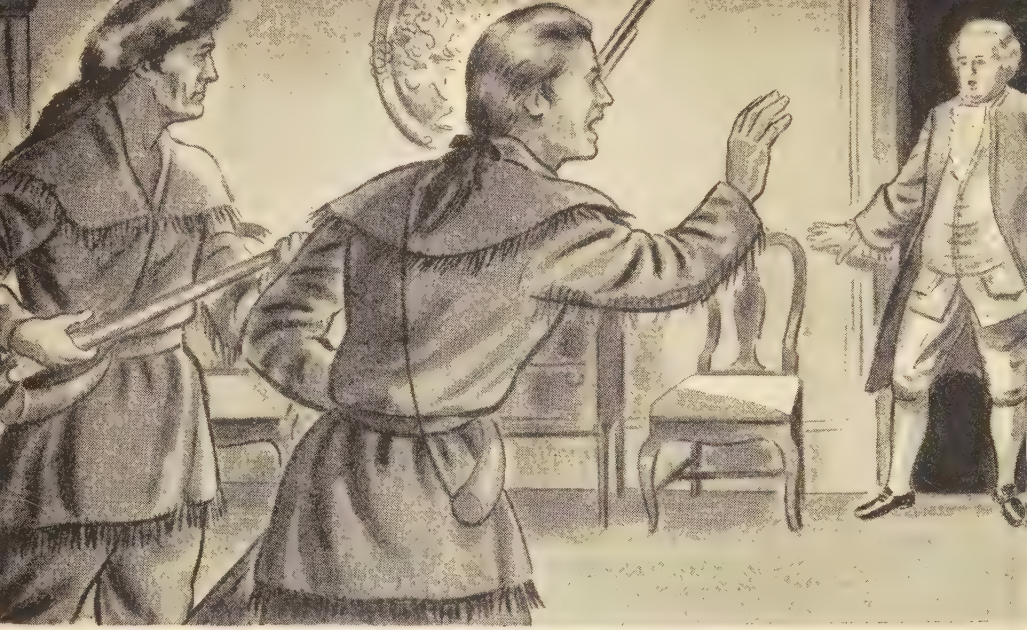
ROCHEBLAVE: I am Philippe François de Rastel, Chevalier de Rocheblave, British commandant of this fort.

CLARK: In the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia and the United Colonies I call on you to surrender it.

ROCHEBLAVE: The flag of Fort Gage will never come down to ragged rebels like you.

CLARK: It's ragged rebels who're fighting this war for independence. Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys are in rags. Washington's ragged army has just come out of Valley Forge. Marion's men lie in rags in the southern swamps. Yes, we're in rags, Chevalier, but our rags will one day be the liberty flag of the world. Get your things together. Give me all your official papers.

ROCHEBLAVE: I refuse. I will notify Governor Hamilton at Detroit. He will put you and your savages before a firing squad.



CLARK: He'll have to take us first. Seize this man, Kenton. Hold him, Breckenridge.

ROCHEBLAVE: You cannot do this to me. I am the representative of Great Britain.

CLARK: You are a prisoner of war.

SOUND: [*Murmur of voices, then woman's shriek. Thud of feet on stairs.*]

FIRST MAN'S VOICE: We found this woman upstairs, Colonel Clark.

SECOND VOICE: She was packing the commandant's papers into a trunk.

ROCHEBLAVE: She has the right. She is my wife.

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE: Save me, save me from these barbarians!

CLARK: You are in no danger, madame. No soldier of my army will hurt you. Go back to your room. Pack your clothes, but leave the papers.

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE: What are you doing with my husband?

CLARK: I am sending him to Virginia. You will make yourself ready to travel with him.

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE: It will do you no good to send us away. Kaskaskia will never submit to the Americans. Even if you surround us tonight, you cannot hold us.

ROCHEBLAVE: She is right. You cannot hold us. The French of Kaskaskia will decide which flag will fly over this fort.

CLARK: You've shifted your allegiance to every flag that's flown on the frontier, Rocheblave. You cannot speak for the French of Kaskaskia.

SOUND: [*Murmur of voices, grows louder, then fades under.*]

FATHER GIBAULT: [*Fading in*] I can speak for the French of Kaskaskia, sir. They are my people. Their elders have come with me.

CLARK: Who are you?

FATHER GIBAULT: I am Pierre Gibault.

CLARK: The Catholic priest?

FATHER GIBAULT: The Catholic priest. Pastor of the Mission Church of the Immaculate Conception. What have you come to do to us?

CLARK: I have taken the fort. You are now a conquered people.

FATHER GIBAULT: A captured people, perhaps, but not a conquered one. We French have long been in the Illinois country. La Salle and Tonty passed this way. Father Marquette blessed this spot. Nearly one hundred years ago Father Allouez set up the Cross that still stands here. Through those years our people have made this fort the outpost of civilization against the wilderness. We have been peaceful. We have been just. We have tried to live as Christians should. We have treated the Indians with honesty and with charity. We ask no more of you than we have given these Indians.

CLARK: What do you think we plan to do with you?

FATHER GIBAULT: Who knows? We have been told by the British that, if you should come, you Americans would burn our houses, seize our grain and our cattle, and take us all, men and women and children, into slavery. And from us all you would try to take our religion.

CLARK: Do you believe that?

FATHER GIBAULT: Why not? It is war. Governor Hamilton at Detroit buys scalps.

CLARK: We Americans don't wage war that way. We come to make men free, not enslave them, as the British have told you.

FATHER GIBAULT: Free? What do you mean by freedom?

CLARK: I mean what the governor and the burgesses of Virginia mean. I mean what Thomas Jefferson means in the bill he will bring before the assembly of Virginia. That bill—he calls it A Declaration of Rights—provides that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no way diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

FATHER GIBAULT: Will that bill become an act if America wins the war?

CLARK: If we win this war, that bill will become part of the law of the whole United States.

FATHER GIBAULT: In the meanwhile, what proof have I that I may continue to say Mass in my church?

CLARK: I have nothing to do with churches other than to defend them from insult. By the laws of the state, your religion has as many privileges as any other.

FATHER GIBAULT: [*Hesitantly*] If I could believe that—

CLARK: The men of my army believe it. They wouldn't be with me if they didn't.

FATHER GIBAULT: How many Catholics are in your army?

CLARK: I don't know. Let them answer for themselves. Who are the Catholics here?

VOICES: Patrick Maher
John Murphy
Richard Luttrell
Patrick Kennedy
Samuel Moore
Henry Higgins
John Lyons
George McManus
Francis McDermott
Florence Mahoney
Daniel Murray
Edward Bulger
Hugh Lynch

FIRST VOICE: There are a dozen Catholics out in the town with Bowman's company.

SECOND VOICE: There are ten more in Montgomery's company.

FIRST VOICE: Captain Richard McCarty's a Catholic.

SECOND VOICE: So is Captain Quirk.

CLARK: Does that answer you, sir?

FATHER GIBAULT: The elders have heard what I have heard. I shall question them directly. [*Pause*] Gentlemen, what is your will? Shall we trust the Americans?

DR. LAFFONT: If their own Catholics can trust them—

VOICES: [*All French*] Yes, yes. We'll trust them. It is a cause we must join. Give us the opportunity to show our zeal. We should be the happiest people in the world to join the Americans. Freedom of religion. Your cause is our cause.

FATHER GIBAULT: Freedom of religion. If you had denied it to us, we would have died to defend it.

CLARK: Victory is the greater when it is without bloodshed.

FATHER GIBAULT: Kaskaskia is yours, Colonel Clark, but your cause is not won in the Illinois country unless you take the British fort at Vincennes. Have you men enough for that?

CLARK: More men will follow me from the Falls of the Ohio.

FATHER GIBAULT: I am concerned with the fate of the people of Vincennes. If they understand, as I do, what the coming of the Americans means, they will join us. Let me go to them at once. They are my parishioners.

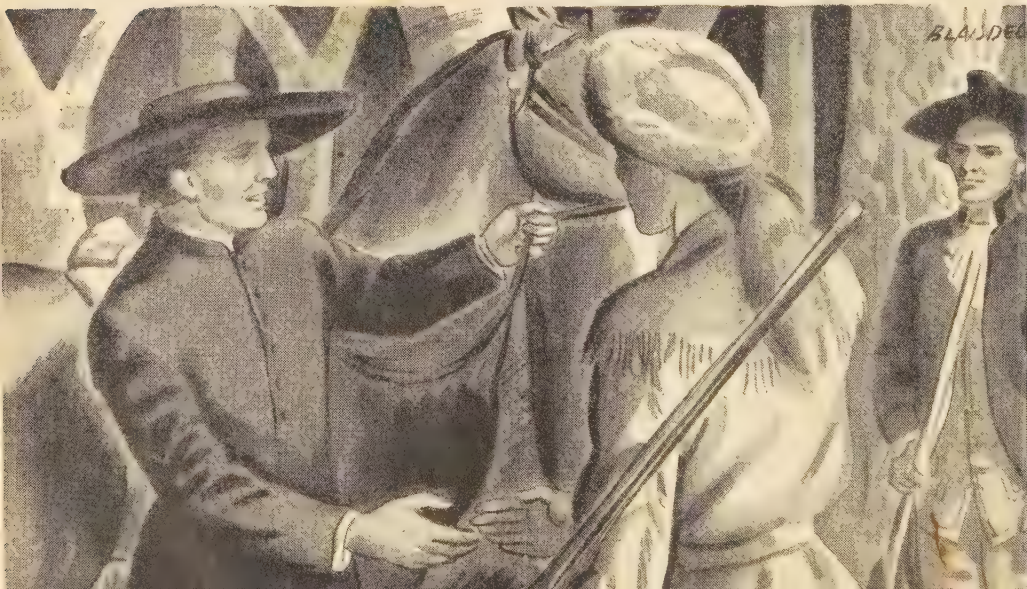
CLARK: It will be better to wait for more troops.

FATHER GIBAULT: No, no. As soon as the English learn of this loss of Kaskaskia, they will arouse the Indians. There will be massacres, many massacres. My people will be doomed. My people at Vincennes—I have baptized them. I have witnessed their marriages. I have heard their confessions and have given them Communion. When they are dying, I am near. When they are buried, I bless their graves. Now I must prevent their destruction. Let me go—at once!

CLARK: But the dangers of the trail—

FATHER GIBAULT: I have ridden it.

VOICES: [*Solemnly, as a chant*] A hundred and seventy-five miles.



Wilderness.
Thunderstorms.
Fog along the Little Wabash.
Snakes at the Big Muddy River.
Buffaloes on the Four-Mile-Prairie.
Swamps of the Wabash.
Indians. Indians everywhere.
The Sacs.
The Potawatomis.
The Shawnees.
Tobacco's Son.
The Great Blackbird of the Chippewas.

FATHER GIBAULT: God will guide me.

CLARK: You cannot go alone.

DR. LAFFONT: Let me go with him. I am Dr. Jean Laffont. I have long gone on the wilderness trails with Father Gibault.

CLARK: [*With some hesitancy*] If I could be more certain of the people's fidelity—will they take an oath of allegiance, Father Gibault?

FATHER GIBAULT: I will ask them. Will you, the people of Kaskaskia, take this oath?

VOICES: Yes, yes. We will take it.

FATHER GIBAULT: Summon them all. Let the church bell ring. The Liberty Bell of the West. We will take oath to be citizens of the new United Colonies. And now, Colonel Clark, may I be the first to take it?

MUSIC: [*Organ plays "America," up and out triumphantly, then fades under.*]

FATHER GIBAULT: I take an oath upon the holy Gospels of God Almighty to renounce all fealty to George the Third, king of Great Britain, and his successors, and to be a loyal and true subject of the Republic of Virginia as a

free and independent state, and that I will never do or cause to be done any thing or matter which might be prejudicial to liberty; in faith of which I sign my name at Poste Kaskaskia, July fifth, 1778.

Pierre Gibault

DR. LAFFONT: I, Jean Laffont, sign with you.

FRENCH VOICES: And I . . . and I . . . and I . . . and I . . .

GREAT SHOUT: *Vive le Congress!*

AMERICAN VOICES: God save the Commonwealth of Virginia!

FATHER GIBAULT: God save the new nation!

CLARK: Without you, Father Gibault, there might be no new nation.

MUSIC: [*Organ, up and out, "America."*]

FIRST VOICE: Look, the sun is rising. The sun of freedom.

SECOND VOICE: See, the flag is going up on the staff. The Stars and Stripes.

FIRST VOICE: Over there—beside the Mission Cross.

SOUND: [*Church bell rings alone for a moment, then blends into orchestration of organ's "America." Fades under.*]

ANNOUNCER: The Cross and the Flag—may the sun of America never set upon them!

LOOK THEM UP

At the library or in your classroom encyclopedia you may want to look up some of the men mentioned in this script. It would be interesting to have different pupils read about the following persons and report to the class any facts of special interest.

George Rogers Clark
Father Pierre Gibault
Simon Kenton
Patrick Henry
Thomas Jefferson

Tall Men

Down the Chatterawah, the Ohio and the Green,
The Cumberland, the Licking and the waterways between,
They found the trail they wanted or they made it with the ax—
The Hunters of Kentucky with their rifles and their packs.

They built their lonely stations and the logs were cut and hewn
By the breed of Simon Kenton and the blood of Daniel Boone.
They stood behind the loopholes in their rugged palisades
Through hot and weary sieges, attacks and ambuscades.

They shot and made their sallies till the Shawnees broke and fled,
While the women charged the rifles and the women shaped the lead,
The women nursed the wounded and the women watched by night,
The women brought the water through the peril of the fight.

The mothers never faltered; and the sons that then were small
Grew as Hunters of Kentucky and were strong and brave and tall.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The Sound of the Ax in the Forest

The wide campus of The Catholic University of America spreads across many acres in the capital city of Washington. Around it, on busy highways, streetcars clang and motorcars purr in their pasing. From the near-by right-of-way of a great trunk-line railroad, huge engines pant their messages of speed. Above the gray walls and red roofs of the university buildings airplanes roar their sky-climbing way. All day and every day the noise of the city beats against the quiet of the campus.

Sometimes, however, above the sounds of the city another sound arises: the music of an organ drifting out through the open windows of the chapel of the Dominican House of Studies. Hymns written long ago for the worship of God are lifted in joyous notes of beauty that holds, for a moment, the heart of the passer-by.

There is a glory in the music, and there is also a story. For the young man, the Dominican whose playing proclaims the grandeur of God, is following his vocation because of a far different sound, a sound heard almost one hundred and forty years ago in the heart of an Ohio wilderness, the sound of an ax in the forest.

All through the morning Peter Dittoe and his father, Jacob, had been working in the forest. For long hours the sound of their axes had rung out in the deep Ohio woods. Thud—thud—thud! The sound of steel upon timber. Someday it would be the music of history, the clanging bass of the song of the building of the American nation. To Peter Dittoe, fifteen years old in that year of our Lord, 1808, it was only the sound of man's daily labor.

At noon, when the sun was high in the sky above the woods, Jacob Dittoe went back to the cabin, nearly a mile

distant. "I'll bring you back some food," he told his son. "If you keep at the work while I am gone, we shall be able to finish the job before dark."

After his father had gone, Peter grew hot and tired. He would stop, he thought, for a little while. What if he and his father did not finish this job today? They could work tomorrow. What difference would one day more make?

Lazily the lad dropped his ax. It would not take him long, he thought, to walk through the woods to the spring. He wanted to see the mink trap that he had baited. There might even be a mink caught in it. He was turning toward the trail when he remembered his father's words. "If you keep at the work . . . ," Peter repeated. For a moment he stood, watching the slant of sunlight on the treetops above him. Then, slowly and a little angrily, he picked up his ax.

Steadily and surely, he swung it against one of the tall oaks. Thud, thud, thud, the sound rang out; and now it seemed to Peter Dittoe that he was making it tell a story. It was the story of a church, the church for which the Dittoes longed with all their hearts, the church which would one day rise here on the Ohio frontier.

For many years Jacob Dittoe had been trying to find a way to bring a priest to this frontier. There were twenty Catholic families with homes near the National Highway. They needed a priest. They prayed for a priest. Many of the older people had not seen a priest in years. Peter could not remember if he had ever seen a priest. All of them looked forward to the day when a priest would come.

Many years before, Peter's father had written to Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, asking that a priest be sent to the Ohio settlement. There were few priests, however, in the young nation. The settlers understood that the Bishop had no one to send them; but they waited patiently while they did all they could to practice their religion. Someday, they

knew, a priest would come to the settlement. Then they would build their church.

That church would be of wood, as were all the buildings of that time and place. It need not be large. Peter would go with his father and brothers all through the forest to choose the best trees. They would cut them down carefully. They would tie chains around them and drag them to the sawmill. They would see that they were cut exactly right. They would take them to the place which Jacob Dittoe had long ago chosen for the building of the church. Then they would work swiftly, happily, to make a house for the worship of God.

As he thought of that church, Peter Dittoe swung his ax harder and harder. Thud, thud, thud! The sound rang out loudly above the noontide quiet. Thud, thud, thud! Then, suddenly, another sound—a strange sound in that little clearing two miles off the highway—came to Peter Dittoe's ears. A voice was speaking, a voice he had never before heard. With his ax lifted high, the lad paused in his work to stare at a stranger who was coming through the forest.

The stranger was a slight man who wore a dark, long-coated suit and a broad black hat. His hair was long and thick. His features were as finely cut as those in the face upon a cameo which Peter's mother treasured. The gaze of his eyes was piercing. A foreigner, Peter Dittoe thought; but, as the man spoke, the lad knew he was an American.

"I heard the sound of your ax," he said, "as I rode down the highway. I tied my horse and followed the sound through the woods. I am looking for a family named Dittoe."

"I am Peter Dittoe," the lad said. He set down his ax upon the ground and moved nearer to the stranger. "My father is Jacob Dittoe. We live back in the woods, not quite so near the highway. Do you want to go to our house?"

"I have been looking for your house," said the stranger.

"I was told that it was near the National Highway, between Lancaster and Zanesville. I fear, however, that I should have missed it had it not been for the sound of your ax. Do you know," he asked Peter, "if your father once wrote to Bishop Carroll?"

"The Bishop of Baltimore?" Peter said. "Yes. He wrote him that we are all Catholics here, but that we have no priest. We need a priest."

"I am a priest," said the stranger.

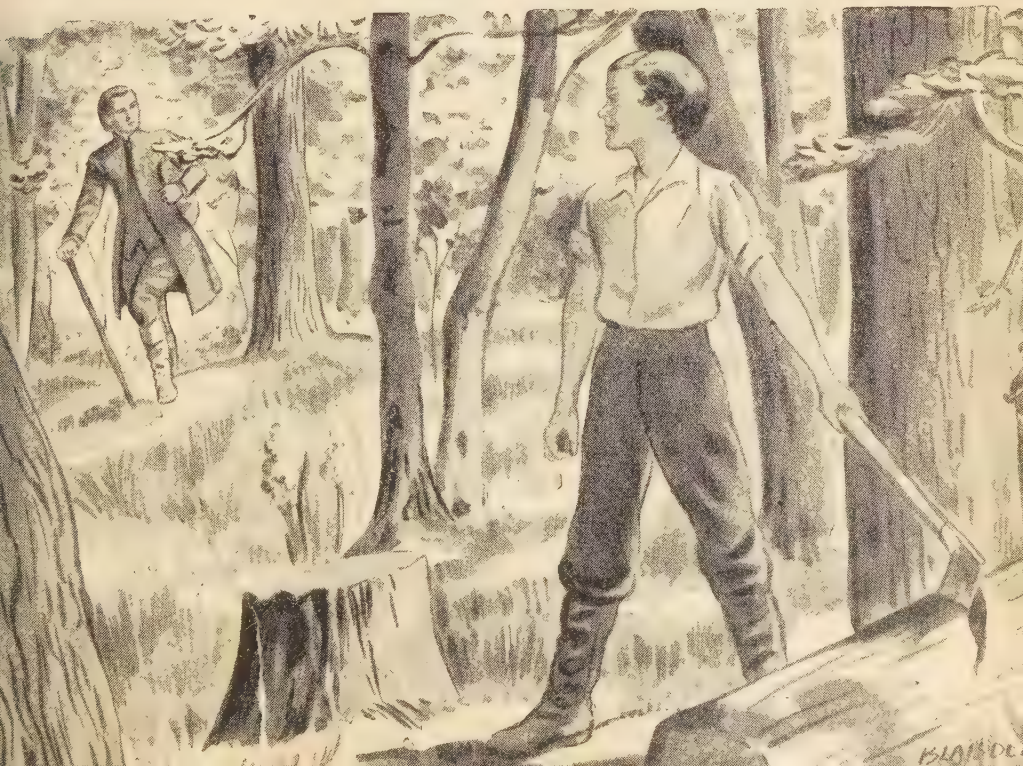
"You?" Peter Dittoe cried.

"I." The stranger smiled. "I am Father Fenwick."

"You have come from Baltimore?"

"I have come from Kentucky," Father Fenwick said. "I am a Dominican, and I live there at Saint Rose's. Bishop Carroll told me, when I saw him in Baltimore, of your father's letter. He asked me to look for you when I should come this way."

Silently Peter Dittoe stood before the priest. For a moment he could not speak. Never, as far back as he could



remember, had he seen a priest. He had no idea how he should speak to one. Should he call him sir? Should he call him Father, according to the directions for Confession in his mother's prayer book? And what should he say? How could he tell his joy, his amazement that the long-said prayer of all the people of the little settlement was being answered? Slowly he sank to his knees as Father Fenwick lifted his hand in blessing.

"I'm so glad," the lad cried, "that you have come to us!"

As he arose, he heard his father's voice. "What's this?" asked Jacob Dittoe; but even before Peter could explain, his father had realized that here, at last, was the priest. "Welcome, welcome!" he cried. Then, when he had been given Father Fenwick's blessing, he spoke again. "God has heard our prayers," he said. "Blessed be God!"

Swiftly he led the priest and the boy through the forest to the cabin of the Dittoes. There he seized a horn which hung near the door and blew a loud blast upon it. From the forest came back the sounds of other horns. Then, swiftly, men and women and children began to come toward the cabin in the clearing. Men, and women, and children, big and little, they gathered within the rail fence around the cabin. Father Fenwick, holding his broad black hat in his left hand, raised his right hand in blessing upon these Catholics of the wilderness. Tears ran down the cheeks of the older folk, but the children smiled up at the priest.

"God has sent you," Jacob Dittoe told Father Fenwick. "He has sent you, an angel from heaven, to us."

"I am no angel," Father Fenwick said. "I am a missionary priest who must go far through a vast parish."

Through that afternoon and evening the priest heard the confessions of the people of the settlement. The older men and women had not gone to Confession for many, many years. The younger ones had never gone to Confession at

all. Father Fenwick had to train them, as well as listen to them. He had to teach them, too, of the Holy Eucharist, for many of them were to make their First Communion on the next day. Those were busy hours in the tiny settlement, but they were joyful hours for both the priest and the people. Peter Dittoe never forgot the happiness of that day.

His joy was darkened, however, when on the next day Father Fenwick walked with Jacob and the lad through the woods and mounted his horse at the highway.

"Must you go, Father?" the lad asked.

"I must go, Peter," Father Fenwick said. "I have to make a long jouney. I go north through Ohio, then into Michigan, and all the way northward to the Canadian border."

"But you will come back?" the lad pleaded.

"Yes, Peter, I will come back," Father Fenwick promised, "as often as I can."

He mounted the horse, straightened the broad, black hat upon his heavy black hair, lifted his hand in farewell to the Dittoes, and rode off through the forest.

"He goes on a long journey," said Jacob Dittoe, "a long and dangerous journey. Will he ever come back again?"

"He promised us," said Peter. "He will come back."

Again and again the Dominican missionary came back to the settlement in the Ohio forest. Once he did not return to his home at Saint Rose's for two years, so busy was he with the care of souls upon the missions. Up and down and across the state of Ohio he went, baptizing, teaching, witnessing marriages, ministering to the dying, saying Mass, preaching the Gospel of Christ. Even before he became the first Bishop of Cincinnati, he had established churches in the Ohio country; but of them all the little church in Somerset which Peter Dittoe helped to build was perhaps the nearest to Father Fenwick's heart. "The church in Ohio," he once said, "began with the sound of an ax in the forest."

The sound of that ax which Peter Dittoe's strong hands swung against the trees almost one hundred and forty years ago has not yet died away, for the young Dominican playing the organ in the chapel of the House of Studies in Washington is another Dittoe, direct descendant of the Dittoes who welcomed Father Fenwick. Like his forefathers, he lifts his art in the worship of God as they lifted their axes for the building of that first church in the Ohio wilderness.

HEADLINES TELL THE STORY

You can read a newspaper quickly by glancing over the headlines. This is because they tell the story of the news in a few words. They state the major idea of each article in a brief and interesting way.

Headlines can be written for paragraphs, as well as for entire articles. Test your ability to write in headline form the major idea of each paragraph on pages 138–140. Put the idea in a few words that will attract the reader's attention.

Arrange your paper like the model given below, and fill in all the headlines that are not here given.

1. University Campus Is Place of Many Sounds
2. _ _?_ _
3. _ _?_ _
4. _ _?_ _
5. _ _?_ _
6. _ _?_ _
7. Duty Kept Boy from Wandering in Woods
8. _ _?_ _
9. _ _?_ _
10. _ _?_ _
11. _ _?_ _
12. _ _?_ _
13. _ _?_ _
14. Sound of Ax Attracted Traveler

Potawatomi Journey

By the shore of a quiet inland lake, amid the rich farm lands of Indiana, stands the statue of an Indian chief, Menominee.

The statue is a tribute to the Potawatomi Indians who were once driven out from their pleasant homes and cultivated farms around the Catholic mission at Twin Lakes and sent to the Indian Territory. Even more, the statue is a testimony to the remorse of the people of a state for the injustice done by their forefathers in driving out these Indians. For the statue was set up by order of the legislature of the state of Indiana to tell of the patient courage of a people who went out into a far wilderness with nothing but the clothing they wore, the horses they rode, the carts they drove, and the worship of God in their sad hearts.

At the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, the New World was the home of many Indian tribes. At first, the tribes were friendly to the white men. Then, because some white men treated them badly, many of the Indians made war against all whites. There were many places, however, where the whites and the Indians remained friends. This was particularly true in the neighborhood of the missions. The missionaries sought to save the souls of the Indians, not to rob them of their lands. The Indians, except in cases where they had been injured by other white men, usually returned the friendship of the missionaries with devotion.

The War of Independence, however, caused a serious situation between some Indian tribes and the Americans on the Western frontier. There the English made the Indians their allies against the colonists. For many years after the ending of the war, some of these Indians still remained the enemies of the whites. But there were, even on the Western

frontier, tribes of Indians who remained at peace with the white men of their neighborhood. One of these was the tribe of the Potawatomi who lived near the Twin Lakes of Indiana.

The Potawatomi lived in cabins which they had built. They planted corn, cared for it, husked it. They grew flax for the thread which their women wove into garments. They raised sheep for wool for weaving. They milled grain. They held to some of their old tribal customs, naming their families for certain things in nature—birds, fish, trees, the sun, the moon, the stars. They were Christian Indians who rejoiced in their belief in the one, true God and in His divine Son. The little chapel on their lands was the center of their lives, and Father Benjamin-Marie Petit, the missionary, was brother to them all.

It was Father Petit who taught the men better ways of planting and reaping, who taught the women better ways of weaving, who taught the children reading and singing, who taught all the Potawatomi how to answer him at Mass and Benediction.

It was Father Petit who was able to make the Kishko finish the task they had begun. There was never any trouble, of course, with the Oskush, for the Oskush were those children of the Potawatomi who always had to finish any task they undertook. They were the odd-numbered children of the tribe, in the order of their birth. The Kishko were the even-numbered children. The Kishko could do whatever they pleased about finishing their jobs, but the Oskush always had to carry through to the end whatever they undertook.

Josette, the eldest daughter of the chief Nesawke, was an Oskush. That was one of the reasons why she was working so hard in her study of French. Father Petit was teaching her. She had already learned many French words, and

soon, Father Petit said, she would be able to learn how to say in French the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. That was her task.

She was thinking of it on an early August day in the year 1837 as she went happily through the village in Menominee's reserve. She had seen the young men at work and at play. She had talked with other maidens. She had knelt in prayer in the little church which was the treasure of all the Indians near the Twin Lakes. Father Petit was away on another mission, but the Indian girls had gathered in the late afternoon to say the Rosary in the chapel. Now, as Josette went home, she thought of her happiness. In a little while she would, under Father Petit's teaching, say all the Litany in the new language. "I'll show that I am a true Oskush," she told herself.

On the next day everything changed. An Indian came running to the home of Nesawke with the cry that the white settlers of the neighborhood were demanding that the Indians give up their land on Menominee's reserve at once.

"It is not time to leave our lands," Josette heard her father say. "We sold our fields to Abel Pepper, but the white man told us we should not leave our homes for many moons. We have planted corn. We will watch it grow in the hot sun of summer. We will stay until the harvest. Then we will go, as our brothers went, to the lands of the far southwest."

"We must go before the corn grows taller," the messenger said. "That is the order of Abel Pepper."

"Big mistake," Nesawke said.

There was no mistake. Abel Pepper, forced into action by white settlers who wanted the land which the Potawatomi held under their treaty with the United States, had ordered the Indians to go before they could gather their harvest.

"Must be no trouble," Nesawke said to his people. "If we go, we go in peace."

One of the Potawatomi, however, raging at the injustice, broke down the door of a white settler's cabin. White men then burned twelve Indian cabins. Pepper, the agent, fearing bloodshed, asked the governor of Indiana for a force of a hundred soldiers. When the soldiers, led by Colonel Tipton, came, the colonel summoned two hundred of the Potawatomi to a council. When they were all assembled, they were surrounded by the soldiers, and held as prisoners. Nesawke was one of them.

The roundup of the other Indians on the reserve began. By the first of September eight hundred of them, men, women, and children, had been gathered. Josette helped her mother to pack the few possessions that they could carry.

"We go tomorrow," her mother said.

"Never again to see the Blackrobe?" Josette asked.

"I know not," her mother said. "A messenger went to him at faraway mission. Blackrobe went then to his great chief in Vincennes to get help for the Potawatomi."

"What can Indians do without the Blackrobe?" Josette sobbed. "No one to say Mass, to hear our confessions, to give us Holy Communion."

"No one to baptize our children, to marry our young men and women, to give the sacraments to the dying," said her mother. "But," she added, "the Great Spirit Who sent the Blackrobe will again help us."

"Who will teach me to say the Litany in French?" Josette went on. "No one in tribe can say the words. What if the Blackrobe never comes back?"

Father Petit came back to Twin Lakes that night. He had no good news. Bishop Bruté, the Bishop of Vincennes, had done everything he could to stop the going of the Potawatomi; but the order held. The Indians must leave their homes, their farms, their settlement, their church, and go to the westward, to the strange new country.

On the last morning of the Potawatomi at Twin Lakes everyone went to Mass. Then the women stripped the little church of all its ornaments. Father Petit called the children together and began to speak to them. He wept. They sobbed. As his own mission died, the priest prayed for the success of other missions. Then, all together, men, women, and children sang, "I put my trust, O Virgin, in thy help."

Heartbrokenly, the Indians formed the long procession which would cross three states and come to an end in a strange place that no one of them had ever seen.

"If Blackrobe could come with Potawatomi," Nesawke told the priest, "our journey would not be so hard."

"I will try to come," said Father Petit. "I must go back to Bishop Bruté now. He is trying to do something for you. Perhaps he will let me join you on your journey."

The hope of the priest's coming grew faint in the hearts of the Indians as they departed. It was a strange and sad procession which went across the Indiana prairies. Near the

head of the procession was a wagon in which rode the six chiefs of the tribe, Menominee among them, all being held as prisoners of war. Two chiefs on horseback headed a line of more than two hundred mounted Indians, riding in single file. Behind them came soldiers, then more than forty transport wagons bearing the old, the sick, the women, and the children.

As the procession moved westward, death fell on the Indians. The sick were laid under canvas covers, which kept out all air. Under this broiling canvas, many died.

"If the Blackrobe were with us," Josette mourned to her mother, "he could have brought comfort to them."

"Could comfort all of us," said her mother.

Five days later Father Petit came. With him came Bishop Bruté, who confirmed twenty of the Indians. Afterward the chiefs spoke to the bishop. "Send the Blackrobe with us," they pleaded.

"I have refused him," the bishop said, "because I feared that, if he went, it might seem that the Church had approved of this injustice. I see now that your need of him is greater than any other thought. He shall go with you."

"Now I can learn how to say the Litany in French," Josette thought. "No longer shall I be an Oskush who does not finish her task."

Over the great prairies of Illinois went the procession under a sun which Father Petit called "devouring." The eye grew weary, he said, looking for a tree. There was no water along the way. The sick groaned in torture. Every day someone died of exhaustion. Every evening Father Petit led the people in prayer. Every evening the Indians, weary though they were, lifted their tired voices in the hymn, "I put my trust, O Virgin, in thy help."

The procession came at last to the end of the journey, the banks of Sugar Creek in the Osage country of the Indian

Territory. Everyone was sick, worn, suffering; but as the setting sun shone hotly upon them, the survivors—one hundred and fifty had died on the way—drew together while Father Petit began the beautiful service of Benediction. There, in the new country, which was never to be to the Potawatomi what their Indiana homeland had been, they sang the old hymns that they had learned at the mission.

"Hymns do not change," Josette told her mother.

On the next day they began to build a new village. Father Petit worked with them.

"When will you teach me the Litany?" Josette asked him.

"Soon," he said; but he was never to teach her again. Worn out by the journey, he fell ill. For six weeks he lay in a tent. Although the cold winds came from the mountains of the west, and although the chiefs pleaded with him to go back to a place where he might have better care, he refused to go until an order came to him from Bishop Bruté, who had learned of the priest's illness. Two Indians bore him as far as St. Louis. Months later, they returned to tell their people that Father Petit had died at Saint Louis University, where the Jesuit Fathers had given him care and shelter.

"Indian maiden can never learn the Litany now," Josette said to herself. "Cannot finish the task."

For a long time the Potawatomi mourned the priest's death. Then, following his noble example, other missionaries came, Father Hoecken, Brother Van der Borght, Father Aelen. It was Father Aelen who built the church which Father Petit had planned, the Church of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. On the day when it was blessed, Josette was one of the Indian girls who bore the statue of the Blessed Virgin through the settlement. On that midnight, when the church bell tolled, all the Potawatomi intoned a canticle in honor of the Mother of God.

"But the new priest does not speak French," sighed Josette. "I shall never be an Oskush worthy of my people."

Then to the exiles came another friend, one of the great women in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Mother Rose Philippine Duchesne of the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

Many years earlier Mother Duchesne had come from France to the New World in the hope of giving her life to the service of the Indians. Many other duties had held her from this work. She had done a tremendous service in the education of white children, before she heard the story of Father Petit and learned of the sorrows of the Potawatomi. Then, old and ill though she was, she sought and won the chance of going to their reservation. With Mother Mathevon and Mother O'Connor she made the journey from St. Louis.

Josette went with her father, Nesawke, to meet the Sisters. The Indians found them with Father Verhaegen at the home of a French trader on the banks of the Osage River. Josette saw a very old, very weak Sister in a chair on the narrow porch of the house. The Sister's eyes were closed, but Josette knew what the look on her face meant. "The woman who prays," she called her. The old Sister opened her eyes and smiled. She spoke to Josette in French.

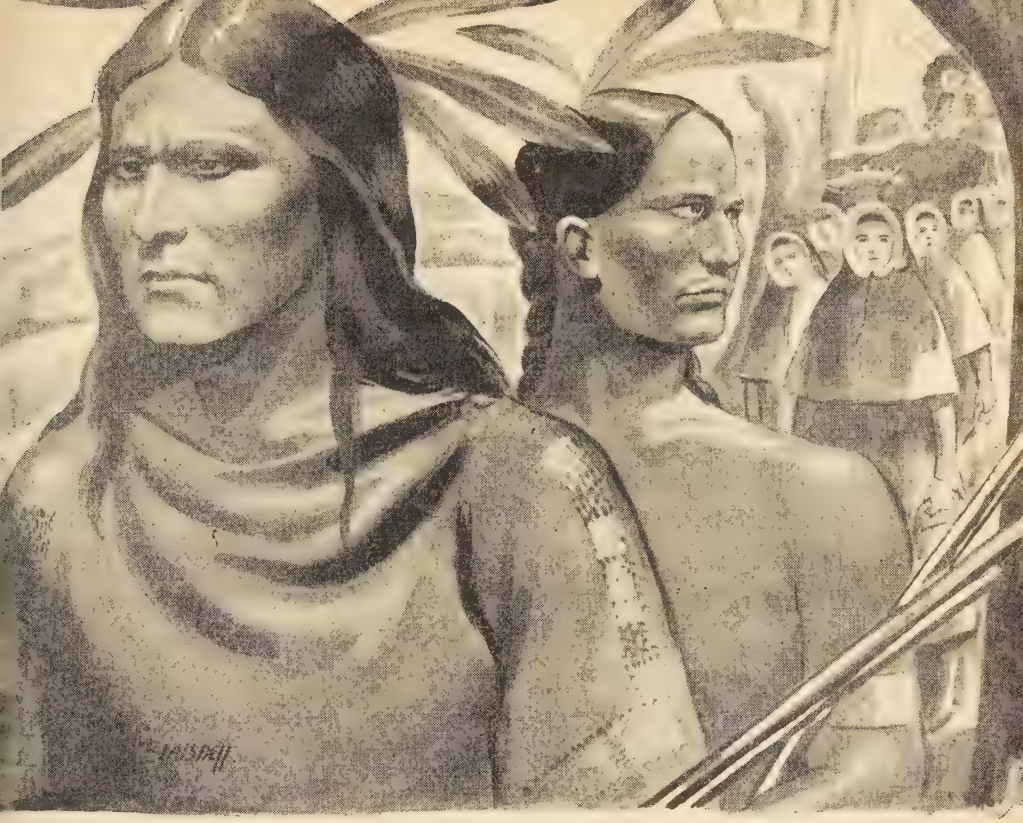
The girl fell to her knees, while tears streamed down her face. "Do not cry, my child," said Mother Duchesne.

"I will not weep," said Josette, "now that you have come."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" the Sister asked.

"Will you teach me?" Josette pleaded. "Will you teach me, as the Blackrobe began to teach me, how to say in French the Litany of the Blessed Virgin?"

In puzzled wonder Mother Duchesne shook her head. She could not understand the long sentence in the Potawatomi language. But, quickly, one of the Indians spoke in French, repeating the girl's words.



"Of course I will teach you," said Mother Duchesne.

On the next morning the Sisters, with their Indian guides, set off for the reservation. Every few miles Indians were on guard. As the travelers turned into a great prairie, a band of more than a hundred Indians, decked out in feathers and finery, came out to do their best dance. They then fired their guns in volleys. In front of the church other Indians waited.

Father Verhaegen spoke to them all. "Here is a woman," he said, and pointed to Mother Duchesne, "who has, for thirty-five years, been asking God to be sent to you."

Mother Duchesne held out her hand. Instantly all the women of the tribe moved forward to embrace her. After them came the men to shake hands with the three Sisters. For the first time since they had left Indiana, the Potawatomi were happy.

"The Great Spirit has blessed us again," Josette said.

"He has always blessed us," her mother said. "Sometimes He blesses His children with sorrow."

Joy flamed high in the heart of Josette as she learned the French of the Litany from Mother Duchesne. The day came when she had mastered every word. Once again she was a worthy Oskush of the tribe. She was proud of what she had done; but she felt something stronger than pride as she realized that she had come nearer to God and His Blessed Mother through her task.

"I am happy," she told Mother Duchesne.

Sorrow came back to her and to the Potawatomi, however, when Mother Duchesne had to leave them; but her prayers and sacrifice and those of Father Petit lifted the hearts of the tribe as long as any of them remembered the sick young priest and the sick old woman who had braved death and danger for them.

Long years afterward, Josette, who had learned the language of the white man, told her great-grandchildren the story of their people. She sang for them the old hymn "I put my trust, O Virgin, in thy help."

"The Mother of God helped us," she said, "in our deepest trouble. She sent a great and good man to keep us with God as we went our way; and she sent a great and good woman to tell us that we must always pray."

The statue of Menominee, one of the chiefs of the exiled Potawatomi, pays tribute to the bravery of his people; but a finer monument stands in the story of the little church beside Sugar Creek in the Osage country where Father Petit said Mass and Mother Duchesne prayed for those children of God who had brought Him in their souls across the prairies and the rivers to a strange land which never seemed to them to be quite their own.

CHECK FOR ACCURACY

Because mistakes slip into speech and writing so easily, you will often find it necessary to check the accuracy of statements that you hear or read. This exercise will give you practice in doing that.

Skim through the story to find whether the statements made below are true or false. Write the numbers 1 to 11 on your paper. After the number of each statement write the word *True* if the statement is true, and the word *False* if the statement is false. Then copy the sentence or the part of the sentence that proves the statement to be true or false.

These are the statements that you are to check:

1. The statue of Menominee was erected to honor a great Indian chief.

2. White men know that they have, at times, treated the Indian unjustly.

3. Father Petit taught the Indians improved methods of farming.

4. The group of children called Kishko did not have to complete the work that was given them to do.

5. The Potawatomi were driven off their reserves because white men wanted the land.

6. On hearing of the Indians' misfortune, Father Petit set out from Twin Lakes to see the bishop.

7. The six chiefs rode on horseback; the remaining Indians traveled in transport wagons.

8. Bishop Bruté wished the people to understand that the Church did not approve of the unjust treatment of the Indians.

9. After Father Petit's death the Indians were left entirely without a priest.

10. Mother Duchesne had a great desire to help the Indians.

11. The statue of Menominee is not the greatest monument to the memory of the Potawatomi.

Indian Names

Ye say that they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.

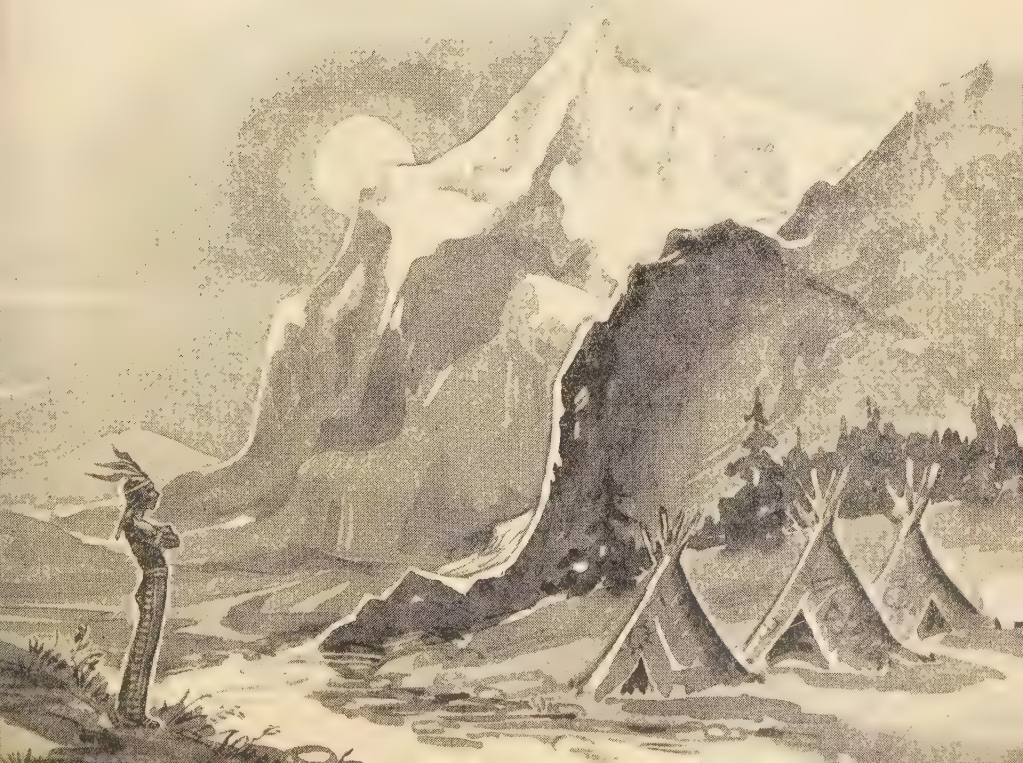
'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hill,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
  Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
  Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
  Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
  Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
  Within its rocky heart,
And Allegheny graves its tone
  Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
  Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
  Though you destroy their dust.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY



We Worship God

In the house of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, there must have been—since all Jewish houses had them—a metal case fastened to the doorpost.

Within this metal case was a square of parchment upon which two passages from the Old Testament were written. One of these was the First Commandment, bidding men to love the Lord their God with their whole heart and soul and strength. The second added a list of the material blessings which God would give to His faithful servants.

The Boy Christ must have learned from His Mother and His foster father deep reverence for the practice of touching this metal case, then kissing the finger which had touched it. He was the Son of God, but He had, for the salvation of mankind, taken on human form, and the ways of the people of Nazareth in worshiping God were also His ways. Throughout the years He spent in Nazareth,—the time called the Hidden Years,—He must have shown His love for His Father in Heaven by honoring and serving God as did others in the village.

God, Who made man, gave to man the right to love, honor, and serve Him. Christ, Who came to save man, taught the worship of God not only by His words, but by His deeds. Christians, followers of Christ, hold to this right to worship. From the beginning of Christianity they have been willing to sacrifice their lives rather than give up this right to worship God.

Through long centuries of Christianity the Church not only taught the worship of God, but also taught the right of worship. Persecutions broke out, time and again, against this practice of religious freedom; but always the Church stood firm in holding to the right of men to do homage to their Creator. Deep in the human soul, said the Church,

there is the sacred knowledge that the individual has the right, under God, to call his soul his own. No one may take this freedom from him.

This idea of the dignity of man became, in time, the basis of our own government. Faith in God includes faith in human nature; and faith in human nature is the necessary foundation of a free government. Since the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States made ours a free government, it followed that the Constitution ensured to its citizens freedom to worship God according to their consciences.

Freedom of religion does not mean, however, the freedom to worship or not to worship. It means the enjoyment of the right to serve God publicly through belief, religious worship, and obedience to the will of God. It means the right to go to church, to a church chosen in obedience to conscience. It means liberty for the building of churches and religious schools, monasteries and convents. It means liberty to organize societies for the social purposes of religion. It means liberty for all good and moral practices based upon religious belief.

There have been many governments in the world which

have violated this right of man to worship God. Some of them have held that the government is the only power which man must worship and for which he must be ready to sacrifice his life, if the government so wills. Others of them have held that God has no part in the life of man, even though they say that all men are brothers.

The people of the United States have been fortunate in their freedom to serve God according to their own free wills. Every right, however, carries with it a responsibility, and our responsibility is this: we must worship God not only in our words and prayers and through the sacraments, but also in all we say and do to others, who are, as we are, the children of God. We must love not only our neighbors whom we see, but distant peoples whom we never see. We must make our love of God and our service for God the deepest reason for our deeds. In that way, and in that way alone, shall we pay Him back for His great gifts of freedom.

SOME THINGS TO DISCUSS

1. Why have the Jewish people such deep reverence for the written words of the Old Testament?

2. Do you think there is any good reason for making the statement that is contained in the last sentence of paragraph 3?

3. What reasons can you offer, besides the one given in this selection, to show that man has a *right* to worship God?

4. What is meant by the "dignity of man"?

5. How is our government built upon the idea of the dignity of man?

6. Can you point out examples from other countries to show how people are affected when the government does not recognize the dignity of man?

7. How can you explain that it is a mistaken notion to believe that religious liberty means that man is free *not* to worship God?

8. What responsibilities do you have as a result of your religious liberty? Tell how you might discharge each one of these.

A ONE-MINUTE TALK

Should you like to try your ability at giving an interesting one-minute talk? Choose your subject, select two or three things that you want to say about it, decide upon how you will say them, and then set out to give your listeners some worth-while information in one minute.

Choose as the subject of your talk one of the following:

The Dignity of Man
Man's Right to Worship God
The Responsibility Which Religious Liberty Brings

FIND SYNONYMS

A synonym is a word that has the same meaning or almost the same meaning as another word. Thus *cool* and *chilly* are synonyms. By using synonyms you can give variety to your speech and writing, and you will avoid repetition of the same word.

Here are some new words. Can you replace them with synonyms that you already know? Use the Glossary if you need help.

Continentals	burgesses	proclaims
crucial	diminish	grandeur
braved	fidelity	raging
commonwealth	basis	summoned
dauntless	fealty	canticles
stronghold	homage	mastered

Thanks Given

There is so much to thank Thee for,
Thy favors are so great,
My heart seems breaking, dear my Lord,
Beneath their precious weight.

I thank Thee, then, for these my eyes,
My happy eyes that see
The beauty in the silver rain,
The May mist on the sea.

I thank Thee, Lord, that I can hear,
With breathless joy, a song,
And draw it to my very heart
And hold it all day long.

I thank Thee, too, that I can walk
Beneath the skies at night,
Through scented streets where spring has passed
With robes of starlit white.

I thank Thee, O Thou Crucified,
That I have known the pain
Of giving what I longed to keep,
That theirs might be the gain.

I thank Thee, Lord, oh, most of all,
For this sweet sense of Thee,
This blessed sense that fills me through,
With singing ecstasy.

ELEANOR M. LEARY

The First Thanksgiving Proclamation

Every year the President of the United States issues a Thanksgiving Proclamation. Although such proclamations were not issued during some administrations, the practice goes back to the custom established by the first President of the United States.

George Washington was not only a great soldier and a great statesman; he was also a devout Christian. He believed that nations, as well as men, should thank God for His blessings.

In his first Thanksgiving message Washington declared:

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being Who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be—That we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks—for His kind care and protection of the People of this country previous to their becoming a Nation—for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of his providence, which we experienced in the course and conclusion of the late war—for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed—for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted—for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and in general for all the great and various favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us.

Given under my hand at the City of New York the third day of October in the year of our Lord 1789.

George Washington

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

. . . . . .

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN

IV

We Meet with Our Neighbors

We have decided, being assembled together,
to select representatives and send them to you.

Acts xv, 25

Congress shall make no law . . . abridging . . . the right
of the people peaceably to assemble,
and to petition the government
for the redress of grievances.

Bill of Rights, Article I
Constitution of the United States

The rights of citizens of the United States to vote
shall not be denied or abridged
by the United States, or by any State,
on account of race, color,
or previous condition of servitude.

Amendment XV
Constitution of the United States

The Land Where Hate Should Die

This is the land where hate should die—
  No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
  Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
  Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
  That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
  Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
  Respect beliefs that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
  Upon his neighbor's faith a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past,
  From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
  This is the land where strife should cease,
Where dark, suspicious fear should fly
  Before our flag of love and peace.
Then let us purge of poisoned thought
  That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy, as we ought,
  Of the great land in which we live!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

Parish in the Wilderness

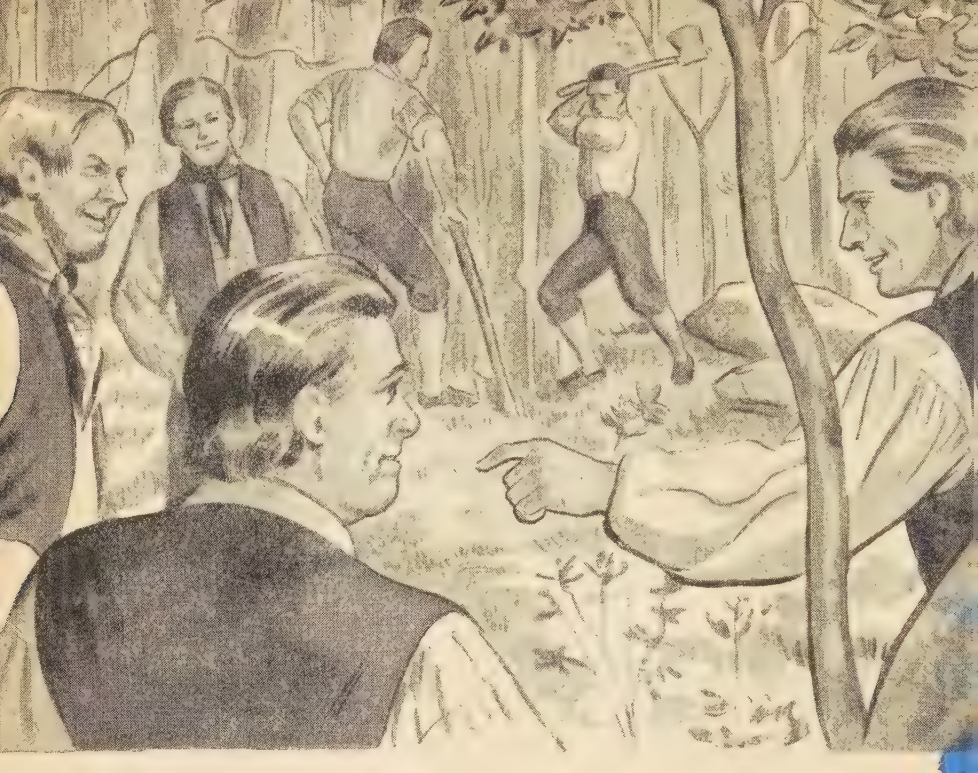
I. *When People Assemble*

Every day and every night, through the length and breadth of this great land, we citizens gather in assemblies.

Sometimes we meet to talk over ways for the betterment of government, local, state, or national. Sometimes we meet to help such worthy causes as the Red Cross and the Community Chest. Sometimes we meet to protest against civic wrongs: unjust taxation, improper administration of government, oppressive laws. Sometimes we assemble, Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, to make plans for the good of the entire community.

One of the foundations of American democracy was the town meeting. This meeting permitted citizens of the town to discuss with one another matters of interest to the community and to take steps for community improvement. The town meeting was a genuine free assembly for the common good.

Always, as long as we keep within reasonable bounds, we citizens of the United States are free to meet with our neighbors in peaceful assembly. The Constitution of our nation, following the common law, which was England's greatest gift to the colonies, assures all Americans [illegible] were right; and from the earliest days of the republic only this crew cities of the eastern coast and in frontier villag in the Pennsylvania wilderness Americans bility, its leader the right. out of the ordinary. He was a slender, dark-haired man, a little more than forty years old. He wore rough clothing, but yet he looked different from the other men. His voice, low in pitch and slightly accented, held a note of authority as he gave orders. His face was stern, but his eyes were kind. The men, calling him Father,—his name



of Gallitzin was evidently too difficult for them to say,—worked steadily under his direction. They paid him little heed except to carry out his directions; but a young lad, working with the crew that day, watched the priest with keen curiosity.

Beside the boy, John Weakland, a huge giant, was working in team with wizened little Ned Canty, both men making ready their axes for hacking at the tree trunk, while the other men formed a long line for the pulling of the log when the tree would totter from the ax blows. The priest, Father Gallitzin, straightened their line with a wave of his hand, then looked up at the doomed cedar.

"It's a pity that these giants of the forest must be cut down," he said more to himself than to the workers. "I hate to take the life of any living thing." He paused to wipe his sweating brow with a red handkerchief. "We think highly of these cedars in my former country."

The boy slid down the rope to strike the ground beside the priest. He stared curiously. "Aren't you an American?" he asked him.

"I am now," the priest said, "but, like most of the settlers here, I was born in Europe."

"Are you French?" the boy asked.

"No," the priest told him. "I am of Russian and German ancestry, although I was born in Holland."

"Then you're Dutch," the boy insisted.

"Not Dutch either."

"You'd have to be if you were born in that country."

"I was born in the Russian Embassy there. That made me Russian. My mother was a German, a Westphalian. I am an American now, though, and very proud to be. What is your name?"

"Dan," the boy said. "Dan White. I came here from Virginia. I never thought I'd leave Virginia."

"When I was your age," the priest said, "I never thought I'd be here in an American frontier settlement, tearing up beautiful trees in order to make roads. But we must have roads if we are going to have towns."

"There were no roads in this part of Pennsylvania," John Weakland's big voice boomed, "until you came here, Father, and showed us the way the best European engineers make them."

"You're right," said Ned Canty. "Only a few years ago this was all forest. Only the Indians roved over these mountains. There wasn't a town between here and Pittsburgh. The Indians had scared away most of the white men. You had to come a hundred and fifty miles on a sick call to McGuire's settlement, didn't you, Father? But look now! We've only a few more miles to go, and we'll have finished this turnpike."

"Shall we finish it before the war?" Dan White asked.

"And will the road go as far as Canada, where we can fight the British?"

The other men laughed at the boy's eagerness, but Father Gallitzin turned to take a long look at him. "Are you a Catholic?" he asked him.

"No, sir," Dan said. "None of my people were, and we don't like Catholics down where I came from."

"Why did you come here?" the priest inquired.

"I came with John Weakland. He told us you were drilling a regiment. I want to learn to drum and go into the regiment. We heard down our way about our American ships being seized on the high seas and our goods stolen by the British. We beat them in 1776, and we'll beat them again!"

"Go to it, youngster!" one of the men cried, and the others cheered.

But Father Gallitzin shook his head. "War is a terrible thing," he said, "and young boys like you have no place in it. It is true that we have this drill every Sunday after Mass, but it is only to train men to be ready to defend their families and homes. It would be better for you, Dan, to study how to build roads and how to run mills with water power. Learn to be an engineer and build up your country. That's the best patriotism."

"But how can I learn?" the boy asked.

"When you're a little older, come to me in Loretto. You know where it is, don't you?"

"I know," the boy said. He stared at the priest, then turned away with a sigh. "I reckon I can't wait that long."

"Why not?"

"I don't know where I'll be. My mother died just before I left Virginia. My father died two years ago. I've no home, and—"

"No home?" Father Gallitzin repeated. He stared keenly at Dan, as if he were taking his measure. "That is as bad as

war. When boys have no homes, they often get into trouble." He looked over the group of men as if he were considering them. Then he said to Dan: "I think you'd better come with me. I'll teach you how to become an engineer."

"You mean," the boy said slowly, "that you want me to live with you in your own house?"

"Certainly. Don't you want to come?"

Sudden tears shone in the boy's eyes. "You mean I may call it home?" he asked unsteadily.

"I mean that."

"I'll be glad to come." He stared gratefully at Father Gallitzin. "I don't know how to say it, but I certainly thank you."

"That's all right." The priest put his hand on the lad's shoulder. "Let's get back to work now."

The line of men formed again. John Weakland and Ned Canty once more took up their axes. The sound of blows again thudded through the forest. The thunder of falling trees rolled over the slope.

After a while someone began to sing,

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony."

Man after man took up the song. Now all of them were singing. From his post near the tree young Dan White sang shrilly,

"Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni."

Looking down, he saw that Father Gallitzin was singing, too. "Why, he's one of us," the boy thought. "He's an American, just as we're Americans. I wonder," he asked himself, "what brought him here?" Then, with a wisdom deeper than he knew, he found answer: "Maybe he was looking for a home."

The sound of the axes continued. One after another the great trees fell to the ground. With teams of horses and heavy chains men dragged them along the blazed trail to lay them side by side. Foot by foot, the corduroy road progressed. America was moving westward; and here, over the summits of the Alleghenies, a priest who had been born a prince was pointing the way.

READING TO SEE

How much pleasure should you get out of a movie if you closed your eyes during the entire performance? Should you be satisfied with the conversation and sounds alone?

Descriptions in stories are like pictures on a screen. If you don't learn to *see* the things that you read about, you miss half the joy of reading. Word pictures give color to a story. Now try your ability to see.

1. If paragraph 1 were put on the screen in technicolor, what should you probably see?

2 Movies often show their audience the place where a story begins before they introduce any characters into the picture. Notice how this is done in paragraphs 2 and 3. Describe what you see.

3. What sounds help you to form a picture in paragraph 4? What is that picture?

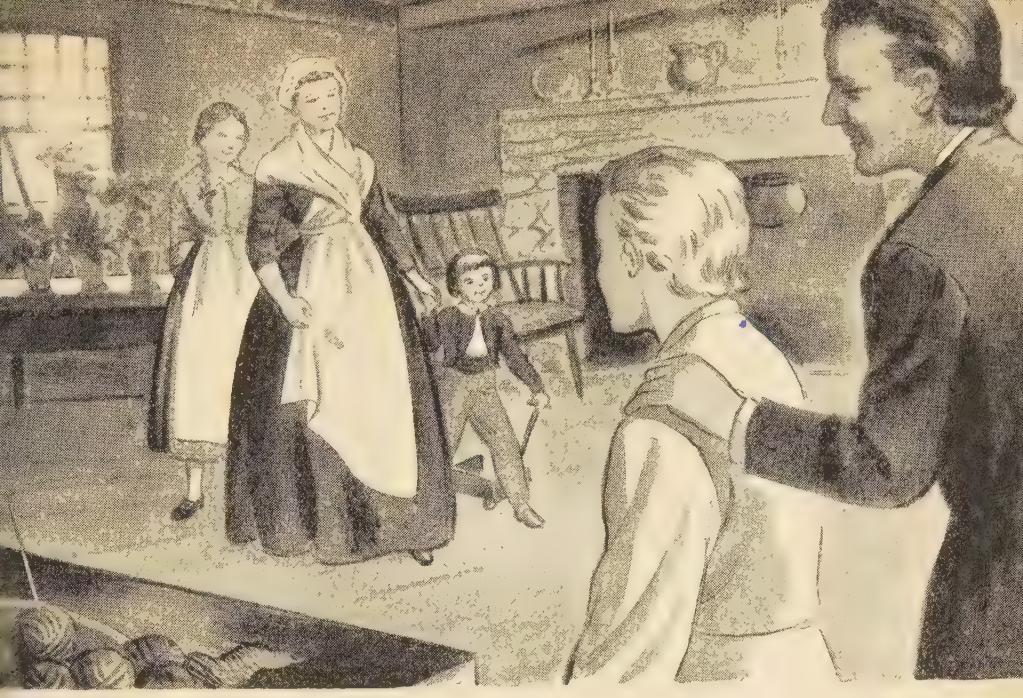
4. The principal character of this story is introduced in paragraph 6. Describe him.

5. Tell what you see in paragraph 7. What words made it easy for you to picture John Weakland and Ned Canty?

6. From the remarks of Father Gallitzin, John, and Ned, what picture do you get of the Pennsylvania country?

7. There are no words actually describing Dan. From his conversation and the facts of his life, what kind of picture have you built of him?

8. What picture does the last paragraph give you? Do you think this is a good closing scene?



III. *Loretto*

Darkness comes early in the autumn of the mountains; and it was already dark when Father Gallitzin and Dan White came into the town of Loretto.

Even in the dusk the boy realized, however, that Loretto was unlike the other towns he had known. Every house was clean and neat. There were fruit trees and flowers in every fenced garden. The streets were paved with stones and with a hard smooth substance which made walking far easier than it was upon the corduroy roads. As he went beside the priest, Dan heard the friendly greetings of many voices. "Good evening, Father," some said. "*Guten Abend, Vater*," said others. "God be with you," Father Gallitzin answered them all.

When they came to the stone house next to the church, a woman flung open the door as if she had been waiting to welcome them. A tall girl and a small boy stood behind her.

"This is my housekeeper, Mrs. Sturm," he told Dan, "and this is her son William. This is Lucy Connell." He did not add, what Dan was soon to learn, that he had taken the Sturms into his home when William's father had been killed at a logging camp and had taken Lucy when her father and mother had died a year later.

"This is Dan White," he told them. "He comes from Virginia. He will stay with us."

"You are welcome," said Mrs. Sturm.

The Sturm boy and the Connell girl watched Dan curiously as they all ate heartily of the pork and cabbage, the white bread and the apple cake, which Mrs. Sturm set before them after Father Gallitzin had said grace. They did not speak directly to Dan until supper was over. Then, "I'll take you to school tomorrow," Lucy Connell said.

"I don't go to school," Dan told her. "I'm working at the camp."

"Dan will have to wait until Sunday to see much of our town," said Father Gallitzin.

"It is a good town," said Mrs. Sturm. "Father has made it good."

"Everyone in Loretto helps to make it good," the priest said.

"But Father makes it better," the housekeeper declared, and Lucy and William nodded their heads.

Afterward, when Father Gallitzin had gone to the church, the others began to tell Dan what the priest had done for Loretto. He had come to the mountains, to Conewago, directly after his ordination by Bishop John Carroll in Baltimore. Conewago was only a tiny place, but it already had a church and priests. A sick call came, and Father Gallitzin said he would answer it. The call brought him here, one hundred and fifty miles from the church. He saw how badly the little community—it had no name then but Mc-

Guire's Camp—needed a priest, and so he went back to Baltimore and asked the bishop to send him to this place.

"And do you know," Lucy asked Dan, "that he is really a prince, a Russian prince?"

"Who is?" Dan demanded.

"Father Gallitzin," the girl said. "In the old country he was very rich, very powerful. His people are very important people."

"Then why did he come here?" the boy asked.

Lucy shook her head, but Mrs. Sturm spoke. "His mother was a good woman, a greatly good woman. She was a German countess from Westphalia—that is my own place in the old country, and so I know of her—who remained a good Catholic, even though she married a Russian prince who was not of her Faith. She was always kind to everyone. Her son is like her in that."

"Sometimes he grows angry when people do wrong," said William.

"Of course he does," said Mrs. Sturm. "It is right that he should."

"But why did he come here to America?" Dan persisted.

"God called him to his work," Mrs. Sturm said. "He was studying to be a soldier when his father told him that he should travel. In the countries where he traveled, Holland and Austria and France, he heard much of the new nation which had won its freedom, this nation where the law said what we all knew from our religion: that God has created all men equal. Father decided to come to America."

"Tell him about how Father Gallitzin swam back from the ship," William pleaded.

"He was not yet Father Gallitzin. He was a gay young man who had danced all the night before the sailing. As the ship was pulling out, he looked back, and saw his mother on the pier. He leaped off the ship, and swam across the

harbor of Rotterdam to her—and that is a big harbor. I saw it once."

"Did the ship go on without him?" Dan asked.

"Oh, no. It waited for him. His mother sent him back to the ship. It took that ship eight weeks to cross the ocean."

"Should I call him Prince?" Dan asked.

"Oh, no!" they all shouted. "He would be angry if you did."

"When he was first here," Lucy went on, "he called himself Father Smith so that no one would know he had a title. People like him so well because he does more than say that men are equal. He acts it. You'll see," she promised Dan.

Day after day at the camp the boy saw how all the decent men respected Father Gallitzin. There was one group, however, Ira Stanmore's gang, who kept apart from the others, and who sullenly rebelled against every order the priest gave.

"What's the trouble with them?" Dan asked Weakland.

"Ira Stanmore was making money selling poor land to settlers," Weakland explained. "Father Gallitzin bought good land, and sells it to settlers for much less money. Stanmore has worked up his gang by telling them that Father Gallitzin is going to have the tavern closed unless it observes the law of Pennsylvania."

"They are saying they will run him out of these mountains," Dan added.

"They can't," John Weakland said. "Father Gallitzin is a citizen of the United States. He became one as soon as he could after he had come to this country. He is a good, law-abiding citizen. Loretto will not let men like Stanmore hurt him."

On Sunday, when Dan saw the congregation of Father Gallitzin's church, he thought that it would take more than Ira Stanmore's gang to do harm to the priest.

Everyone in the town—Dan realized then how entirely Catholic was the community—had come to Mass. Other people had come from miles away. Families came in wagons or carts, drawn by horses or oxen. Some men rode horseback. Others walked. The parish extended over a hundred miles in every direction from Loretto. It stretched from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, from Conewago to Lake Erie. Many of the parishioners could never travel the distance to church, but all who could come made the journey every Sunday. Dan was surprised to learn of the hardships many had overcome to attend Mass.

Irish, Germans, Swiss, a few English and Welsh, and a few American Catholics who had held the Faith through evil days in Maryland, they made their Sundays social as well as religious festivals. They enjoyed visits with one another, as well as with their pastor. Father Gallitzin talked with them all about their problems of living, about the cost of land and of tools, about the price of grain, about the school, about roads, about questions of the day.

War was already on the horizon, and he sighed over its coming. He had seen too much of war in the Old World to welcome it in the New. "War is waste," he kept saying,

over and over again. "Is it not dreadful that we Christians have not yet learned a better way to end our disputes, our differences? Perhaps, though," he would sigh, "we must first learn to live in peace in our smaller world before we can be at peace in the larger world."

He certainly did his utmost to keep his smaller world at peace. To the little stone house beside the church came those in need. A woman sought him to care for a sick child. The foreman of the sawmill asked his advice. The wheat miller brought him a broken machine for repair. A carpenter asked his help. The blacksmith worked out with him a new process in iron. A sick old man needed medicine. A road engineer needed a check on his count. Scores of men and women came to ask for the loan of money.

"Soon he will have nothing left," Mrs. Sturm mourned one night to Dan. "Once he was rich, very rich; but he gives everything to those who come to him with sad stories."

Men traveling through the mountains often came out of their way to talk with the priest. Protestant ministers came to argue with him about questions of doctrine, for Father Gallitzin's fame as a writer on Christian doctrine had already gone out into the nation. A Jewish peddler, who came through the mountains in a wagon drawn by a horse with tinkling bells, always stopped, a guest in the house, while he and the priest talked of the Old Testament. "Moses Levine is a fine scholar," the priest gave tribute to the peddler. "He could be teaching in a university." Always Father Gallitzin offered kindly hospitality to these guests, even though he never for an instant let down the guard of his own faith.

"We are all children of the one God," he once said to Dan, "but those of us who are of the true Faith have the duty to hold it and spread it."

"I am not a Catholic, Father," the lad said.

Father Gallitzin smiled. "I had forgotten," he said gently.

Apparently Loretto had also forgotten. For in a little while Dan White, working on the roads, living in Father Gallitzin's house, going every Sunday to the Catholic church, was as much part of the town as were the children of McGuires and O'Donnells, Eckinrodes and Benders, Herzogs and Kleins, who had long lived there.

Loretto had already claimed him for its own, and he was beginning to claim Loretto.

READING TO TELL

Sometimes we read a story in order to be able to tell it to the class or to some other persons. The first requirement for doing this well is to know the major and minor ideas in their proper order. An outline will help you to do this.

Complete the outline below. Then, by following its points, tell the story to the class. Do not write in this book.

I. *The walk to the rectory*
   - *A.* __?__
   - *B.* __?__

II. __?__
   - *A. The Sturms*
   - *B. Lucy Connell*

III. *The story of Father Gallitzin*
   - *A.* __?__
   - *B.* __?__
   - *C.* __?__
   - *D.* __?__

IV. __?__
   - *A. Most people's respect for priest*
   - *B. Stanmore crowd's opposition to priest*

V. __?__
   - *A. How they came*
   - *B. Who they were*
   - *C. What they talked about*
   - *D. Father Gallitzin's advice*

VI. *Parishioners came for aid*

A. _ _?_ _
B. _ _?_ _
C. _ _?_ _
D. _ _?_ _
E. _ _?_ _
F. _ _?_ _
G. _ _?_ _
H. _ _?_ _

VII. _ _?_ _

A. Travelers
B. Ministers
C. Moses Levine

VIII. *Dan and Loretto*

IV. *The Sick Call*

Winter had locked in the mountains from the cities to the east when Dan White, coming in alone through a snowstorm from the camp, passed the tavern at the edge of the town.

Someone had left open one of its narrow windows, and through the opening Dan heard the sound of angry voices. He would have passed by without pause had he not heard Ira Stanmore shout Father Gallitzin's name. "It's been bad enough before," Ira was crying, "but what do you suppose he has done now?"

Murmurs arose from other men, and Stanmore went on: "It was bad enough, wasn't it, when he took the part of Wilmore and those other free Negroes down on the Maryland line, and got the name of their village changed from what we called it, Guinea, to Jefferson? Now he says that he is going to call a town meeting to pass on whether or not we can keep this tavern. Are we going to let him do it?"

"He has a right to call a meeting," the innkeeper said,

as Dan crept to the window to peer into the smoky room. "Any group of citizens can call a meeting," went on the innkeeper.

"No, they can't," Stanmore shouted. "Not while we have clubs to stop them!"

"He has the law on his side," the innkeeper went on. "It's in the Constitution that people can meet. And if the town meeting says I must close, then close I must."

"Are we going to let that happen?" Stanmore cried. "Are we going to let this priest call a town meeting that will close our tavern here?"

"No, no!" rose the shouts, so bitter, so menacing that Dan shivered to hear them. "We'll stop his preaching, for good and for all!"

"We'll do it tonight," roared Ira Stanmore.

Swiftly Dan sped through the snow toward the stone house beside the church. As he ran, he remembered that Mrs. Sturm and Lucy and William would be at the school, making ready for an entertainment there later in the evening. Perhaps Father Gallitzin had gone with them. If he had, Dan thought, he would be safe. Desperately the lad prayed that something would keep the priest away from the men who were threatening to take his life. "Oh, please, God, we need him so!" his prayer rose on the whirling wind.

His hope died as he came near the house and heard the sweet strains of a violin. Father Gallitzin was playing, playing one of the Mozart melodies he had learned in his boyhood in Vienna. Sometimes Dan had paused outside to listen to the beauty of the music, but tonight he flung open the door. "O Father," he cried, "Father Gallitzin! Ira Stanmore and his gang are coming to kill you! Don't open the door when anyone knocks!"

To Dan's amazement, the priest took the news calmly. He put down his violin, and said soothingly to the terrified

lad: "Do not fear. I know that Ira Stanmore threatens me, but he will not harm me."

"But he will, Father! They said—"

"I can imagine what they said, but a greater power than their strength is fighting on my side. As long as I do God's work, God will take care of me. Our Blessed Lady will watch over me."

"But what will you do if they come?" Dan insisted.

"I will talk with them. I have talked with them at other times. I lent money to them as I lent it to many others. I am not sorry I did this. There are only a few men like Ira Stanmore."

"But he may kill you tonight."

"If it be God's will." He was putting away his violin in a wall cupboard when a knock came at the door. He answered it before Dan could halt him.

Too terrified to speak, Dan White stood ready to spring as the priest opened the door. Ira Stanmore and his gang would not harm Father Gallitzin if he could stop them! He had no weapon, but he trusted to his young strength to delay them, at least, in their plan to injure the man who had been their helper, as well as the community's founder and friend.

Then, to his vast relief, he saw that the man who stepped within the circle of the candlelight was not one of Stanmore's plotters. He was a tall, thin man whose face was white with worry as he stood, hat in hand, asking the priest to go on a sick call to a worker who had been hurt at the Four-Mile road camp. "McCabe sent me," he said. The man seemed honest enough, Dan thought—but could he be trusted?

"Don't go, Father," Dan pleaded as the priest started to the church for the Blessed Sacrament. "Perhaps he's in with them. He may lead you to where they are waiting. Then they'll kill you. You don't know this man, do you?"

"No," Father Gallitzin said, "but that is a chance I must take, Dan. I believe that this is a real call, but even if I did not believe that, I should have to go."

"Then let me go with you."

In the winter starlight Father Gallitzin lifted the lad's chin and looked deep into his eyes. "No, Dan," he said. "I must take this chance for myself; I cannot take it for you."

Tears misted Dan's eyes as he watched the priest go off with the stranger. Would he ever come back? Was there anything he could do to save him? Sadly he realized that he could do nothing but wait. He had just got back into the stone house when again a knock sounded on its door.

He opened it to see one of the men who had been in the tavern. "Where's the priest?" the man demanded. Then, before Dan could answer, he went on: "I've come to take him on a sick call. A man's dying out near John Weakland's."

"He isn't here," Dan said.

"Where is he?"

"He's gone on another sick call."

"Where?" The word rang out like a shot.

"I'm not sure," the lad hesitated. He would not lie. Father Gallitzin would not want him to lie, even to save his life. But there were, he remembered, two trails to the Four-Mile Camp. One was the way around the mountain. If the man who said he'd come from McCabe was to be trusted, he would take the priest back by it. He'd have him in the camp before Stanmore's men could reach it by the other road, the one over the mountain. "I think that he might have taken the high trail over Laurel Cliff," Dan said.

Then, and again after Mrs. Sturm and William and Lucy had come back from the school, Dan prayed for the priest's

safety. He was still awake when, almost at dawn, Father Gallitzin came home. Not until he had touched his hand would Dan believe that the priest was truly safe. Then, "God heard me," he said softly.

"I told you that He would take care of me," Father Gallitzin said.

Late that day they learned how truly the providence of God had cared for His servant. John Weakland brought them the news. "Ira Stanmore was killed last night crossing the high trail," he said. "His horse went off the trail and down the cliff. His men did not even wait to bring in his body. They are riding, hell for leather, off into the west."

"Then our troubles are over!" Dan cried, but Father Gallitzin shook his head. "Not yet, Dan," he said.

READING TO THINK

Do you do your own thinking as you read? Do you ever ask yourself such questions as "Why did this happen?" "Is that correct?" "Was it necessary?" In reading some books, papers, and magazines it is very necessary to do this.

Here are some questions to start you thinking about this story:

1. If a group of people feel, as the Stanmore crowd did, that the things which they have will be taken away by an assembly, does that group have a right to stop the meeting?

2. Was the innkeeper correct when he said, "It's in the Constitution that people can meet"? Prove your answer.

3. How could the unprotected priest remain so calm in the face of such danger?

4. Was Father Gallitzin obliged by his duty as a priest to go on the sick call when he knew that the trip might cost him his life?

5. Is there any reason to think that life at the rectory had a good influence on Dan's character?

V. *The Width of the Parish*

Father Gallitzin should have been happy, Dan White thought, now that Ira Stanmore was dead and his gang gone from Loretto. But as winter thawed to springtime and the children brought in great bunches of blossoms for the church, the lad saw that his friend was strangely sad.

He would sit for hours, looking over papers on his desk, legal-looking papers, some of them in languages which Dan could not read. Even when he went about his tasks in town,—for the road camp where Dan had met him was no longer working,—the priest seemed unhappy. Only in the school, where Dan now studied with Lucy and William and a hundred other children of Loretto, did Father Gallitzin seem his old self.

"What is the trouble?" Dan wondered; but he found no answer to his question until one night when the priest turned from his desk to the table where Dan and Lucy and William studied and Mrs. Sturm sewed by the candlelight.

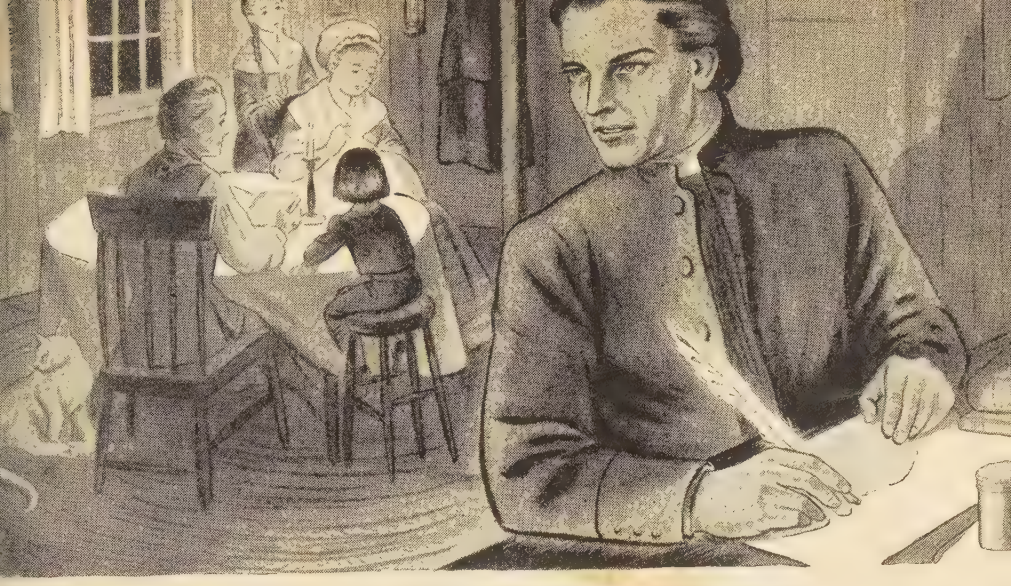
"I fear I must tell you something which concerns us all," he said solemnly. "I am in trouble, in serious trouble. I have known, for some time, that I owed money. I had hoped to receive from my sister in Europe more than enough to pay these debts. I have not heard from her. This morning"—his voice broke but he made himself go on—"a man came to me as I went over to the church. He had ridden all night from the county seat to tell me that tomorrow the sheriff of the county is coming."

"The sheriff? For what?" Dan cried.

"To serve on me a summons to pay, in fifteen days, the money I owe—and I have not the money to pay."

"But there must be a way to get the money," Dan said.

"Of course there will be," said Mrs. Sturm. She did not even stop sewing. "Always there has been a way out."



"There is no way now," said Father Gallitzin.

"People owe you much money," the woman went on.

"Yes, but how can they pay me now? My people here are poor. All frontier people are poor. I knew that when I came. That was why I came. I thought I could help them, for then I had plenty of money. Even now I should be getting money from Europe, from my mother's estate; but I have not heard from my sister. My money is all gone. I can do nothing."

"How much money will the court tell you to pay?" Mrs. Sturm asked. "If it is not a large amount, perhaps the people of Loretto could raise it in fifteen days."

"It is a large amount," said the priest. "Four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Four hundred and fifty dollars?" William repeated.

"What will happen if you cannot pay the money?" Lucy Connell asked.

"The sheriff will take everything I have, clothes, furniture, books, this house."

"Oh, no!" the girl cried.

"That is not the worst," Father Gallitzin went on. "He

will also take the notes I have from the people who bought land from me. They will lose their lands, the farms upon which they are working so hard."

"There must be some way to get the money," Dan repeated.

"What can it be?" the priest asked. He went back to study the papers on his desk, while Lucy and William and Dan sat silent.

Mrs. Sturm sewed, but soon Dan saw the tears rolling down her cheeks. "There has to be a way, Father," the lad said to her as much as to the priest.

He could think of none through the night and through the next day in school, but after school he went to John Weakland. He told the big man of Father Gallitzin's trouble. "If only I had the money!" Weakland said. "But I have only ten dollars, and what is that against such a debt?"

"It is not much," Dan admitted; "but if many persons could each give ten dollars, Father Gallitzin would soon have all he needs."

"There are not five men in Loretto who could afford to give ten dollars," said Weakland.

"Even if some gave less—"

"We could not raise a hundred dollars in the town."

"But, Mr. Weakland, the town is only part of Father Gallitzin's parish!"

"I know. The parish almost covers the state of Pennsylvania."

"Then why can't we go out in the parish and get the money?"

"The territory is too big to cover, Dan. Now, if our road camp were still running—"

"Some of the other camps are running. There's Jayne's and Ledyard's and McCabe's."

"And three or four others. We could send a man to each."

"Let me go to one of them, Mr. Weakland," Dan pleaded.

"Take a try," Weakland said. "Take McCabe's. That's the nearest now."

The sheriff came before Dan could get out to the camp. Dan thought that he had never heard words more cruel than those of the summons.

Unless Father Gallitzin paid, within fifteen days, the debt registered against him, a debt he had undertaken for the enlargement of the church, he would be moved out of his home, which would be taken by his creditors.

His home, the only home the five of them had in the world!

The man who had made possible the homes of hundreds of men and women here in the mountains now faced the loss of his own. No wonder, Dan thought, that he knelt for hours in the cold church, praying, praying to God for guidance, for help, for comforting if all he had built so hopefully were lost. "He must not lose it," Dan told himself grimly. Not only for himself and his household, but for all the people of his parish, Father Gallitzin must stay.

It was Saturday before Dan could go to McCabe's Four-Mile Camp. No one was taking a wagon there that day, and he had to walk. He took the longer trail around the mountain, and, as he went, he thought of the night when Ira Stanmore had tried to kill the priest. It had been, he realized, only one of the risks which a pioneer priest had to take: cold, hunger, hardship, danger. "I wonder why they choose a life like this," the lad said to himself.

At McCabe's camp a man nearly as big as John Weakland greeted Dan. "I'm McCabe," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Father Gallitzin needs money," Dan said. "John Weakland sent me to this camp. Will you please let me talk to your men?"

Slowly McCabe took off his battered hat and scratched his head. "I suppose it won't hurt," he said. "Let's hear what you have to say."

For an instant Dan White wondered just what he could say to win the help of these men, whom he did not know. Then, slowly, as the men gathered around him at McCabe's order, he told the story. But he could see no gleam in the eyes which watched him; and suddenly he flamed into anger.

"Don't you men know what Father Gallitzin has done for all of us, for all of you?" he demanded. "He has built a town where there was only a camp. It is a town where you and your families can go to church, where your children can go to school. It is a fine town, although it is still a poor town. You can all be proud of it. You can be proud of the homes he has helped to build there. You can be proud of your church. For it is your church, even though he has paid for nearly every stone in it. Aren't you going to do anything to save it? to pay him back for all he has done for you?"

He saw McCabe move a little nearer. A few other men nodded. The others kept staring at him without response. What could he say to move them?

"That is the town," he went on, "but the town is only part, a very little part, of Father Gallitzin's parish. This is part of his parish, a camp like this. Do you remember the night last winter when McCabe sent a man to bring back Father Gallitzin to a dying man here? You know that he came. You don't know that he risked death to come. He thought, as he came, that he might be going with a villain sent by Ira Stanmore, who had threatened to kill him that night. But he came! Doesn't that mean anything to you? What if you were dying out here, and wanted him to come to you? Isn't that worth keeping him for?"

"It sure is," one man said. He dug down in a deep

pocket. "I have just twelve dollars. Here it is. If I had more, I'd give it to the man who came out here that night."

"Here's ten . . . Here's five . . . Here's seven . . . Here's nine . . . Here's only two, but I'll bring in some more next payday."

McCabe took off his hat and made it a collection basket. When he came back to Dan, he put in a roll of bills, not saying their number. "This'll help," he said. He grinned at the lad. "You're a pretty good preacher," he said. "I suppose you'll be a priest one day."

"He's not a Catholic," one of the men said.

"But I am," Dan cried. "I mean," he hurried to add, "that I'm going to be a Catholic as soon as Father Gallitzin can instruct and baptize me." He had not, he realized, ever before spoken his intention; but now he saw that it had been growing in him ever since the priest had taken him into his home. "Of course I'm going to be a Catholic!"

"Tell Father Gallitzin," McCabe said, "that we're glad to do what we can for him. Tell him that, out here in his parish, we're all Americans together!"

"I'll tell him," Dan said.

He counted the money as he went back to Loretto. One hundred and ninety-three dollars. If Weakland had had anything like this answer in the other camps, Father Gallitzin could pay his debt. Dan almost ran to Weakland's house; but the big man was gloomy.

"With this hundred and ninety-three and what we've collected in the town and the camps, we are still away under four hundred dollars," he told Dan. "I don't know where we are going to get it."

"But we must!"

"I know," said Weakland, "but how?"

Little by little more money trickled into the fund that Weakland was holding. Even the Negroes in the village of

Jefferson sent the sum they could afford, but the amount was still twenty dollars short of its goal on the day before the sheriff was due to come back. In the stone house beside the church Mrs. Sturm was sighing, Lucy was openly weeping, William was frowning with worry. Father Gallitzin prayed hour after hour in the church when he was not going about his duties in the parish.

"Perhaps the man to whom he owes the money will take what we have and wait for the rest," Dan said to John Weakland.

"No chance," said Weakland. "He's getting tens of thousands of dollars in property if he doesn't get this four hundred and fifty."

The sun was almost gone beyond the mountains when the tinkle of a bell sounded on the streets of Loretto.

"It is the peddler, Moses Levine," said Mrs. Sturm. "He will find this a bad day for selling his wares. Every woman in the town has given what money she could to help Father Gallitzin."

If the peddler found sales difficult, however, he made no mention of it when he came later to the stone house. Through the evening he sat with the priest, talking quietly of the Book of Job. Dan and William gave up their room to him and slept by the fire in the living-room. They were at breakfast, in the dark,—Father Gallitzin had gone over to the church,—when Moses Levine came to the table.

"How much," he asked Dan, "does Father need to clear this debt of which I hear?"

"Twenty dollars," said Dan. "We can't get it, though, Mr. Levine. We have got every cent that anyone in the parish can spare."

"Twenty dollars?" the peddler repeated. "It is a great deal of money. It means the work of many days. But it is only a small amount to save something as fine as Father

Gallitzin has built here. A very small amount." He took out a leather bag and began to count out coins upon the table. "You will let me help?" he asked. "Twenty dollars' worth?"

"Let you?" Dan cried. "Oh, Mr. Levine, it's grand of you!"

"Father Gallitzin is my friend," said the peddler. "Always, when I come, he treats me as a friend, an equal, a man who knows with him the great books of the world, not as a peddler on the roads. This is the least I can do for him, and I am glad to do it!"

After breakfast he went off, not waiting for Father Gallitzin's return. The tinkle of his horse's bell was sounding against the mountains as the priest came back.

"We're saved," Dan told him. "Thanks to Mr. Levine, we have the rest of the money. Now let the sheriff come!"

"Oh, thank God, thank God, and His Blessed Mother!" the priest said. Tears ran down his thin cheeks. "What a people!" he went on. "What a country is this land of Our Lady!" He stood, looking through the window as the sun rose over the rim of the eastern mountains. "Another day," he said. "Another day of freedom for men who help one another, who love one another. Thank God for all His blessings, but most of all for that!"

READING TO SUMMARIZE

People often inquire, "What was the movie about?" "What was the lecture about?" "What was the book about?" They want to know, in a few sentences, the important points of what you have seen, heard, or read. In other words, they are asking for a summary.

Good summaries give only the major ideas and omit all unnecessary details. Write a summary of "The Width of the Parish." To do this, you will need to do these things:

1. Reread the selection to find the major ideas.
2. Write the major ideas on paper as you select them.
3. Form the major ideas into complete sentences. Two or more major ideas may sometimes be put into one sentence.
4. Write the sentences together as one paragraph.
5. Read the summary carefully to make certain that you have expressed the thoughts clearly and in an interesting way.

READING TO EXPLAIN

As you read the expressions that are listed below, you probably did not find them hard to understand. If you stop to explain them, however, you will find that they have much more meaning than you thought they had when you met them in the story.

Try to explain to the class what is meant by

with keen curiosity
stared gratefully
blazed trail
corduroy road
logging camp
primitive beauty
greatly good woman
sullenly rebelled
law-abiding citizen
Mozart melodies
community's founder
circle of the candlelight
strangely sad
serv a summons
mother's estate
taken by his creditors
autumnal robes of russet and gold and crimson

Main Street

I like to look at the blossomy track of the moon upon the sea,
But it isn't half so fine a sight as Main Street used to be
When it all was covered over with a couple of feet of snow,
And over the crisp and radiant road the ringing sleighs would go.

Now, Main Street bordered with autumn leaves, it was a pleasant thing,
And its gutters were gay with dandelions early in the spring;
I like to think of it white with frost or dusty in the heat,
Because I think it is humaner than any other street.

A city street that is busy and wide is ground by a thousand wheels,
And a burden of traffic on its breast is all it ever feels;
It is dully conscious of weight and speed and of work that never ends,
But it cannot be human like Main Street, and recognize its friends.

There were only about a hundred teams on Main Street in
a day,
And twenty or thirty people, I guess, and some children
out to play.
And there wasn't a wagon or buggy, or a man or a girl
or boy
That Main Street didn't remember, and somehow seem to
enjoy.

The truck and the motor and trolley car and the elevated
train,
They make the weary city street reverberate with pain:
But there is yet an echo left deep down within my heart
Of the music the Main Street cobblestones made beneath
a butcher's cart.

God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky,
That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I have
to die.
Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown,
But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaventown.

The Sons of Saint Crispin Assemble

Millions of men and women in the United States today work in factories, making hats, suits, dresses, and shoes, processing foods, building furniture, assembling motorcars and airplanes, turning out all kinds of household appliances and farm implements, scientific instruments, and thousands of other important products. The result of their labor is not only what they produce, but also our American way of life.

Although these workers are parts of a huge industrial system, they are, first of all, individuals with the rights of free men. All these rights are important; but it is only by meeting together that groups of men can protect their liberties.

The right of assembly is given to all citizens by the Constitution of the United States. It was first claimed for labor organizations by the shoemakers of Philadelphia. Shoemakers, who have from early Christian times called themselves Sons of Saint Crispin, had, even before our nation was founded, used the ways of freedom in their own craft.

The shoemakers of the Middle Ages were skilled craftsmen. They worked by hand on leather which they made beautiful, as well as useful. Their guilds had definite rules and regulations for all their members. The guilds themselves punished all sellers of bad ware and all who tried to pass off poor work. There were special quarters in town halls for the guilds, and some of them had their own buildings and their own chapels. As late as the seventeenth century in England shoemakers were persons of particular importance. Even later, in the American colonies, many shoemakers were political leaders. Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker. General Anthony Wayne was another.

A change in methods of work in the eighteenth century brought about the decline of the guilds. Instead of the craftsman who worked in his own shop for his own customers, there arose a system of piecework. Men, women, and even young children were put at work in their own homes, each worker doing a job which had been one of the many done by the shoe craftsman. Girls stitched straps for the sides of boots. Boys fed the stove with leather scrap, brought pails of water for cooling irons, and cut lengths of thread for sewing on uppers or soles. Men and women did the heavier work. All the workers were miserably paid.

This change in work methods, which took place in both England and the colonies, brought about terrible conditions for these new workers. It also made it difficult for skilled workers to earn a livelihood. The shoemakers of the nation suffered many labor troubles. Some of these troubles were so great that it is probable that the craft could not have survived had it not been for the freedom of assembly, which was one of the rights of the old guilds, and which was recognized in the Constitution.

Not very long after the adoption of the Constitution, the shoemakers of the city of Philadelphia had reason to take advantage of this right of assembly. No one man could do much to better his working conditions, but a group of men might be able to do something. A group of shoemakers in Philadelphia met and decided to stop work until their demands for higher wages were granted by their employers. This was one of the first strikes in the United States.

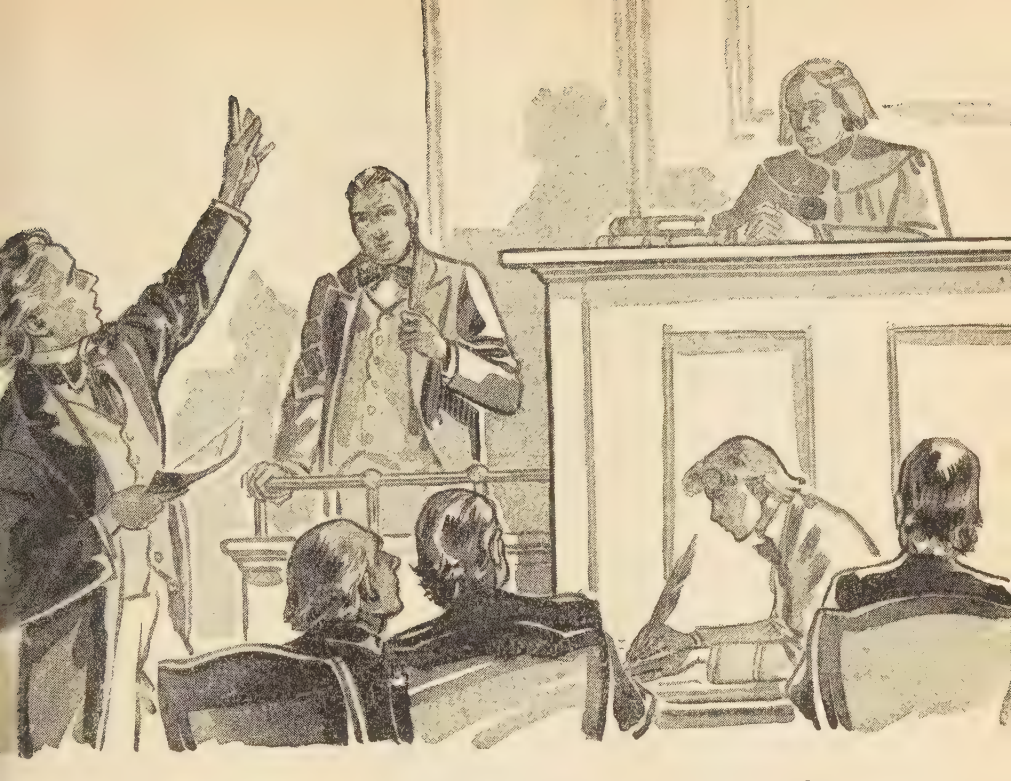
The employers of these shoemakers maintained that this meeting of their workers was unlawful. The employers brought charges against the leaders of the shoemakers. The police arrested these men, and the case went to trial in the courts.

Two of the most famous lawyers of that time faced each other in the trial. Jared Ingersoll, one of the leading attorneys of his time, appeared for the employers. Caesar A. Rodney, nephew of the Caesar Rodney who rode from Delaware to sign the Declaration of Independence, came into court for the shoemakers.

The shoemakers had little chance of success in a court which showed its favor to the employers even before the trial began. Ingersoll brought many charges against the strikers. Rodney held to one declaration. He insisted that the only question in the case was the right of workers to meet with one another in order to take measures to improve their conditions.

The Philadelphia courtroom where the trial was held was small. There was very little room for anyone except the shoemakers on trial, the jury, the lawyers, and the court officers. The place was packed, however, with as many people as could crowd into the narrow space. The shoemakers on trial all sat together at a table beneath the judge's bench. The jury of twelve men sat in a small enclosure called the jury box. Of these twelve, nine were merchants, and three were master workmen. The shoemakers knew that probably no one of these jurymen would take the part of striking workmen; but, until the end of the trial, the shoemakers hoped for the best.

The witnesses against the shoemakers, one after another, declared that the men on trial had held meetings for the purpose of obtaining a raise in wages. There had been no violence at these meetings. There had been no threat of violence against the lives or properties of anyone. It was enough, said Jared Ingersoll, the lawyer against the shoemakers, that these meetings had been held. If the shoemakers held meetings to demand a raise in wages, then those meetings were conspiracies; and all conspiracies were



against the law. The shoemakers had therefore broken the law and must pay the penalty for that breaking.

"Hear, hear!" murmured some of the employers who were present in the courtroom.

Then came the turn of the shoemakers to defend themselves. One after another, the men admitted that they had held meetings about a raise in wages; but they all insisted that these meetings were legal. They said that, as free Americans, they could hold such meetings within the law.

Caesar Rodney asked the court if merchants should be allowed to meet to set prices, politicians to electioneer, sportsmen for horse-racing and games, ladies and gentlemen for balls, parties, and banquets; and yet poor men be punished for combining against starvation. A policy of this sort, said Rodney, was contrary to the existence of freedom, and destroyed every right which set apart the citizen from the slave.

In spite of Rodney's plea, the judge told the jury to find the shoemakers guilty. The jury accepted the judge's instruction, and found the shoemakers guilty of "a plot to raise wages." The judge, wearing a white wig and a black gown, solemnly pronounced sentence.

Before the jury brought in the verdict, the shoemakers had issued this statement to the public:

"In the Constitution of this state, it is declared . . . 'that the citizens have a right in a peaceable manner to assemble together for the common good.'

"For fifteen years and upwards we have assembled together in a peaceable manner and for our common good; to guard against the accidents to which industrious men are exposed; to promote the happiness of the individuals of which our little community is composed; and to render service to those whom age and infirmity may have rendered incapable of labor . . .

"If the association of men to regulate the price of their own labor is to be converted into a crime, and a design against the freedom of the nation, the prospect is a very sad one for Pennsylvania. The name of freedom is but a shadow if we are to be torn from our firesides for endeavoring to obtain a fair and just support for our families."

The shoemakers lost their case, but public excitement ran high in favor of the workers. Public opinion generally was that workmen had the right to associate in the same manner as did their employers. The question became one of the important political questions of the early nineteenth century.

In time, the education of the people and the extension of the suffrage made such a court decision as the one against the Philadelphia shoemakers almost impossible in our nation. Had it not been for the determination of the shoemakers to stand upon their right of peaceable meeting, the

history of free assembly in the United States might have been different. Even though they lost their own case, their struggle won victory for freedom of assembly in many later cases. Upon this foundation of justice our right of peaceable assembly stands firmly today in this land of the free.

READING TO GET THE POINT OF THE STORY

In every well-written story or article there is some point that is emphasized. Careful readers look for it, and give it their chief attention.

As you answer the questions listed below, try to decide what the point is in this selection. After all the questions have been answered, write on a piece of paper what you think is the point of this story.

1. What distinction do the Sons of Saint Crispin have with regard to the practices of freedom in our country?

2. What idea came to this country as a result of the European guilds?

3. Why did the shoemakers of Philadelphia stop work?

4. On what grounds did the employers bring charges against the shoemakers?

5. What argument did the lawyer for the shoemakers use in their defense?

6. Did the shoemakers have any right to meet in asssembly?

7. What did the shoemakers say was the reason for their action?

8. What was the decision of the court in regard to the case?

9. Does the decision seem to you a fair one?

10. In what way did the decision affect future freedom of assembly in this country?

The Magnolia Tree

I am the tall magnolia tree
At the western side of the Treasury,
Where President Jackson planted me
In eighteen hundred and thirty-three,
And I bloom in every springtime.

Set deep in earth by Old Hickory,
I clamp my feet on this soil of the free,
And stand in the quiet dignity
Of what God has made in majesty,
And I bloom in every springtime.

Across the street, on the White House grass,
The long processions of Presidents pass.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
They go their way, as all men must,
But I bloom in every springtime.

Around me in April the city roars,
And the planes fly low on Potomac shores,
Times change, and customs, and even flowers,
But God is the same through the changing hours,
And I bloom in every springtime.

I am the old magnolia tree
That stands in the yard of the Treasury,
I am the dream of Old Hickory,
I am the faith and the hope of the free,
And I bloom in every springtime.

The Judge and Young Sebastian

The judge and Young Sebastian were riding to Raleigh. The judge was nearly sixty. Young Sebastian was twenty-one. The judge was white. Young Sebastian was black. The judge was a great and famous statesman, William Gaston, who had been a member of Congress from his North Carolina district, and, until a little while earlier, chief justice of the supreme court of his native state. Young Sebastian was a servant, the grandson of a slave, Old Sebastian, who had been set free by the Gastons, with all their other slaves.

The judge and Young Sebastian were friends. They rode in quiet comradeship on that June day through the North Carolina pine woods. Young Sebastian's sorrel horse followed the judge's chestnut mare over narrow trails; but, as they came to open country, they rode side by side.

Sometimes the old man and the young man smiled at each other as a wild turkey ran across the road or they heard the drumming of a partridge. "Mighty good dinner for someone," Young Sebastian said. But, since he knew why Judge Gaston was silent, he too stayed silent.

"You're like your grandfather, Young Sebastian," the judge said at last. They were passing through a little settlement where a few men stood before the general store. The men bowed to Judge Gaston, but stared angrily at his companion. There was an excitement about them which Young Sebastian understood. Did not every man in North Carolina, who knew anything at all, know that delegates were about to meet in a convention which would change the voting laws of the state? And that votes for Catholics, and votes for free Negroes, and votes for men without any property were to be considered by that convention?

That was why Judge Gaston was going to Raleigh. He

had resigned from his place on the supreme court of the state so that he would be free to fight against the law which prevented Catholics from holding office in North Carolina. The judge was a Catholic. He had always been a Catholic, a good Catholic. His fellow citizens knew that, and they had put him in one office after another, in spite of the law. He was, they said, always the best man for the place. "Let the law be a dead letter!" they cried. But Judge Gaston said that no law was dead while it stayed on the books, and he had set out to have it taken from the books.

Young Sebastian thought of all this before he spoke to the judge. He thought, too, of many qualities that the judge had: honesty, fairness, devotion to his family, his friends, his servants, particularly to Old Sebastian. "I'm not as good a man as Old Sebastian, sir," he said.

"Who said you were?" the judge demanded. "I said you were like him. Perhaps, if you live long enough, you may be as good a man as he is."

"That would take a long, long time, Judge."

"Old Sebastian started a long time ago," Judge Gaston said. "He was working for us when the British soldiers killed my father, although my father was a doctor, not a soldier. Sebastian could have left us then. There were only my mother and my sister Jane and I—and I was three years old. My mother did not like slavery. She was an English Catholic who wanted freedom of all kinds for all men, just as her people had always wanted freedom of worship for themselves. She offered to set Sebastian free. He said he would not take his freedom until I was of legal age and gave it to him."

"Old Sebastian always says your mother was a fine woman, Judge," the young man said.

"There never was a better woman." The judge looked ahead as if he were watching the road; but Young Sebastian

knew that he was not looking forward at all. "I was baptized an American in the blood of my father. I was baptized a Catholic in the faith of my mother. I have always thanked God for that."

"We don't get much chance down here to be good Catholics," Young Sebastian said. "Once a year, maybe, the bishop can come to baptize, and confirm, and marry folks, and hear their confessions, and say Mass, and give Communion."

"You could be a good Catholic if you were wrapped up in a bale of cotton," the judge said sharply. "Remember this, Young Sebastian. After I die, even if there's a long time when no priest can come as far as our settlement, you must keep your faith. Promise me that!"

"Oh, I promise, Judge," said Young Sebastian.

"My mother was a long way from any Catholic settlement," the judge went on. "After my father's death some people wanted her to take Jane and me to her people in England. Other people told her to take us to a Catholic country, France or Spain or Italy. We Catholics should be more welcome there, they said, than we were in North Carolina. My mother said no. This was our home, our country. My father had died for it. Here we would stay, and stay Catholics.

"We could not have stayed, I sometimes think, if it had not been for your grandfather. He was young, but he was strong, the only strong man on the place. He cut down trees. He plowed fields. He sowed crops. He reaped harvests. He built houses. And until I had the legal right to give him his freedom, he would not take it. Somehow I never thought of him as a slave. Sebastian was my helper, my friend.

"Did he ever tell you," the judge went on, "how he saved my life? He was about your age, and I was not quite

nine years old. I had followed him into the woods. A wildcat attacked me. Sebastian killed it with his bare hands. He never let me tell my mother for fear it would worry her when I was away from the house; but he made me promise not to go into the woods without him.

"We got so much in the way of being together that he asked my mother to let him ride north with me when I started to college. I was the first student at Georgetown. I do not believe I could have made the journey to Maryland without Sebastian. He cared for everything, food and shelter for us on the way, my room in the college. He almost studied for me through the first weeks while he stayed. Afterward he rode back and forth, between Georgetown and North Carolina, with messages for me, and clothes, and even cakes. Once he brought me a watermelon.

"All the time," the judge continued, "he kept up the work of the plantation. I was of age when I came home, a

graduate of Georgetown and of the College of New Jersey. I was a lawyer then; and my first use of the law was to give freedom to Sebastian and all his family and to every other Negro on the place. I have always been glad that I did that. God has made all men free. The least that we, His creatures, can do is to follow His law."

"We're all certainly glad you feel like that, Judge," Young Sebastian said. "There are plenty of men hereabout who don't think so. People tell me that this convention where you are going will take away the right to vote which free Negroes have in North Carolina."

"Yes, I know." All the kindliness went out of Judge Gaston's face. "I know what some of the men in that convention plan to do, and I'm going to fight them to the last ditch. They are the same men who want to keep in the new constitution the law which is an insult to us Catholics, even though they say it is nothing now but a dead letter."

"It is a dead letter, Judge," the young man said. "The voters of the state of North Carolina have elected you to office, time and again, although the law says that Catholics can't hold office. Everyone knows that you are a good Catholic, and everyone keeps on voting for you."

"But that law is wrong," the judge shouted. "What if the voters elect me? Someday they'll keep a better man out of office because of it. I will not rest until it is out of the lawbooks." He frowned deeply as they came within sight of Raleigh, a community big for its time and place, but still only a little city. "What do you know about voting, Young Sebastian?" he asked.

"I know what you have taught me, sir."

"Then let me tell you something more. The right of freemen to vote is the safeguard of this republic, as it is of any democracy. Unless all good, decent, responsible adult citizens may use this right to vote, the republic is in danger."

"Not very many men can use that right now, Judge," the Negro said.

"No," said the judge. "It's a right, but all men don't realize that, Young Sebastian."

"I'll be able to vote next election," Young Sebastian said, "unless they take my vote away from me. If they do—"

"If they do, there's nothing you can do about it," said the judge.

"Oh, yes, there is," Young Sebastian cried; but the judge was paying him no heed. A party of riders was waiting for them at a crossroads. Shouts of welcome greeted Judge Gaston as men surrounded him. Young Sebastian fell in with the riders, and they jogged on into the town.

Around the tavern where Judge Gaston found lodging Young Sebastian heard the talk of stablemen and slaves, of newspaper writers and politicians. The convention called to revise the constitution of North Carolina was of more than usual importance. The questions of removing the handicaps under which Catholics suffered, of taking out the rule which required that a man own property before he could vote, and of taking away the vote of free Negroes had aroused men to fever heat. Every group around the tavern argued for or against the law as it stood. There was discontent among the poor men who could not vote because they had not enough property and among the free Negroes, whose right to vote was threatened. Everywhere Young Sebastian heard words of hate, of threat.

The words fanned in him a determination which had been growing ever since he had heard that his right to vote might be taken from him. From the time he had been a little boy on the Gaston plantation, he had looked forward to the day when he would cast his ballot. It was true that many free Negroes in North Carolina did not, for one rea-

son or another, use their voting right; but Old Sebastian's children and grandchildren had always cherished and exercised that right. They had voted proudly, election after election, for those candidates who they had come to believe were the best men for the offices. Young Sebastian had planned already how he would write his ballot. Now, if the vote were taken away, he had another plan.

If he could not vote in the land where he had been born, the land where his grandfather had won freedom by honesty and loyalty and courage, then he would go to another land. He would go to Liberia, the place in Africa which had been founded some ten years earlier as a colony for free Negroes. There he would have not only freedom but the rewards of freedom. "If they pass that law against my people," he told himself sullenly, "I'll just throw this North Carolina dust off my feet so fast that not even the judge can hold me."

For a little while he could not tell the frame of mind of the men who were meeting for the convention. They might believe, as Judge Gaston believed, that men, regardless of color or property ownership or form of worship, should be given the vote when they were of proper age. They might, on the other hand, believe that the vote should be taken from freemen who were Negroes or had not sufficient property to qualify, and they might also believe that Catholics should be kept from holding office. No one knew yet which way the tide would run.

There were several free Negroes in the town, most of them servants to men who, like Gaston, had freed their slaves. Young Sebastian had little to say to them, however, for his work for the judge kept him busy. Dimly he knew that he was fighting his way through his own problem, just as the judge was striving to find a solution for the questions which the convention would decide. Always, how-

ever, he went back to his promise to himself: "If they don't let me vote at the next election, I'll go to Liberia." That, he told himself, was the answer for him.

Young Sebastian knew that the convention was in session in the big hall, but he knew that he had no chance of hearing anything of its meetings. The best he could learn came to him in scraps of talk from men who had come from the sessions. From them he could not tell what the convention would do. Some said it would uphold all Judge Gaston asked. Others said that the judge would be defeated on every one of the three issues for which he was fighting.

At the end of the first day the judge came wearily back to the tavern. Young Sebastian rushed to serve him, but so many men crowded into the room that the young man had no chance to ask any question of the elder. In the morning men came early to take Judge Gaston off to the convention hall, and again Young Sebastian lived through hours of doubt.

The days which followed were little better. Hour after hour, the delegates to the convention talked in the hot rooms of the hall. For a time it seemed as if the meeting would never end. Then, suddenly, came the news that the voting on the questions had begun. People rushed toward the hall and stood outside in crowds, watching the windows and the doors. Finally, through the big door, delegates began to come out into the hot afternoon sunshine.

Judge Gaston was one of the last to come. Young Sebastian saw instantly how old and weary he looked. He rushed to his side. "What can I do for you, Judge?" he asked before he put the question which burned in his brain.

"Nothing, nothing," the judge said. He leaned heavily upon the Negro's arm. "It was not a very good day for us, Young Sebastian. We gained one point—but we lost two."

"Which one did you win?" Young Sebastian asked huskily.

"Catholics may now be elected to office in the state of North Carolina," the judge said. "The convention passed that amendment unanimously. It voted, though, that men must have some property to vote for state senators. That was a compromise. And it voted that free Negroes can no longer vote in our state. I am sorry, Young Sebastian. I did my best to prevent that."

"Yes, sir," Young Sebastian said. He walked silently with the judge through the crowd; but when they came near the tavern, he spoke. "Judge," he said, "would you mind if I didn't go back home with you now?"

"Where do you want to go?" the judge asked.

"I'm going to Liberia," Young Sebastian said. "I can be really free there. I can vote there. I shall be with my own people there—and with no other people. I can't stay here any more. I'm going, Judge. I'm going fast."

"Listen to me, Young Sebastian." The judge's voice was weary, but it was also firm. "You say you want to be with your own people. What of your father and your mother? They won't go to Liberia. What of your brothers? Do they want to go away from here?"

"They can decide for themselves," the Negro said sullenly.

"No, they can't," said the judge. "Your father and mother are too old to leave this place, which has long been home to them. They feel about this country as my mother felt after my father was killed. She was an American then. Her children were Americans. Your people here are Americans, Young Sebastian. It is true that you have been treated unjustly; but in a free country like ours men will, in time, correct such injustice. This is your country too, and it is cowardly of you to run away!"

"What good will it do me or anyone else if I stay?" the young man protested.

"I'll tell you what good it will do," the judge shouted. "Look what has happened today. For years and years we Catholics have suffered under an unjust law. What if we had all run away from our home place because of that law? Would it be changed today if we'd done that? No, sir! I tell you the only way we could win justice was by proving that we were good citizens, loyal citizens, honest citizens. We did not like that law, but we lived under it until we could change it by our conduct. And it'll be that way with you, with your people. You free Negroes should have the vote that has just been taken from you, but you won't win it back by going to Liberia. You'll win it back, Young Sebastian, by doing what your grandfather did through his long lifetime. Be good, be honest, be loyal. Stay on your jobs. Stay at your posts. Do your work better than anyone else can do it. Believe in God, and have faith in your fellow men!"

He turned on his heel and went into the tavern. For a moment Young Sebastian could not follow him. The bitterness of defeat, of humiliation, the blasting of his hopes, and his human pride held him back. He was standing, staring

at the tavern door, when the crowd from the convention hall came behind him.

"Gaston," men were shouting, "Judge Gaston! Hurrah for Gaston!" Then, in their shouts, Young Sebastian realized the truth of what the judge had said. Nothing but a lifetime of goodness, of justice, could have won any man not only this praise but the vote on Catholics which the convention had given. It was a triumph, a personal triumph, for William Gaston, and, through him a triumph for all Catholics of the state of North Carolina. Through his leadership his state had given expression in its constitution to ideals of true democracy.

Staring at the old man as he came through the tavern door to face the crowd, Young Sebastian made a promise to himself; but it was also a promise to the judge. "I'll stay," he said. "I won't go to Liberia. I'll stay right here in North Carolina; and maybe someday I'll do for my people what Judge Gaston has done for his people."

He was still staring at the judge as the crowd lifted the old man on their shoulders and bore him joyously through the streets of Raleigh.

READING TO UNDERSTAND PEOPLE

Become acquainted with the characters in the stories that you read. Picture to yourself what the people looked like. Try to get their tone of voice and their manner of acting. Feel what goes on in their minds. Use these helps to understanding "The Judge and Young Sebastian":

1. Do you see the two men coming along the road on horseback? Contrast them in as many ways as you can.

2. What idea do you get of both of them from this statement: "They rode in quiet comradeship"?

3. Read aloud Young Sebastian's first remark as you think he

must have made it. Answer him in the tone in which you think the judge answered.

4. At the end of paragraph 6 Young Sebastian made a statement. What do you think of the judge's reply to it and to Sebastian's next remark?

5. Read silently the paragraph that contains this statement: "But Young Sebastian knew that he was not looking forward at all." What do you learn about the characters of the two men?

6. How did the judge feel toward Old Sebastian? What do you think of the judge's attitude toward his servant?

7. What do you learn about Young Sebastian from the speech which he made to himself about going to Liberia?

8. Did the judge seem to feel that he had any obligation toward Young Sebastian?

9. With one pupil impersonating the judge, and another taking the part of Young Sebastian, read aloud the dialogue which begins with the servant's request not to return home.

READING TO REMEMBER

Much of the reading that you do in school is for the purpose of learning new facts. Test yourself to see how many you have remembered from this selection.

1. Name two important offices that William Gaston held.

2. Why was Judge Gaston going to Raleigh?

3. What state law had the voters of North Carolina disregarded every time they elected him to office?

4. What two kinds of baptism did the judge claim for himself?

5. Tell what you remember about Mrs. Gaston.

6. How much opportunity did Catholics have for practicing their Faith in North Carolina during Gaston's time?

7. What was the first use the young lawyer made of the law?

8. What three important questions were to be decided at the convention?

9. How did the Catholics of North Carolina gain the recognition of their rights?

10. What advice did Judge Gaston give Young Sebastian?

The Poor Voter on Election Day

The proudest now is but my peer,
  The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
  A king of men am I.
Today alike are great and small,
  The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
  The ballot-box my throne!

The rich is level with the poor,
  The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
  Than homespun frock of gray.
Today shall simple manhood try
  The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
  The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
  Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
  Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
  A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
  A man's a man today!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Bryan Mullanphy's Will

In nearly every great railway station in the United States you may see today a desk upon which a lighted lamp bears the words:

Travelers' Aid

At the desk, day and night, sits a woman whose job it is to give help to all travelers who come to her. With information, with advice, with service, often with money, she aids men and women in real need. She finds lost children. She locates runaway boys and girls and returns them to their waiting homes. She takes care of babies for travel-weary mothers. She guides confused old people to their trains. Through long hours she is the helpful friend of the traveling public.

Her service, part of the work of the Travelers' Aid Society, is given by that organization, day after day, to the American people because of a curious document written nearly a century ago by a man in St. Louis, the last will and testament of the one-time mayor of that city, Bryan Mullanphy.

The story of how Bryan Mullanphy came to write the will which set the foundation for the Travelers' Aid is one of the strange tales of the building of the nation, a tale which gleams with some of the bright threads in the pattern of God's providence. The story, with chapters today in every railway terminal of the United States. had its crisis in St. Louis; but it really began in Paris.

Paris was a gay city when young Bryan Mullanphy, son of one of the richest Americans of General Andrew Jackson's time, went to France.

In Paris young Mullanphy laughed, and sang, and danced,

and spent money as recklessly as did many other young Americans in later times.

Then, one night, on his way back to his hotel from a merry party, young Mullanphy saw two other young men bearing an old man upon a stretcher. Out of curiosity he followed them through the dark streets of the city. He saw them take the sick old man into a hospital. When they came out, the young American spoke to them. "Why are you doing this?" he asked them.

They were, they told him, students of the University of Paris. They had joined five other students to give service to the poor and sick of Paris. "All by yourselves?" Bryan Mullanphy asked.

"Christ goes with us," the elder of the two stretcher-bearers, Frédéric Ozanam, told him.

"May I too go with you a little way?" the American asked.

They welcomed him and made him one of the first members of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, which Ozanam had just established. While he was in Paris, Mullanphy worked with these young men and with Mother Rosalie of the Sisters of Charity, feeding the hungry, visiting the sick, burying the dead, seeking to comfort the afflicted.

When he came back to the United States, Bryan Mullanphy founded the first branch of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society in this country. He also gave aid to many charitable institutions, carrying on work which his father and sisters had already started in St. Louis.

There was, however, a great need in St. Louis at that time, a need not covered by any existing organization for civic service. The city was crowded with needy travelers, many of them Irish Catholics, on their way to the California gold fields. Mullanphy helped as many of them as came

to him. He had been mayor of the city of St. Louis, and was now a judge. He had many official duties, but he found time to give help to all who needed his help.

Men and women came to him at all hours of the day and night with stories of their difficulties. Most of them had set out for California with too little money, for the cost of transportation across the plains was high. Some had started on their journey with enough money, but had been cheated of it by other travelers who had pretended to be their friends. The stagecoaches from the East and the Mississippi River boats from the South were infested by rascals and rogues who preyed upon the immigrants. Few of the many who wished to go farther westward had money to go on.

Bryan Mullanphy listened to thousands of stories of ill fortune. Men said that he was nearly always able to tell an impostor. To those deserving aid he gave freely. He found temporary lodgings for families. He directed men and women to honest travel companies. Through the peak of the gold rush he worked long hours at his chosen task of aiding travelers. Then, one day, realizing that many later travelers would need aid, even when he was dead, he wrote this will:

I, Bryan Mullanphy, do make and declare the following to be my last will and testament:

"One equal undivided one third of all my property, real, personal, and mixed, I leave to the city of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, in trust, to be and constitute a fund to furnish relief to all poor immigrants and travelers coming to St. Louis, on their way, bona fide, to settle in the West.

The gold rush ended soon after Bryan Mullanphy's death. For years the great fortune, which was one third of the Mullanphy estate, was used for travelers going westward through St. Louis; but in time the use of the fund was ex-

BLAISDELL

tended, and today the Travelers' Aid Society, which came into existence as a result of the work that Mullanphy had planned, continues in a broader field the dream of the American who once walked with Frédéric Ozanam through the dark streets of Paris.

READING TO DRAMATIZE

If you are planning to take part in the school-assembly program, or if you wish to produce a play for any other occasion, here is some splendid material to dramatize.

In writing the script, plan to take care of telling the story through the conversation of the characters. Remember also to arrange for stage settings and costumes. Use care in selecting the cast. Three acts will be necessary, and to help you these suggestions are offered:

Act I

Scene. A Railway Station in Some Large City

Weary and perplexed travelers ask for information, service, and advice at the desk of the Travelers' Aid. Finally one traveler inquires how the service began.

Act II

Scene. A Street in Paris

A gay young American, returning to his hotel from a party, meets two men carrying a stretcher. (Give results of this meeting.)

Act III

Scene. A Room in St. Louis

Bryan Mullanphy is talking with some friends. They speak of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, which he has founded. He speaks of the travelers who need assistance. Suddenly he pulls out an old envelope and writes a will on its back. Then he reads it aloud.

The Prayer Perfect

Dear Lord! kind Lord!
  Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
  Tenderly today!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
  Scatter every care,
Down a wake of angel wings
  Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
  All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
  Overflow again;
And with all the needy
  O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
  That is mine today!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

We Meet with Our Neighbors

When Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ bade men love their neighbors, some of the crowd who listened to Him asked, "Who is my neighbor?" He told them then the story of the Good Samaritan, that parable which has remained through nearly two thousand years the standard of true love of a neighbor.

Through its long history the Church of Christ has always taught this doctrine of love. Her teaching changed the pagan and barbarian civilization of Europe to a Christian culture. She taught men not only the love of God, but the love of one another, and upon that love built great art, great literature, great music, great social improvement.

This Christian civilization came, in time, with Christian teaching to our own land. This was a new land, however, a rough land; and the progress was slow. But it was sure, and it came about through the meeting of neighbor with neighbor, men different in many ways but alike in their desire for a free nation.

Great achievements of our nation have been brought about very largely through our community action and our exercise of local self-government. We have learned to govern our nation by learning to govern ourselves. Free association with one another and united effort have pushed on our frontiers. We have educated ourselves in democracy and for a democracy by living democratically.

We all know that we are most interested in the things which are near to us. We show more interest in the election of our own class president than in the election of a President of the United States. That is because we feel that we are more responsible for the class election. Washington may be a long way off, but the classroom is right here. We must learn, however, to ask the same kind of

questions about anyone running for public office that we should ask about the candidates for class president.

The most important of these questions is not "Do we like him?" but "Is he the best man for the job? Will he do it better than anyone else can do it?"

Our local community offers opportunities for learning the ways of democracy through this personal, active interest in its workings. It is the obligation of every citizen to find ways and means to bring together the various religious, social, and economic groups of his community for the purpose of working out a plan to meet all community needs. Committees of citizens may be formed to give advice and direction to government officials about the carrying out of laws. People should learn to know their public officials better and to consider them as their fellow citizens, acting as public servants.

The right to vote carries with it a serious responsibility. All who have the right to vote should use that right. We should use it carefully. When we elect officials to represent us in the government, we are in large measure responsible for the way in which they manage their offices. If we have been careless, and if, through our carelessness, the wrong kind of official is elected, then the blame is ours.

The voter who casts his vote for any reason other than the public welfare is a traitor to the trust which he has been given. He is perhaps buying or trying to buy with his ballot advantages and privileges to which he has no right; and he is helping to break down his government.

Freedom of suffrage also means that those elected to public office have a patriotic duty before God to work to the best of their abilities for the promotion of the common welfare and for the upholding of principles of justice. Their authority comes from God; and any misuse of it is a sin against God, as well as against their country.

READING TO LEARN

People read for various reasons: to be entertained, to locate information, to discover the author's point of view, to make comparisons, and other similar reasons.

One of the most serious kinds of reading is reading to learn. In doing this, a person gets not only facts, but new ideas as well. Both of these he expects to use in helping himself to understand other things better.

These are some questions to help you to learn some important things from the selection that you have just read:

1. What did the Church do for Europe?

2. How did the Christian culture of Europe affect the United States?

3. In what ways has local self-government been helpful to our country?

4. What is a good method of making your choice of candidate for a particular office?

5. Why are the people, to some extent, responsible for the way in which their officials act?

6. What obligation does a voter have?

7. What obligation does an officeholder have?

READING FOR WORD MEANING

In reading, one often learns the meaning of new words from the way they are used in sentences. The words listed below appear in Unit IV. If you have learned their meaning, you can explain them by a definition or by use in a sentence. Give the meaning of as many words as possible without referring to the Glossary.

civic
primitive
embassy
providence
dead letter
sorrel
local
unanimously
revise
Treasury
guilds
electioneer
suffrage
achievements
economic

Petition of an American Citizen

Matthew Carey, one of the first book-publishers of the United States, was an exile from his native Ireland when he met Benjamin Franklin in Paris. Franklin advised him to come to the new nation. Carey expressed his gratitude for the liberty he enjoyed here by the writing of many works, among them this plea to God, which he called "Prayer of an American Citizen."

Almighty Father! ope Thine ear!
Crown with success my feeble pray'r!
May adverse parties cease to wage
Contention with so black a rage!
May all our judges humane be,
From party, legislators free!
May just and equal laws be form'd!
May freedom's shrine be never storm'd!
May printing presses still abound,
To spread blest science all around!
May mis'ry—want—desert the land!
May full employment at command
Await mechanics as they please,
As well as those who plough the seas!
May this free country evermore
Prove to the oppress'd a friendly shore:
An asylum from tyranny,
And dire religious bigotry!
May servitude abolish'd be,
As well as Negro-slavery,
To make one Land of Liberty!

MATTHEW CAREY

The Voice of the Christ Child

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the Angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ Child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

V

We Learn and Spread the Truth

4×4=16

You shall know the truth,
and the truth shall make you free.

John viii, 32

Congress shall make no law . . .
abridging the freedom of speech,
or of the press.

Bill of Rights, Article I
Constitution of the United States

No state shall make or enforce any law
which shall abridge the privileges or immunities
of citizens of the United States.

Amendment XIV
Constitution of the United States

Stanzas on Freedom

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

. . . . . .

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Jasmine and General Jackson

I. *Schools of the Free*

On every schoolday more than two million Catholic children go to the eight thousand parish schools in the United States.

In these schools they learn the subjects taught in other schools. More important, they learn in the Catholic schools the teachings of Christ and how to apply these teachings to their own daily lives. Year after year, on every schoolday, the Catholic schools of our nation are helping to make good citizens.

Catholic schools are not new in our nation. There were Catholic schools in Florida and New Mexico long before there were any schools in New England or New York. There were Catholic schools in Maryland and Pennsylvania long before our War of Independence. Soon after that war, Georgetown College was founded by members of the Society of Jesus; and Georgetown Visitation Academy, the first academy for girls in the area which had been the original thirteen colonies, was established by the Sisters of the Visitation Order.

Catholic education grew with the young nation. Religious communities of men, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Sulpicians, Capuchins, Vincentians, Viatorians, Brothers of the Christian Schools, went westward with the trail-blazers to set up schools on the frontier. Communities of women, Ursulines, Sisters of Saint Joseph, Religious of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of the Holy Cross, Sisters of Providence, came from their beloved France to the Western wilderness. Sisters of Mercy came from Ireland. Native-born Americans—Mother Seton, Mother Catherine Spalding, Mother Mary Rhodes, Mother Angela Sansbury—

built great institutions, at Emmitsburg in Maryland, at Nazareth, Loretto, and Saint Catharine's in Kentucky.

The first academy for girls in the area which is now the United States was founded by the Ursuline Sisters in New Orleans more than two hundred years ago, while Louisiana was still a colony of France.

Under the flags of France, of Spain, then of France again, the academy continued its task of teaching. Then the United States bought Louisiana from France, and the Ursulines feared that the freedom of education which they had enjoyed might be taken from them. Thomas Jefferson, then President, wrote to the Sisters, assuring them that the principles of the Constitution and government of the United States guaranteed protection to the school.

Less than ten years later, however, another danger threatened the academy, as it threatened all New Orleans. The War of 1812 had come to Louisiana. The British knew that, if they could capture New Orleans, they would hold the key to the Mississippi River and win the West. British troops, under General Pakenham, were landing just outside the town on the plain of Chalmette. Americans, under General Andrew Jackson, were awaiting them at Chalmette. Although the treaty of peace had already been signed in Europe, neither the British nor the Americans knew this as they made ready to go into battle.

Tensely New Orleans awaited the outcome of the battle which would take place on the plain of Chalmette. None of its citizens were more concerned than the Sisters and girls who waited within the walls of the Ursuline Academy. They were already good Americans, and they wished to stay Americans. Bravely and devoutly they prayed for peace and for victory.

One of the pupils at the academy, Elise Rigaud, had as deep an interest as anyone in the threatening battle. Her

father, a Baratarian, had come with Jean Lafitte to the aid of General Jackson. Louis Rigaud was no pirate; but New Orleans called pirates all men from Barataria. This was an island in the Gulf of Mexico, almost within sight of the city. Upon it lived Pierre and Jean Lafitte, adventurous and colorful seamen who sent out ships into the Caribbean. The governor of Louisiana had posted notices against them; but Jean Lafitte was the popular hero of New Orleans.

There were, however, some citizens of the city who disliked the Baratarians. A few of these citizens had daughters attending the Ursuline Academy. In spite of the kindness of the Sisters and most of the pupils, Elise Rigaud suffered from the attitude of these few fellow students who called her the daughter of a pirate. To ease her unhappiness she had started to write a record of the happenings of each day. Even after the battle of New Orleans she continued to write; and the story which follows was set down by her upon the pages, now yellowed by age, of that diary.

TOPIC SENTENCES

A topic sentence is a major idea in an enlarged form. It is one of the sentences of a paragraph and tells what the paragraph is about. It is usually found at the beginning of a paragraph, but it may occupy any other place and is sometimes omitted entirely.

Reread "Schools of the Free" to find the topic sentence of each paragraph. Notice how the remainder of the paragraph explains what is said in each sentence which you select.

In some paragraphs you may find that the topic sentence is one of two possible choices. You must therefore be ready to justify your choice when you have picked out the one which you believe is the better.

II. *The Ursuline Academy*

January 8, 1815. Last night was not like any other night I have known in New Orleans.

It began for me just as we came out from supper in the refectory I had known for days that a battle between the attacking British and the defending Americans was certain to come; but I was amazed when Sister Saint Angela called me out from the line and led me to the door which opened upon the garden. There, with gold hoops in his ears and with a bright bandanna covering his grizzled hair, stood old Michel, my father's servant.

" 'Sieur Louis sent me," the old man said. " 'Sieur Louis says that you are not to fear because he has come to General Jackson, 'Sieur Louis and the Lafittes."

"The Lafittes?" I cried. "Oh, no, Michel! My father would not have come with the Lafittes!"

"In time of war," the old man said, as if he spoke a lesson, "all men fight together for their country. 'Sieur Louis said," he went on, "that you shall pray for him, for all of them."

"We will pray," said Sister Saint Angela. "Do you go back to Monsieur Louis?" she asked Michel.

"I go," he said proudly. "Tomorrow we fight."

"Tell him," Sister Saint Angela said, "that all of us here will be praying for him and for all the men who defend our city. We shall be praying to Our Lady of Victory."

"*Merci, ma Sœur,*" he thanked her, and went out through the garden gate.

As he went, I spoke to Sister Saint Angela. "I am afraid, Sister," I said.

For, at last, this war, which had once seemed far away from us, had come close, too close. Tomorrow! Out on the plain of Chalmette my father would be fighting, perhaps dying. How would the battle end? For him? For all of us?

For days the city had been waiting for Pakenham and his eight thousand British soldiers to attack. General Jackson and his men were camped on the Chalmette plantations. There were only four thousand of them, soldiers from Kentucky and soldiers from Tennessee, Virginians, dragoons from Mississippi, and the Creole militia of Louisiana. Then the Lafittes and other men from the Gulf islands joined them. Oh, they were all brave, those soldiers who wore so many kinds of uniforms and who stood ready to follow General Jackson—but they were only half the number of the trained soldiers of the enemy, soldiers who had served in Europe under Wellington, the great Iron Duke, conqueror of Napoleon Bonaparte!

For weeks New Orleans had been a military camp. From the windows of the academy we could see and hear the soldiers, drilling, marching, singing. Outside our walls the town had been gay; and we had been gay. We had sung as

we sewed uniforms and made ready an infirmary for the wounded who would, we knew, be brought to us. With all that, war had not quite touched us. Then, with Michel's message, its tightening hand reached over the convent wall and gripped our hearts. "I am afraid," I repeated.

Sister Saint Angela looked down into my eyes. In the gathering dusk I could see the fire in her own. "Would you have your father know that, Elise?" she asked me.

"Oh, no," I said.

"Then let no one else know," she bade me. She put her hand upon my shoulder and led me back into the long hall. "Call the young ladies," she said to one of the Sisters. "In fifteen minutes we shall meet in the recreation hall."

I went up to the dormitory to get my veil, thinking that, after the meeting, I should need it to wear into chapel. I saw no one as I found my way through the dusk to my own alcove, that curtained space which held a bed, and a chest of drawers, and the few treasures I had brought from home; but I heard the sound of voices, and one of them spoke my name.

"You should have seen him," a girl was saying. I knew the voice was Delphine Marot's. "He was big, and black, with a red scarf around his head, and with gold hoops in his ears. A pirate, one of her father's friends, come with a message from Jean Lafitte!"

"How do you know, Delphine?" another voice asked.

"I heard him, Suzanne. I was at the window just above the garden door. He told her that her father had come with the Lafittes to help General Jackson win the battle. As if the Creole militia needed the Baratarians!"

"The militia will probably be glad of any help they can get," I heard Adèle Varrillat say.

"Not from the Lafittes or the friends of the Lafittes," Delphine said.

They went out from the dormitory without knowing I

was there. For a moment I thought that I should cry, as I have so often cried because of their attitude toward me, an attitude which they managed to keep hidden from the Sisters, but which they showed me both by their words and by their actions. Long ago I had given up hope of making them know that my father was not even a privateer, as were the Lafittes. Everyone from Barataria was, they thought, a pirate. Perhaps all New Orleans believed that. But what difference did it make when men from Barataria took their places beside men from the Rue Royale out upon the plain of Chalmette?

The bell rang, and I went to the recreation hall. It was already filled with Sisters and students. Sister Saint Angela was standing near the edge of the little platform. She began to speak.

"All of you already know," she said, while her gaze moved over the rows of Sisters and students, "the danger which threatens our beloved city. The British have advanced almost to our lines. General Jackson expects the attack at daybreak."

"Daybreak!" the word ran like the rustle of leaves before a high wind. Every girl in the room was staring in fear at Sister Saint Angela, but her voice held steady as she went on.

"The night before us is a fearful one. For all of us it will be a time of dread; but it must also be a time of preparation. I do not mean the work of making ready for the wounded who will come to us. That work is already done. I mean that we must prepare ourselves by prayer for what shall come. We must accept without complaint whatever is the outcome of this battle. To be able to do that, we must pray. Think of how great on this night is the need for prayer!"

I could see lips moving and hands groping for rosaries as Sister Saint Angela continued: "Some of you remember

Washington May the 15 1804

To the Soeur Therese de St. Xavier farjon Superior, and the Nuns of the order of St Ursula at New Orleans

I have received, holy sisters, the letter you have written me wherein you express anxiety for the property vested in your institution by the former governments of Louisiana the principles of the constitution and government of the United states are a sure guarantee to you that it will be preserved to you sacred and inviolate, and that your institution will be permitted to govern itself according to it's own voluntary rules, without interference from the civil authority. whatever diversity of shade may appear in the religious opinions of our fellow citizens, the charitable objects of your institution cannot be indifferent to any; and it's furtherance of the wholesome purposes of society, by training up it's younger members in the way they should go, cannot fail to ensure it the patronage of the government it is under be assured it will meet all the protection which my office can give it.

I salute you, holy sisters, with friendship & respect.

Th: Jefferson

and others of you have heard of another time when we Ursulines of this convent faced a grave danger. That was ten years ago, just after our Louisiana had been sold by France to the United States. Most of us are of French blood. We knew little of the Americans. We knew nothing of what they planned to do to our churches and schools. We feared; but we prayed.

"While we prayed, Mother Thérèse, our Superior at the time, wrote a letter to the President of the United States, President Thomas Jefferson. She asked him if our convent property right would be respected by the new government, as it had been respected by the French governors.

"President Jefferson answered that letter. All of you have seen that answer. All of you have read the lines he wrote. He told us that the principles of the Constitution and government of the United States are a sure guarantee that our freedom of education should be preserved, sacred and inviolate.

"That was his promise. The government, our government, has kept it. For we are all Americans now, those of us who were once French or Spanish or Creole or Acadian. We are now called upon to defend our new country—not with arms or men, but with nursing and with prayer."

Then, for the first time, Sister Saint Angela's voice broke a little. "Some of us have fathers and brothers on the plain of Chalmette. For them, as for all who are in danger, let us pray tonight. In the morning, at eight o'clock, Father Dubourg is coming to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the men who will be fighting, perhaps dying, on the plain. Perhaps, by then, we shall have news of the outcome of the battle. Whatever it may be, remember that it is the will of God!"

She came down from the little platform, but for a moment no one else moved. Sister Marie Madeleine stood up. "In ten minutes," she said, "the chapel bell will ring."

I did not wait for the ringing of the bell, but hurried to the chapel. Within it the lights were dim. The sanctuary lamp, burning, as always, before the altar, cast shadows on the walls which seemed to tell of the terror of the night. There was a small light before the statue of Our Lady, that beloved statue which the Sisters had long ago brought from France; but the space around it seemed strangely bare.

The day's flowers had been taken away, and fresh ones had not yet come.

"There are no flowers for Our Lady, and yet we are asking her to help us," I thought, and hurried out from the chapel to the garden.

I sped my steps, for I knew that I must find Sister Marie Blanche before she went to chapel. Sister Marie Blanche is the custodian of the convent garden. She has what the Negroes call a green hand, the ability to make flowers grow where others could not; but she always says that it is Saint Fiacre who helps the flowers to grow, and she has set a little statue of the saint in a niche in the garden wall. She was near it when I found her and asked her for flowers for the altar of Our Lady.

She looked out over the dark garden. "Roses?" she asked as if she spoke to herself. "Lilies? No, not those." Suddenly the scent of a shrub must have come to her, as it came to me. "Ah, the jasmine," she said, "the night jasmine. It blooms for Our Lady when all the other flowers have gone to sleep. Take jasmine, Elise," she said, and handed me her gardener's shears.

I cut the bloom of the jasmine until my arms were filled.

Then, with Sister Marie Blanche beside me, I went back to the chapel. Just outside its door, I met Adèle Varrillat. She gave me a puzzled look, then smiled. "I will get vases," she said.

It was the first time, since I had come to the school, that she had, of her own accord, offered to do anything with me. We piled the fragrant jasmine into the vases that Adèle brought, then gave them to Sister Marie Blanche to take to the altar. When we went into the chapel, Adèle motioned to me to sit beside her in the pew. She gave me a little smile as she took out her rosary from the pocket of her dress. "My father too is at Chalmette," she whispered.

III. *News of Battle*

Already the chapel was crowded. Many of the women who had come were mothers of the girls, fashionably dressed women from the lovely houses around the Rue Royale; but there were others, probably from the poorer neighborhood behind the Rue des Ursulines. Some of the women were weeping, and the Sisters went among them, giving them comfort. I saw Sister Saint Angela bending over a sobbing girl; and our Superior, Mother Marie Olivier, was holding the hand of a shabby old woman.

Above them stood the statue of Our Lady, with the jasmine heaped below it. How many, many girls and women have knelt in that chapel, asking the intercession of the Mother of Christ, knowing that God sends many of His great gifts through her to us! The jasmine, I thought, was like our prayers, thousands of blossoms blending in one offering to Our Lady.

Some of the girls around me prayed, as did Adèle, calmly and steadily, but I could scarcely stay quiet. From the street beyond the walls rose the sound of voices and of horses'

hoofs. What was happening? For hours I knelt. Then, at midnight, when the clang of the convent gate sounded like an alarm, I hurried out from the chapel.

The first messenger from the battlefield had come. He was standing at the door near the Superior and Sister Marie Madeleine. I moved near enough to hear him say that he had seen no action yet upon the field, which he had watched from a treetop on the Chalmette plantation.

"Will you ask him," I begged Sister Marie Madeleine, "if he knows where is Louis Rigaud?"

She repeated my question.

"He is on Battery Four with René Beluche," the man said. "Dominique You is on Battery Three. Just before I came here, I walked through the lines with one of the Baratarians. Jackson was having a cup of coffee with Beluche and Dominique You. He must have liked their thick, black, French coffee, for he was saying, 'I wish I had fifty such guns on this line, with five hundred such devils as those fellows behind them!'" The messenger paused, and looked at me sharply. "You know Louis Rigaud?"

"He is my father," I said proudly.

Sister Saint Angela met me at the door of the chapel as I returned. I thought she would tell me that I must stay in the chapel, but, instead, she said: "Elise, you must watch for the messengers as they come. Stay at the door beside Sister Marie Madeleine. Call me quickly if there is any news."

Sister Marie Madeleine knelt in the hall on a small *prie-dieu* below a painting of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. I knelt beside one of the windows, staring outward while I tried to pray. From the chapel came the murmur of voices in rosary or litany and the strong, sweet smell of the jasmine. I am sure that, even if I live to be very old, older indeed than my father's grandmother, I shall always remem-

ber that odor of jasmine, which seemed to be going upward with our prayers to the kind Mother of God.

Just before daybreak, while I still knelt beside the window, I heard a huge explosion in the direction of Chalmette. The British had attacked! I could feel my heart pounding as I heard the roar of cannons and gunfire. I rushed toward the chapel. Sister Saint Angela was already coming out. "It has begun," she said and grasped my hand.

"That was the rocket signal," I said. "From the other side of the building you can hear the roar of cannons. The battle has begun."

"God help us, Elise," Sister said. "We must win; we must win!"

She went back into the chapel, motioning me to go back to my post at the window. There, in the spreading dawn light, I could see far down the street in the direction of the Chalmette plantations. Smoke began to show on the horizon. In a little while a rider came, lashing his horse. He dismounted at our gate. Sister Marie Madeleine opened the door to him. He was an old man who spoke in a soft Creole voice.

"The British gave signal for the attack with one of their new rockets," he said. "The redcoats came up in a thick, broad column to the left of the American line. General Coffee had that side, with his Tennessee riflemen. He and his men opened fire, and I could see hundreds of those red specks upon the field become still! Hundreds!

"It looked like a pantomime," he went on. "There was a thin brown-and-green line on one side. It curved with the canal. That was the American line. There were many thick red squares on the other. They were the British platoons. They came, one after another, to the thin, the American, line. Then, one after another, they shattered into red specks, some still, some moving."

Again I could not quiet my fear about Papa. "And the Lafittes' men? Are they fighting, too?" I asked.

"Ho, are they fighting!" he cried. "The British have already learned to stay away from Batteries Three and Four, where Dominique You and that Beluche are! Those pirates can fight!"

The man hurried off then, to tell others the news he had brought; and I sat at the window, not daring to leave, for fear I should miss the next messenger as he came through the street. It was almost fifteen minutes later when a slave came running through the street. Sister Marie Madeleine sent me to stop him. He came in, glad of a moment of rest after his long run. Between excitement and breathlessness the man could hardly talk. His face glistened as he babbled out his story.

"The British general is wounded, almost dead, I think. He's off on the side, under a tree with some of his men. The ends of our line are doing all the firing—the Lafittes' men on one side and Coffee's and Carroll's on the other. The men of Carroll and Coffee are standing in water and mud on their side of the line. Jackson has almost a thousand of his men guarding the outskirts of the woods and another line beyond the first defense at the canal. Morgan has another eight hundred on the other side of the Mississippi, the right bank. But none of them are in fighting condition, and some of the British are attacking them."

Sister Marie Madeleine asked him where he was going.

"I'm going back," he said, "to see what I can see. Jackson's doing fine, and the Lafittes' men are going strong. Dominique You has all the men shouting and singing as they fire, and Beluche is turning back the British from his side as fast as they come. If Morgan can just hold out on his bank—"

We thanked the man and let him go on his way. When

I reached the door of the chapel again, Sister Saint Angela was waiting for me.

"What is it, Elise?" she entreated. I told her the story the two messengers had told me, adding: "Let me stay here, Sister! I must see each messenger as he arrives, then bring you the news. I am praying, though!"

Almost three quarters of an hour had passed since the first signal rocket of the British. By this time I was feverish with excitement and worry, and my hands were nervously fingering my rosary, as I stood at the window.

My thoughts flew from Jackson's bravery and skill to the Lafittes' daring men. If only Papa is safe, I thought.

It seemed hours before the next messenger came, although actually it was only about ten minutes. He was running, too, and stopped only a moment when I called to him from the door.

"The British General Pakenham is dead, I think," he said, "and the British have suffered great losses. We have very

few dead, and a few wounded, so far. No news of Morgan has come through yet, however. His men are weak with fatigue, and if Thornton, with the rest of the British, got through at the same time as Pakenham, the right bank may have fallen already!"

He hastened on to spread the news. Just at that moment Father Dubourg came to the convent door, to offer Mass. I could hardly realize that it was only eight o'clock in the morning. I felt that I had lived half a lifetime in a few hours—but I knew that the battle was not yet over.

Sister told me to come in for Mass. As I entered the chapel, I saw the girls and the women, wan with their night's watch and worry, waiting for the news of the battle and for the beginning of Mass.

With the end of the battle so close, I tried not to think of the results. I could not bear to think of defeat, and I dared not dream of victory. The will of God would decide, I told myself. All would be for the best, even though defeat should come.

All through the Mass my thoughts were distracted by my desire to know the outcome of the battle, but my petitions were all the more fervent when I prayed.

At the Gospel, Mother Marie Olivier stood and made a solemn vow to have a Mass of Thanksgiving sung each year should we be victorious. This moved many of the women to tears, and I felt even more strongly that we had to win.

The Communion of the Mass came. I had just risen from my seat, to walk up the aisle, when a man rushed in at the door, then, seeing that Mass was being offered, hesitated. I whispered: "What is it? Is it over? Where are Jackson's men?"

In his excitement the man did not lower his voice. "Victory!" he gasped. "The British have withdrawn from the left bank! New Orleans is safe!"

Almost everyone in the chapel heard him. Anxious faces became bright as the news spread of our victory. Girls and women were radiant as they moved toward the altar rail.

I was relieved of tension, and so full of thanksgiving that I faltered on the way up the aisle to Holy Communion. Never before had I been so grateful to God, and, from the devout expressions on the faces around me, I concluded that I was not alone in my gratitude and relief.

After Mass, Sister Saint Angela stopped me outside the chapel and whispered: "A work well done, Elise! And Our Lady has heard our prayers again!"

IV. *General Jackson Comes*

My only concern now was the fate of my father; but oh! what a deep concern it was! Was he still safe, or had he fallen during the bitter events of the night? We had had up to that time no news of losses, but Sister Saint Angela was hurrying about, taking care of last-minute details in preparation for the coming of the wounded.

Then, swiftly, word ran among us that General Jackson himself was stopping at our academy. He was coming, someone said, to speak to Father Dubourg, who had given him so much help in making ready for the battle, and to thank the Sisters for their promise of aid for the wounded. Sister Saint Angela lined us up in a double row in the halls as the general came in.

A tall, thin man, he looked gaunt and worn; but his courtesy, even in these hours after his most terrible battle, was as perfect as if he had learned it in the bygone court of the king of France. He bowed low to Father Dubourg. He spoke quietly, seriously to the Superior, to Sister Marie Madeleine, to Sister Saint Angela. He talked to Sister Saint Angela longer than to any of the others and stood back to

let her go before him as he moved between our curtsying lines.

I had no thought of speaking to him, but as he came close to me I could think of nothing but my father. What had happened to him? Surely a man who had been at Chalmette would know! "General Jackson," I gasped, then could say no more, as I saw hundreds of eyes watching me with amazement.

"Yes?" he said and bent toward me.

"I— I—"

"Her father was with you," Sister Saint Angela said. "You ask news of him, do you not, Elise?"

"Oh, yes, Sister," I told her gratefully.

"Who is your father?" the general asked.

I could see all those eyes upon me, the kindly eyes of the Sisters, the curious eyes of the strangers, the watchful eyes of the girls who had scorned me for being the daughter of a Barataran. There was a time when I would have hung my head before them. Now I lifted it proudly. "My father is Louis Rigaud. He came with Jean Lafitte from Barataria. He was on Battery Four with René Beluche."

"I know him," the general smiled. "Little fellow with a big voice and an aim good as Daniel Boone's. He's all right. Don't worry about him. I saw him drinking coffee with Beluche as I came toward the city—and I am sure it was good coffee, for I had some during the night. Will you tell him I thank him for all he did on Battery Four?"

I thought the general was passing me, but he paused again. "What did you do to help us win victory?" he asked me. The question was so sharp, so sudden that I had no answer for it. "Why—why—," I said, "I only picked the jasmine."

"The jasmine?" he repeated, not understanding—as who would?—my answer.

"Elise means," said Sister Saint Angela, "that she

Holy Bible

brought her own special gift of God's beauty to the feet of Our Lady of Victory while we prayed for Our Lady's help."

"Then you did your part," General Jackson said. "And you did it bravely, my dear."

He went on, and I leaned back against the wall. I was too tired to speak even when Adèle Varrillat spoke to me. "You must be very proud of your father," she said.

We went to breakfast together. I think that every girl in the school, even Delphine Marot, spoke to me as we went by. Sister Saint Angela spoke to me as I passed her at the refectory door. "Another battle is over," she said, "your own battle. I always knew that, in time, you would win it, Elise. People are good at heart. They need only to remember that we must all love one another because we love God. Sometimes, though, it takes a great danger to make them remember."

"We are all one now," I said. "Not Louisianians or Baratarians. Americans."

"Let us be worthy of our victory. We have earned this one." Her voice went low, and I saw tears in her eyes. "My only brother was killed at Chalmette," she said. "He was General Jackson's aide. The general came to bring me the news."

We are still busy here at the academy, for the wounded are being brought to us. I have carried messages, and rolled bandages, and answered calls all through the day; but Sister Saint Angela has said that I should write down my memories of last night. It will, she says, be an exercise in the class where we learn to write English. I will ask her if I may not show it to my father. He will be glad, I think, to know that I did something for our country while he was facing the enemy out on the plain of Chalmette.

CATHERINE MAYHEW

A PICTURE IN WORDS

Describe in one paragraph some scene of the story. Use your imagination freely and form a vivid picture in your mind before you begin to write. Make the description interesting, colorful, and clear by using well-worded sentences and carefully chosen adjectives.

You may describe any scene you wish, but these are suggested:

Michel at the convent gate
Elise in the garden
Women of New Orleans in the chapel
Jackson at the convent

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Considering the occupation in which the Lafittes engaged, do you think the people were justified in calling them pirates?

2. What is your opinion of the students who made life so unpleasant for Elise? Consider them before, during, and after the battle.

3. Why did the Ursulines, most of whom were French, have such deep regard for the United States and show such loyalty to her cause?

4. If you knew nothing about the Catholic Faith but had been taken into the chapel at New Orleans on the night before the battle, what ideas do you think you would have formed concerning the Catholic religion?

5. How do you suppose the women and girls in the chapel were affected when the silence was broken by Mother Olivier's vow? by the messenger's announcement of victory?

6. What idea have you formed of General Jackson's character after reading this story?

7. What, would you say, were Sister Saint Angela's outstanding characteristics?

8. What do you think of Elise?

Blue Valentine

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentinus,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect
And I kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,
Nor that of your shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me now to address you.
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.

It is like the light coming through blue stained glass,
Yet not quite like it,
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton, infantile, wise
And noble.

She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue—
I think that her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I would love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you, say to her:
"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

JOYCE KILMER

Westward

I. *West-Coast Pioneers*

From Canada to Mexico the Sundown Slope—those brightly beautiful states of California, Oregon, and Washington—abounds in Catholic churches and schools. Splendid seminaries, wide-terraced academies, stately high schools, and hundreds of parish schools, big and little, rise on its hills or nestle in its valleys. All the way along the wide highroad which runs the length of the west coast gleams the Cross of Christ.

Set on the hillcrests and in the valleys by heroic men and women, these crosses tell stories of high courage. They tell the tales of old Franciscans who trod the roads of California with Father Junipero Serra; of Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul who crossed the Great Plains and the Rockies to care for the orphans of Los Angeles; of Sisters of the Presentation who left their lovely convents in Ireland to dwell in rude little cabins overlooking San Francisco Bay that they might teach the children of the Forty-niners; of Sisters of Providence of Charity and of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary who came down from Canada to teach the children of the pioneers of Washington and Oregon.

Some of these crosses tell a story, sometimes forgotten, but one of the most thrilling of all these records of glorious service. It is the story of the journey to the West of a little band of valiant women, six Sisters of Notre Dame who, more than a hundred years ago, came from their old convent in Namur to build a school in the Oregon wilderness.

II. *In the Oregon Country*

The Oregon country was the promised land of the western pioneer. Across plains and mountains it called men and women to its fast-flowing rivers, its green forests, its sheltered

valleys. If it was far, it was also friendly. For within it waited Doctor John McLoughlin, already earning, by his welcoming justice and charity, his title of "the Father of Oregon."

Six feet and four inches tall, with flowing white hair and white beard, which led the Indians to call him White Eagle, Doctor John McLoughlin commanded the Northwest as a "factor," or manager, of the territory of The Honourable the Company of the Hudson's Bay. So good was his management that in the twenty-two years while he was the factor, no Indian trouble broke out in Oregon. British in his own citizenship and Anglican in his religion, he was nevertheless the friend and helper of American settlers, and, in particular, of the American missionaries, Catholic, Methodist, and Presbyterian.

The coming of settlers to the Oregon valleys brought the need of schools. Father Pierre-Jean De Smet of the Society of Jesus, apostle of the Rockies and missionary to all the American Northwest, believed with Doctor McLoughlin that a Catholic school must be started in one of the new settlements. There were no Sisters then available in the United States; and so Father De Smet went back to his native Belgium to find a community willing to send teaching Sisters to the Oregon country.

He found them in Namur, that old gray city which had already seen and would see so many more struggles for freedom. The Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur offered to send six of their number out to the Western wilderness. With the blessing of the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Joachim Vincent Pecci, whom the world was later to know as Pope Leo XIII, they set out from Antwerp in the Low Countries.

As the ship drew away from the wharf, the Sisters saw a crescent moon gleaming in the western sky. "Our Lady's Lantern," said Sister Mary Catherine. "It will light us on our way."

They were to see the crescent moon seven times before they came to the end of their voyage to Oregon.

The Sisters took with them their habits, the tools of their teaching, and a few cherished holy pictures and statues. They took the piano of Sister Aloysia, and it served as an altar during the long voyage across and down the Atlantic, around Cape Horn, and up the Pacific. Most amazing of all their baggage, they took a goat which Father De Smet had bought for them in one of the Netherlands towns where the boat put in before facing the storms of the North Sea.

The goat, Father De Smet told them, would give them milk, so that they would not have to drink the strong black coffee which was part of the ship's meals. The trouble was that no one of the Sisters had ever milked a goat. Sister Loyola, leader of the band, assigned the actual milking task to Sister Mary Catherine. With the help of Sister Norbertine, who held the goat's horns, and Sister Albertine, who held the bucket for the milk, the task was done; but there were many times when the combination of bucking goat

and bucking ship caused the Sisters to be entirely willing to drink black coffee.

The voyage from Amsterdam to Oregon took seven months. Off the coast of France storms raged over the sailing ship. The Sisters saw a spouting whale, a beautiful dolphin cast on deck, a shark, a school of fish following the vessel. A Dutch prison ship passed them, bound for Batavia. Shipwrecked sailors from a French boat promised to take back messages to Namur. On Saint Valentine's Day they passed the equator and heard the crew cheer for the "fire of Neptune." In the distant darkness they saw a column of fire rising, but it was only a barrel of dried peas which the sailors had set on fire as they set it afloat. They saw the play with which the sailors greeted the pretended appearance of Neptune, the old Greek god of the sea; and they were soaked by the deluge of water which the sailors threw on everyone on board the ship.

For a day they were followed by a pirate. The captain armed the crew. Father De Smet led the Sisters in prayer until the pirate ship disappeared.

Floating icebergs of the South Atlantic rose around them. Masses of ice rose like mountains out of the sea. As they rounded Cape Horn, terrible winds struck the little ship. The hurricane tore the furled sails into ribbons. For an entire week no one but the sailors could go on deck. Death stared them in the face.

Off the rocky shores of Patagonia the most terrible of all the storms struck them. Father De Smet went to the Sisters, offering to hear their confessions. He found them calm and unterrified. "Nothing troubles us, Father," Sister Aloysia said. "The Lord may dispose of us as He pleases."

The wind changed, and the sea fell quiet. As the clouds lifted, the sailors saw that the ship had almost run on treacherous rocks. Another quarter-hour would have rushed them

to destruction. One of the ship's officers asked Sister Mary Catherine if she had felt no fear.

"No," she said. "Our Superiors did not send us to be the food of fishes. They sent us to teach the children of Oregon."

On the west coast of South America, Valparaiso, rising terrace on terrace, with flowering gardens and beautiful houses like the homes of Spain, offered them a pleasant rest from the long voyage. It offered them more than that when the citizens of the city asked them to remain. Messengers from Rio de Janeiro invited them to go to Brazil. When they reached Lima, the Peruvian authorities implored them to remain there in the lovely city of Saint Rose. These invitations must have been tempting, for the South American cities had already flowered into fine civilization, with splendid buildings, libraries, universities; but the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur had been sent to teach the children of Oregon, and on to Oregon they went.

They crossed the equator for the second time. In the Tropic of Cancer their provisions gave out. The sailors grumbled. The captain fell ill. Even when they started to disembark, their landing was delayed by ill winds. At last, on the feast day of Saint Ignatius Loyola, they came to the Oregon shore.

Through Astoria, the old American fur-trading post, they made their way to Fort Vancouver. There they were welcomed by Doctor John McLoughlin, "the Lion of the North," as they called him. Doctor McLoughlin had already become a Catholic, led to the Faith by the noble example of Father De Smet's work among the Indians. He himself had given aid to all immigrants to Oregon, both Canadians and Americans. He had fed and clothed them, lent to them farm implements and farm animals, given them credit for food and supplies. In every possible way he helped the settlers

of Oregon to build their community. He helped the Sisters as he had helped others, even having a large boat built for them so that they would not have to travel the river in frail Indian canoes.

In this boat they went to the place on the Willamette River which was to be the site of their school. They spent a night on a sandbank, where they were drenched by mists and tormented by mosquitoes. At the Mass of Thanksgiving for safety the insects were so thick that the Sisters could not see the priest. The last five miles of their journey had to be made by wagon over roads rougher than the oceans.

They came at last to their destination, a large and dirty shack which had been the home of thirty half-breed boys. Like Saint Teresa of Avila, they spent their first hours of residence in their new convent by giving it a thorough cleaning. Sister Mary Catherine undertook the community washing. Luckily some good-natured squaws came to her aid. Other squaws helped Sister Mary Cornelia to find, under a coating of years of dirt, the floor of a building which could be used for a church. Three of the Sisters fell ill with malaria, and Mother Loyola cared for them.

For weeks the house of the Sisters had no doors or windows. It was not plastered. The Sisters brought moss from the woods to stop up the holes in the roof. They hung matting on the walls of the chapel to shut out the cold.

With their own hands they built a new house and a new school. They took in hundreds of pupils, Indians and whites. They cared for them, protected them. Mountain lions and wolves came near. Once a panther leaped into the garden, but leaped out again. The Sisters taught—and did all the work. Their pupils, one of the Sisters wrote home to Namur, acted like spectators rather than helpers.

Little by little, the Sisters planted an orchard in the

wilderness into which they had come. The school prospered. So did the farm which the teachers worked, spading and irrigating the hard soil. In time, Sister Norbertine planted thirteen hundred fruit trees in the orchard. The fruit of these trees was a forerunner of the great crop which Oregon sends all over the world.

"These trees began to bear," one of the Sisters wrote, "the year we left for California."

For, driven by circumstances over which they had no control, they had to give up their Oregon mission. First of all, their friend and benefactor, Doctor John McLoughlin, was forced out of his factor's post with the Hudson's Bay Company on the charge that he had favored Americans too much. Through all the years of McLoughlin's rule there had been no Indian trouble. Then came the massacre, when the Protestant missionary Whitman and his wife were killed by some of the Cayuse tribe who were living at the Whitman mission. A Catholic missionary saved the life of Whitman's associate, Spalding, but Spalding's misrepresentations about Catholic missionaries caused trouble which lasted a long time in Oregon.

For all the trouble, the school kept on. Then, suddenly, came the news of the finding of gold in California. Immediately all the Oregon settlements boiled with excitement. Men from all parts of the world were coming to the gold fields. Why should not the men of Oregon, with the least distance to go, set out for them? On foot or in ships they started for the gold fields of California, leaving their wives to manage their farms in Oregon and trusting their children to the care of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Few of the men ever came back.

The women managed the farms poorly. The harvest was small. Fuel was scarce that winter. Sister Mary harnessed an old blind horse and, with two children, broke her way

through the forests, gathering firewood while they heard the cries of wolves.

Sister Mary Cornelia and the other Sisters went out into the fields in the next year. They tilled the ground. They sowed seeds. They cultivated the fields. Then, when the harvest was ready, they reaped with scythes. By their work they saved not only themselves, but the whole community from famine.

In the next year came the cholera. First the children fell ill. To nurse them the Sisters went without sleep for days and nights. Then they too fell ill. When they recovered, they found the mothers and children gone from the settlement. Sadly the Sisters realized that there was no further need for their missionary service.

After eight years of struggle they closed the school. They said good-by sadly to the few Indians left there. Even more sadly they said good-by to the old "Lion of the North," already suffering those injustices which for a long time clouded his great fame. Wet and cold,—as they had been on the first night of their coming to Oregon,—they went out from the place that they had made holy, the place where other missionaries would one day come.

Sadly they boarded the boat which was to take them away from the Oregon country. They were going to California because California was then the place of greatest need for their services. As they went, a crescent moon shone over the Oregon pines.

"Our Lady's Lantern," said Sister Mary Catherine. "It lighted us here. It will light us the rest of the way."

ARRANGE IN ORDER

All the major ideas contained in part II of "Westward" are listed here. Have you read well enough to be able to arrange them in order? If you have difficulty in doing so, reread the selection.

Men of Oregon sought gold
Welcomed by Doctor McLoughlin
Sisters had variety of baggage
Journey to the mission
Oregon was land of promise
Dangers of voyage
Sisters' work in agriculture
Cholera patients nursed by Sisters
The new home in Oregon
Doctor McLoughlin a great man
Invitations to remain in South America
Sisters built school in which they taught
Difficulties with the goat
Oregon reached
Women of Oregon farmed badly
Schools needed in Oregon
Sights seen on voyage
Farewell to Oregon
Sisters of Notre Dame secured for teachers
Doctor McLoughlin deprived of position
School closed
Sisters prevented famine by farming

Pioneer Sister

All the way across the United States, in old settlements and in young territories, pioneer Catholic Sisters have helped to build the nation. Like the Sisters in Oregon, Sisters in other places cut down trees, cleared fields, put up houses and schools. All the while they labored at their greater task, the teaching of children. Their double work has been well described in this poem about Mother Seton at Emmitsburg.

Hers was a country where the axes rang
To hew a vista letting in the sun;
The logs had hardly fallen when they sprang
Foursquare and fragrant—and the house was done.
Something is lost that she knew when our land
Had to be cleared and set with barriers,
For wheat-fields wave only when fences stand,
And water only flows from springs like hers.
Thickets of tangled thought are on us now,
The springs are choked and all the fences down.
She must have known, and planned with placid brow
Outposts in many a countryside and town,
Where nuns in softer days might still pioneer—
Facing in each young mind a new frontier.

ALFRED BARRETT, S.J.

Gabriel Richard, Member of Congress

I. *Freedom of Speech and Press*

Today in our land men may speak and write anything which does not violate the rights of other men.

This right, set down within the Constitution of the United States, is one of our most important safeguards of liberty. For, if men were not able to speak and write in defense of their beliefs, how could a democracy survive?

It was the Virginian statesmen who insisted that the right of a free press and of free speech be placed in our Constitution. They had already put it in their own Bill of Rights. This right has been kept secure and strengthened by the courage of thousands of men who dared express their beliefs, even when they knew that such expression might bring persecution upon them.

Among these men were many of the pioneer priests of the American frontier. Noteworthy among them was a pioneer priest of Michigan, an alien who became an American citizen and later suffered imprisonment for that citizenship, a writer who established the first press west of the Allegheny Mountains, a teacher who helped to found the University of Michigan, a representative in Congress, and a pastor whose parish covered what is today a great state.

To Father Gabriel Richard, not only the people of Michigan, but all citizens of the United States owe a debt of gratitude. His story, a tale of adventure, of patient daring, of respect for truth and right, is one of the reasons why freedom lives in our nation.

SELECT AND TELL

Select the topic sentences in the paragraphs above. Using them as a guide, tell the class what you have learned from this reading about freedom of speech and press.

II. *Father Gabriel Richard*

Once a land only of blue lakes and blowing sand dunes, of green pine forests and swift-flowing rivers, the state of Michigan is now one of the great workshops of the world.

Where the canoe of the *voyageur* beached near the big rapids of a rushing river stand huge factories for the making of furniture. Where the pear trees of the French settlers blossomed against the stone walls of the gardens of Detroit throb and hum the vast plants for the making of motorcars and airplanes. Where a half-dozen Indian trails crossed the vast expanse of broken country between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, between Ohio and Lake Superior, there now run hundreds of highways and railways.

Only the lakes and the dunes, the forests and the swift-flowing rivers, look as they did in the time—more than a hundred years ago—when the state of Michigan was one parish. This was the parish of Sainte Anne, with one priest for pastor, teacher, missionary, builder, and leader. For all the years which have sailed like ships past the Straits of Mackinac and the Narrows of the St. Clair, the state of Michigan still reverences the memory of its great pioneer, Father Gabriel Richard.

Upon the front of its city hall the council of Detroit placed statues of four men who had, in earlier times, done more than other men for the settlement. They named them in the order of their coming: Marquette, the missionary; La Salle, the explorer; Cadillac, the founder of the city; and Father Gabriel Richard. Three of them died, as they had lived, citizens of France. Father Richard, born in France, came to the United States after the nation was established and became one of the most useful citizens of his dangerous and daring time.

He was a young priest, recently ordained, at the Sulpician

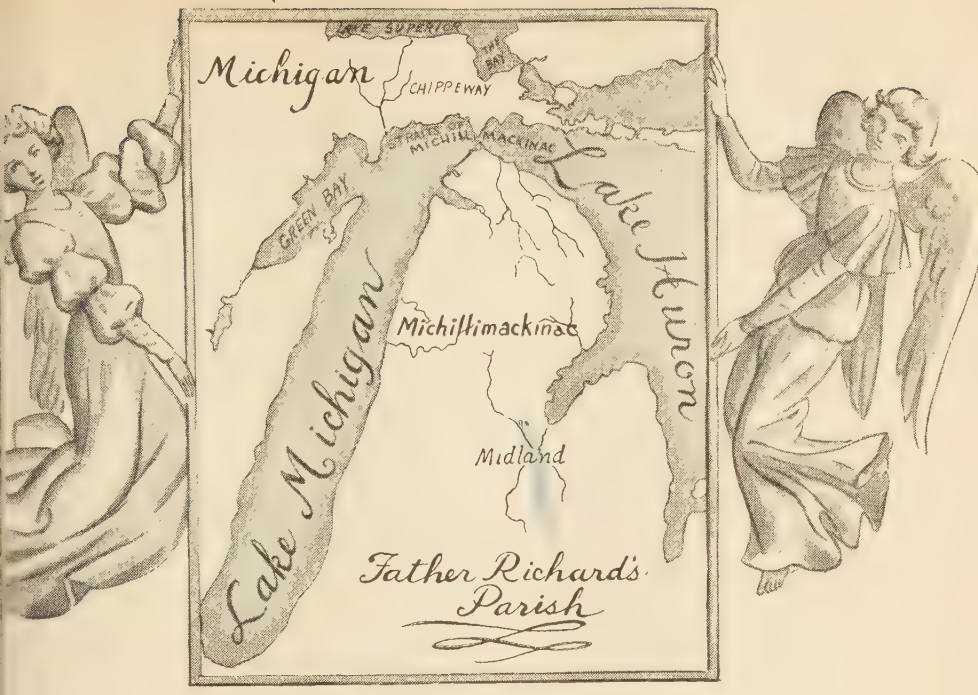
Seminary of Issy, near Paris, when the French Revolution broke out. The terrors of that time sent to this country a group of young priests who were destined to spread the Gospel of Christ through the far stretches of the American wilderness. To Father Richard was assigned the post at Kaskaskia, which had once been Father Gibault's. From there he was sent by Bishop John Carroll to the parish of Sainte Anne in Detroit.

The parish of Sainte Anne extended from Lake Erie to the Sault Sainte Marie, and from Lake Huron and its islands to Lake Michigan and the neighborhood of Chicago. Most of its parishioners were French traders. In Detroit there was a group of families descended from the French nobility who clung to the French language and to French manners and customs. Scarcely a dozen persons of the English-speaking population of the town were Catholics.

The town of that time, 1798, was one of the wildest on the frontier, a place where, at certain times of the year, Indians and whites, hunters and traders from the forests, came to sell or buy furs and firearms. At those times Detroit became a group of camps where both Indians and whites celebrated their trading with high carnival. One of Father Richard's first activities was the improvement of conditions in these camps. His success in this one-man campaign won for him the admiration of all law-abiding citizens of the town.

That work done, he set out on a trading schooner to visit the farther parts of his parish. He went to Mackinac Island, to the islands of the Georgian Bay, and to the Sault Sainte Marie. He returned to Detroit in time to prepare five hundred persons, in ages varying from thirteen to eighty years, for Confirmation by the Bishop, who came all the way from Montreal to administer the Sacrament.

Father Richard then started upon the labor which was



to become the foundation of a great educational system. He established not only a parish school, but also an academy for young ladies and a seminary for young men. There were no Sisters in Detroit at the time, and Father Richard had to train young women for teaching in the academy. With an assistant he taught the seminary. He himself did all the teaching in the parish school.

And what he taught!

In both French and English he taught his students how to read and write, how to do arithmetic, how to locate the countries of the world and to know something of their histories. Then, deciding that boys and girls needed more training than this for the daily work of living, he taught them trades and handicraft arts. He brought spinning wheels into the classrooms. He showed boys how to work in metal. He trained them in carpentry. Most wonderful of all, he brought a printing press from Baltimore—perhaps

the first brought over the Alleghenies—and, after using it for the publication of the first Catholic newspaper in the area now the United States, employed it to teach printing to his students at Sainte Anne's.

His use of the printing press was only one of the civic activities of Father Gabriel Richard. He could not speak English well for a long, long time; but he persisted in learning the language, as well as in teaching it. He was invited by the governor of the Territory of Michigan and by other officials to lecture to them in the English language. He held town meetings every Sunday afternoon in the Council House, and lectured to people of all creeds upon Christian principles and their relation to good citizenship. It was his belief that every man who knew the truth should do all in his power to spread the truth. Thanking God for the right of freedom of speech which he enjoyed under the American Constitution, he never used speech, either public or private, for anything but good.

His published work was inspired by the same high motive. He would print, he said, as much as he could, but he would print only what would help his fellowmen. He published, in addition to the short-lived Catholic newspaper, several books in both French and English, one of them a spelling book, another a catechism, and some books of stories based on Christian doctrine.

Sainte Anne's church, school, rectory, and other parish buildings burned to the ground. Father Richard rebuilt them. Troubles piled on troubles for him. His earnest loyalty to the American government won him enemies, even in his own parish. Bishop Flaget, who had also been a refugee from the French Revolution, rode all the way from Bardstown, Kentucky, to Detroit to help Father Richard settle one difficulty. Through everything Father Richard never faltered in his devotion to God and country.

In the War of 1812, although he was a noncombatant, he was arrested by the British and thrown into jail in Windsor, across the river from Detroit and on Canadian soil. There he generously used his great friendship with the Indian chiefs in order to save other American prisoners from torture. It is said that the Indian chief Tecumseh, the ally of the British, insisted upon Father Richard's release.

He came back to Detroit to find the people threatened with famine. From his knowledge of his parish he knew where food might be bought, and he went out and bought it with money of his own. "As long as the scarcity lasted," wrote one of the men he had helped, "Father Richard was the living providence of the destitute."

Always interested in education, he joined after the war with the Reverend James Monteith, a Presbyterian minister of Detroit, to found the institution which has become the University of Michigan.

Of even deeper concern to him, however, was the condition of the men and women who were passing through Detroit on their way to the homes which they sought in the West. The opening of the Erie Canal poured great numbers of these immigrants into Detroit. There, in a narrow bottleneck of traffic, tricksters got their money by false pretenses. Innkeepers charged exorbitant prices for miserable rooms. Thieves stole from the travelers. Everywhere in the town could be seen misery and disappointment caused by greed.

Father Richard, always the shepherd of his flock, sought to remedy the situation. He soon realized that the only real cure for it was to get the immigrants out of the settlement and on their farms as quickly as possible. To do this, roads must be built westward from the city, roads which would give the immigrants opportunity to drive their little Canadian ponies out to the lands which they sought for homes. Early and late, the pastor of Sainte Anne's went through the

town, talking, talking, talking about this evident need; but, as he talked, he helped the strangers. He found food and shelter for them. He advised them whom to trust. He guided them out on trails to farms along the Raisin and the Rouge rivers. He broke down the rule of dishonest judges, who joined in trying to cheat the settlers. For at least two years, while the westward rush continued, Father Richard was a tall, gaunt figure of justice, standing at the western crossroads.

Then someone in Detroit had the idea that a man who did so much for his community at home should be the representative of that community in Congress. In 1823 he was elected as representative from the Territory of Michigan. His campaign was one of the most hotly fought which that territory had ever seen; and it was noteworthy that he was elected largely by the votes of his non-Catholic neighbors.

In the Congress of the United States, in the years 1823 and 1824, Father Richard served upon Capitol Hill with some of the giants of American statesmanship: Henry Clay, James Buchanan, Sam Houston, John Randolph, and Daniel Webster. Always he moved among them with quiet dignity; but he sometimes broke the quiet by a speech which rang out his demands for justice, not only for his own people in Michigan, but for all the nation.

"Build roads!" was his cry. Build a road, a military road, between Detroit and Chicago. Build a road to Lake Michigan. Build a road to the Grand River Valley. Build a road up along Lake Huron. Build, build, build that men and women may find new homes, that through these homes the nation may grow wide in size, as it is great in its foundation. Because the men in Congress heard and heeded him, they voted for the roads; and the course of the republic moved westward, not sluggishly now, but fast, with the

Conestoga wagons racing where once the little Canadian ponies had made their difficult way.

Father Richard died as he had lived—in the service of his fellowmen. When Asiatic cholera, one of the most terrible of all plagues, came to Detroit in the summer of 1832, Father Richard devoted himself to the sick and dying. For two months he allowed himself no real rest. He turned one of the church buildings into a hospital. There he nursed everyone brought to him. Day and night, he went through the streets on his way to the bedsides of those who summoned him. He scorned caution, ran all risks. "Who am I," he once asked, "to deny the call of anyone for whom my Savior died?" He himself died as he would have wished, helping others in the name of Christ, Who helps all men.

The parish of Sainte Anne still stands in the city of Detroit. Its boundaries now are measured by city blocks, not by the four Great Lakes which Father Richard sailed to visit his parishioners. Great factories have risen within it. Tens of thousands of men and women go to work every day through streets which were only trails in the old days.

A new civilization, a civilization of wheels and engines and motors, lies above the old ways of canoes and sailing boats and blossoming pear trees in the French gardens; but the Cross of Christ still gleams above the river that was once the river of the *voyageurs.*

CLASSIFY

Religion, education, and citizenship are closely related. Each one has an effect upon the others. This fact is well illustrated in the story you have read. Yet, if you undertook to write about Father Richard solely as a priest, a teacher, or a citizen, you would have to select certain events and activities of his life as being of special value for that purpose.

Classify the information you have gained about Father Richard under three headings: the things which he did or the things which happened to him as a priest, as a teacher, and as a citizen.

Priest	*Teacher*	*Citizen*
1. Ordained in France	1. Established parish school in Detroit	1. Improved conditions in Detroit camps

Western Wagons

They went with ax and rifle, when the trail was still to blaze,
They went with wife and children, in the prairie-schooner days,
With banjo and with frying pan—Susannah, don't you cry!
For I'm off to California to get rich out there or die!

We've broken land and cleared it, but we're tired of where we are.
They say that wild Nebraska is a better place by far.
There's gold in far Wyoming, there's black earth in Ioway.
So pack the kids and blankets, for we're moving out today!

The cowards never started and the weak died on the road,
And all across the continent the endless campfires glowed.
We'd taken land and settled—but a traveler passed by—
And we're going West tomorrow—Don't ever ask us why!

We're going West tomorrow, where the promises can't fail,
O'er the hills in legions, boys, and crowd the dusty trail!
We shall starve and freeze and suffer. We shall die, and tame the lands.
But we're going West tomorrow, with our fortunes in our hands.

ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Blazing the Telegraph Trail

I. *The Widened Ways of the News*

Every day American newspapers and radio bring to the American people news of events which have happened only a few hours before in nearly every part of the world. We have become so used to this service that everyone is likely to forget that less than a hundred years ago nothing like this was possible. The telegraph had just been invented, and the telephone and the radio were not yet in existence. News was still being sent by word of mouth, by post, by signal fires, by use of the sun's rays, by smoke signals, by semaphores, just as it had been for thousands of years.

The invention of the electric telegraph by Samuel F. B. Morse was the first successful attempt to bridge great distances. With the use of the telegraph, men could send, within the space of a few minutes, messages which would otherwise have taken weeks.

Since the invention of the telegraph have come ocean cables, the telephone, radio, television. A message may now circle the globe within a few seconds. These services are so important to mankind that the companies operating them have been classified by the government of the United States as public utilities, subject to regulation by a government commission.

The history of the invention and the extension of these means of communication is a story of the patience and ingenuity of men. There is one story concerned with the extension of the telegraph which is also a tale of great daring. It is the story of Edward Creighton, who, as a boy, drove a team on the Cumberland Road, and who, as a man, took the telegraph across deserts and mountains to the Sundown Slope of the United States.

II. *The Trail to the Sundown Slope*

The Old West was a land of mighty men: Lewis and Clark, pushing their way northwestward over plains and mountains and through the raging Hell Gate of Montana; Father De Smet, walking or riding nearly two hundred thousand miles to win the Indian to God; Mike Fink, the fabulous killer of bears; Jim Bridger, strongest of the Mountain Men; Kit Carson, greatest of all guides and scouts, the man who held open the road to California for the wagon trains that helped to build America; and a hundred others, some of less fame but of no less courage, whose deeds made a pattern as bright as sunlight on the Rockies.

No one, going into the land where these men had blazed the trails, could long forget their dangers and their daring. Like the long summit of the Great Divide, they were beacon and challenge. What they had done, others could do. What they had endured, others must endure, if need came. That was the code of the men who followed them; and Edward Creighton, mounting to the box of the westbound stagecoach at the South Platte Crossing on a winter day of 1860, remembered, as always, that code, although he did not yet know that he was on his own way to join the heroic crew of America's destiny.

With creaking of wheels and cracking of whip, the coach rattled through the freezing waters of the muddy, yellow river. Creighton, carefully watching out for quicksands that might swallow up coach and horses and passengers, never once looked back at the piles of mail sacks which topped the swaying vehicle. It was his job to take the mail through rivers, over plains, over mountains, past hostile Indians, all the way to Salt Lake City. Colorado, Wyoming, Utah lay before him, wilderness, with a few forts and stage-stations the only dots of safety upon it. This was his order.

The conductor, seated beside him, was the official authority of the caravan. He made the reports to the division superintendent on the safe transport of mails, express, and passengers, but upon the driver rested the responsibility of the journey. He spoke little to the passengers. His hours were long, his route always dangerous. No matter what happened, the coach had to go on—and it was his job to keep it going.

Wind was rising, and snow was beginning to blow down from the high eaves of the world, as Creighton steadily drove his four horses. There were few stage-stations and fewer settlements between the South Platte Crossing and Fort Laramie. He was due for relief at the fort; but when he came there, the driver who was to take his place was ill. He would have to take the coach on to the next stage-station.

There were Indians around Laramie, Sioux who had come down from the Black Hills, whose pine-clad slopes showed over the wintry plains of Wyoming. Only a little while before the Sioux had massacred men at Fort Laramie. General Harney had defeated Little Thunder and his braves; but there were rumors that the Sioux were again ready to go on the warpath. Creighton, driving westward, peered toward every ridge to see signs of Indian scouts, Sioux or Cheyenne or Arapaho.

The coach was on the Oregon Trail. For years hundreds of thousands of men and women had been going over that trail. Sixty thousand gold-seekers had moved upon it in one wild year. In another year seventy-five thousand oxen and more than six thousand Conestoga wagons had plodded over it. Sixteen thousand Mormons had once marched through its ruts. Now a daily coach service, bridging Atchison, Kansas, with Salt Lake City, ran upon it; and the pony express was soon to come. Nearly a mile wide at

some points, with broken wagons and bleaching bones marking its course, the trail was the one great highway to the coast which men called the Sundown Slope, the way to green Oregon and golden California.

Creighton, keeping westward, went through Horseshoe Station and through Sweetwater Creek. He came to Independence Rock. A passenger left the coach. A relief driver should have been waiting. Again there was no one; and Creighton still held the reins, although the horses had been changed time and again.

On the way the coach rolled past prairie-dog towns, past herds of buffaloes, past deer and antelope grazing on the cold, short grass of the wintry hills. Sometimes it went through hostile Indian country. Then the conductor pulled down all the shades and stood guard over the passengers; but Creighton drove on.

Coyotes howled through the night while passengers tried to sleep upon piled mail sacks. Winds whistled endlessly. Sometimes a wolf loped across the trail. Night, the vast, star-studded night of the West, brought dangers from nature, as soon as the daylight dangers from Indians ended. Through every danger the coach rolled westward.

Through the Devil's Gate and the Devil's Gap, Creighton drove into the mountains. Snow fell deeper. The going grew slower. Wrapped in a great buffalo coat, Creighton held the reins in freezing hands. Through South Pass he took the coach, climbing to the sky. There came a day when he paused upon the summit of the Rockies and saw the glory of that world of high peaks, white with snow and ice. The Continental Divide! The Top of the Western world! Behind him lay one land of dangers passed. Before him lay another land of dangers to come.

Near the Wind River Mountains he passed the grave of Sakajawea, the Indian woman who had guided Lewis and

Clark. He crossed the frozen Green River and came to Fort Bridger. A driver at Fort Bridger offered to take on the stage to Salt Lake City; but Creighton, almost as if he knew what chance of fortune awaited him in that town, refused. He let his horses take their own course through the twenty miles of Echo Cañon, the one good road of the long journey. Then, one day at sunset, he came to the summit of Big Mountain, and saw Salt Lake City, fifteen miles away, in the heart of a vast picture of glowing mountain peaks.

Salt Lake City was then only a little more than ten years old, but it was already a busy and thriving town. The Mormons, driven out of some of the Eastern states, had journeyed across the plains and mountains, and, after fearful hardships, had built this city. For a time it was the capital of what the Mormons called the State of Deseret; but the United States had divided this so-called state and had declared part of it to be the Territory of Utah. The city, however, had continued to grow under the leadership of Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church. It was then a town of good buildings and the promise of better. Open streams of clear water flowed at the sides of its wide streets. Homes, schools, church buildings, business blocks, were already filling its broad acres.

"Here's the end of our road," Edward Creighton said to his conductor; but it was not to be the end of the road for him.

Three years later Edward Creighton came again into Salt Lake City. He came at the crucial time when a group of men was trying to find a way to link the Far West with the East by means of the telegraph. The telegraph line of that year was already crossing the plains. Creighton knew more about the building of telegraph lines than most men. He had left his native Ohio for a job of setting telegraph poles through Missouri and Kansas. He had done more of

that work in Nebraska. In Salt Lake City, when he chanced to meet men who wanted to know about what was necessary for the building of a telegraph line, he could speak with authority.

He told these men that, first of all, they needed a survey of the country between Salt Lake City and the Sundown Slope. How could they estimate the cost of poles, the cost of labor, the cost of equipment, unless they knew the conditions under which the builders would work? Did they have someone to make that survey, someone whose judgment and experience they could trust?

They had no one. They needed such a man, and needed him immediately, for already there was rumor that a group of Californians would try to come eastward with a telegraph line. Creighton was not interested in that situation, but he was interested in another associated with the building of the telegraph to the Pacific coast. Already it was almost certain that the nation would be torn apart by a civil war. If it came, it was vital that the Union should be certain that California was part of that Union. The lack of communication was keeping that new state apart from the East. If the telegraph line could be built soon, it might hold the Golden State in the Union.

"You'll have to move fast," Creighton told the telegraph promoters, "as fast as you can get your man."

Through Salt Lake City they sought the man for the surveying job. Everywhere they went they got one answer: Edward Creighton. What if he did not know the country to the westward? Had he not brought in the stagecoach all the way from the South Platte Crossing? Had he not always finished any job he had undertaken? Get Creighton, said the Mormons. Get Creighton, said the others.

Creighton himself said he could not do the job. He knew the plains. He knew the Black Hills. He knew the Rockies.

He did not know the Nevada deserts. He did not know the Humboldt River country. He did not know the Sierras. He was not the man, he said. He was going back to Nebraska.

He did not go back to Nebraska for a long, long time. Instead he set out from Salt Lake City to the westward. This time he was not driving the four horses of a coach, horses which would be changed at each stage-station. He was riding a horse, and that horse would have to carry him all the way to California.

He skirted the edge of the Great Salt Lake. He crossed an alkali desert, waterless for miles upon miles. He rode all day and every day, stopping at night at a stage-station or camping beside the trail. Sometimes the California coach, going or coming, passed him; but he kept his way alone.

That way led him through the Utah desert, a vast, treeless place which looked like an ocean with ashes for its waves. Even the sagebrush and the Joshua trees were forever gray with its eternal dust. Sometimes the great sunset clouds looked like lakes; but the water he glimpsed in this way was never real. Creighton carried water for himself and his horse in his saddlebags. He got what food he could at the stage-stations; but there came a time when he had to go off the stagecoach run to find a shorter route for the telegraph. Then he faced dangers of hunger, thirst, and the loss of his horse. Twice the horse fell, but the rider got him up. Once, walking, he led the tired animal for many miles across the desert.

What Creighton endured no one but he ever knew. He was a quiet man who seldom told anything but the results of his work. Not even at the end of his journey did he boast of his great deed in having made it. His story has been built from the stories of many men who never did what he did, never accomplished what he accomplished, but who went over the trail that he blazed.

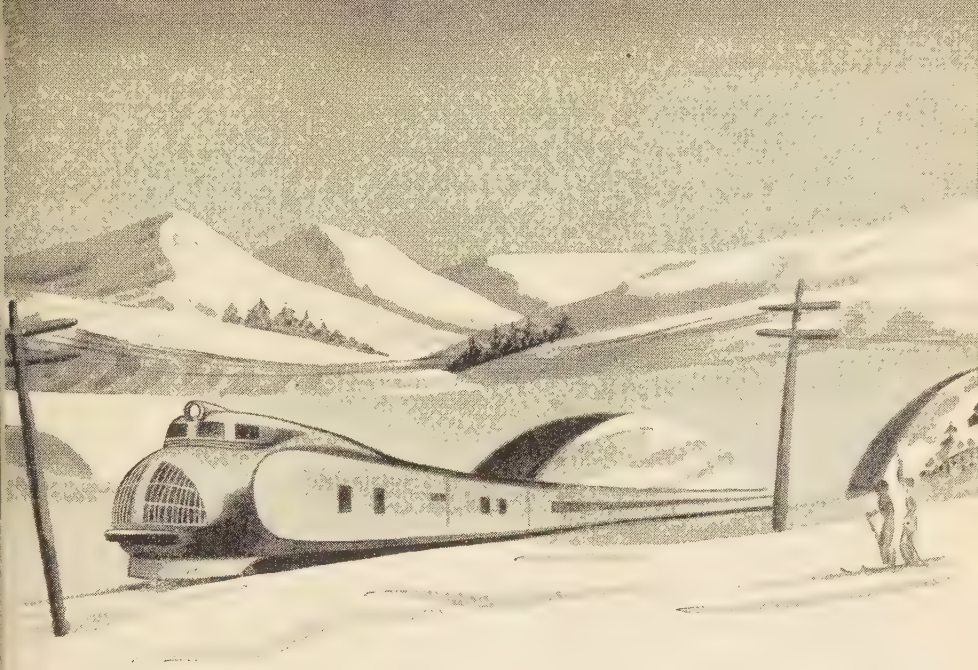
He met hostile Indians more savage than the Sioux. He went through cañons where desperadoes lay in wait for passing travelers. He followed the twists and turns of the Humboldt River. He crossed the Great American Desert, vaster and more terrifying than the desert in Utah, a limitless plain of sagebrush and greasewood. Winter winds drove sand and alkali dust against him, and three times pulled the skin from his face. He was so bruised and battered by the time he came to Carson City that miners there begged him to wait until he was healed; but as soon as his horse was rested, he went on.

He climbed the high Sierras and saw the camps of the Forty-niners. Then, below him, he saw the valley of the Sacramento. The worst of his journey was done. He got down from his horse and knelt upon the mountainside. "Thank God," he said. "Thanks be to God!" That was all he ever told of his own story.

The rest of Edward Creighton's story is a tale not of one man but of many men. He met in San Francisco the Californians planning to bring the telegraph from west to east, and brought back to Salt Lake City the terms that they offered the Eastern promoters. These men asked Creighton to undertake the building of the line westward from his own surveys. He started the building on July 4, 1861.

That work was a gigantic task. Everything was hard to get, poles, equipment, laborers. The Mormons, who undertook some of the job, worked as they pleased, not as the task demanded. They were, they said reasonably, farmers, not road laborers. In despair Creighton went to Brigham Young, explaining to him the national need of the telegraph. Young gave orders that every Mormon should stay on his job. The telegraph was finished; and California linked with the East.

Edward Creighton's work in the surveying and building of the telegraph across deserts and mountains of the West



did more than open a quick means of communication. The telegraph was one of the most important elements in the unification of East and West in that time of national peril, the Civil War. Had it not been for the telegraph, there could not have existed the speed of communication which caused quick, unified action; and had it not been for this unified action, the Civil War might have had a different ending, an ending which could have split the nation in two. Edward Creighton's work was therefore far more than adventure. It was a great national service in citizenship.

Today shining streamliners flash past long miles of telegraph poles on deserts and mountains between the Missouri River and the Golden Gate. Most of the tens of thousands who travel every year over the road he pioneered have never heard of Edward Creighton. There is, however, hardly one of them who does not owe something of his ease in travel to the man who once used his freedom to finish his job of self-chosen service for the nation he loved. Mule-skinner, stagecoach-driver, ranger, and scout, builder of

highways and telegraph trails, Edward Creighton, son of an Irish farmer, linked the Old West of the plains and mountains, of Indians and buffalo-hunters, of Carson and Bridger, of the Mountain Men, and Father De Smet, with the New West of vast ranches, of great power plants, of airplanes gleaming in the sun, the New West which is still the clean slate of the wide-flung world.

TOPIC SENTENCES AND SKIMMING

Often you have need to recall what you have read. Skimming through a story will help you to do this. If the selection has topic sentences, as this one has, you will be fortunate, for then, by glancing over the topic sentence of each paragraph, you can get a quick review of the whole.

Go through this selection quickly, looking only for topic sentences. Then notice how much clearer the story has become to you.

SAID IN NEW WAYS

There are expressions in this selection that you will want to understand, if you have not already found their meaning. By giving attention to word usage in this way you will build your vocabulary and develop your power of expression.

Read and explain each of the following:

fabulous killer of bears
deeds made a pattern as bright as sunlight
they were beacon and challenge
heroic crew of America's destiny
pine-clad slopes
vast, star-studded night
clean slate of the wide-flung world

Kit Carson

I was nine when my father died,
  Killed by a falling limb;
Daniel Boone was my father's friend—
  Maybe you've heard of him.

He and his kind were my teachers, then—
  Trapper, hunter, and guide;
They taught me to shoot and to speak the truth;
  I taught myself to ride.

Woodsman I was till I saw the plains,
  And I saddled and rode away
To the little old Injun town of Taos
  And the city of Santa Fe.

Plainsman I was till I saw the hills
  And the trails that westward ran
To the farther hills and the farthest hills—
  And I am a mountain man.

Mine were the days of the mountain men,
  The days that are now a dream;
As once we followed the buffalo track
  We followed the beaver stream.

Trapping the beaver on lake and creek
  In woods till then unknown,
We ranged from the Platte to the San Joaquin,
  From the Salt to the Yellowstone.

None knew the roads through the desert dust,
  The trails of cliff and glen,
None knew the paths to the western sea
  But we that were mountain men!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The one story of the boyhood of Jesus Christ told in the Gospels is the story of His appearance before the doctors in the Temple of Jerusalem.

He had come with His Mother and with Saint Joseph, His foster father, from Nazareth to Jerusalem for the celebration of the great Jewish feast of the Passover. They had traveled, as did all pilgrims of Judea, in one of the caravans toward the Holy City which surrounded the Temple. To Him the way, filled with new sights and sounds, could not have seemed long.

The feast of the Passover lasted for seven days, but the Jewish law required only that the first day should be observed. Some pilgrims went home after the first day, but it is probable that the pilgrims from Nazareth stayed longer. Jerusalem was a city which welcomed all pilgrims, offering them food and shelter. It was a city of marvelous beauty, a city of deep learning. There, on the terrace of the Temple, people talked with the Rabbis, the wise doctors of learning who taught them the Law which God had given to Moses.

The pilgrims from Nazareth finally started homeward. They traveled rapidly, for they had many tasks to do at home. They must have gone a day's journey before Mary and Joseph realized that the Child Jesus was not with them. Anxiously they turned back to Jerusalem. For three days, troubled and sorrowing, they sought Him. Then they found Him "sitting in the midst of the doctors."

Young as He was, not only was He listening to the doctors, but He was also asking them questions. Even though He, the Son of God, was the source of all wisdom, He was—in the way of all boys—seeking knowledge. When His Mother asked Him why He had done this, He said to Her, "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

These are the first recorded words of Jesus Christ.

Saint Luke, who wrote the story in the Gospels, tells how the boy Christ astonished the doctors by His wisdom and His answers. There, upon the Temple terrace, on His first public appearance, He gave an example of learning and spreading the truth; and through the ages which have passed over the world since the time of His life in Judea, the Church of Christ has continued to follow His example. Always she has learned from Him the truth of God's law for mankind, and has taught men how to live by that truth.

As early as the first century of the Christian Era the Church was teaching her children. There were schools in the Catacombs, where the Christians took shelter from their pagan oppressors. Through the thousands of schools which the Church established in Europe, she brought the people of that continent from paganism and barbarism to the splendid civilization of the Middle Ages. Through the truth which she taught, she brought freedom to countless peoples; for not only is it true that the truth makes men free, but it is also true that *only* the truth makes men free.

Obligation to learn and spread the truth rests upon all

men. Learning the truth means freedom of education. Spreading the truth means freedom of communication. Learning and spreading the truth are part of the foundation of all democratic government.

In our own country the Constitution has provided, by two amendments, the First and the Fourteenth, that neither Congress nor the legislature of any state shall pass any law to interfere with a citizen's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Supreme Court of the United States has declared that this right entitles people to establish and maintain their own religious schools. Because we Catholics of the nation know the importance of our Catholic schools, we are willing to pay to hold them, although we are also helping to pay, through our taxes, for the public schools.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of radio, freedom of all means of communication, are necessary for the keeping of our democratic government. Every citizen of a democracy has the obligation to learn the truth about public affairs; and the way to learning would be blocked if freedom of communication were blocked. These freedoms must not be misused by anyone, however. They must be kept alive by proper use. Religion teaches this proper use. Without religion, freedom of communication would soon become an evil. The laws of justice and charity must govern our speech and writing.

It was with human wisdom that the Founding Fathers of our nation declared that religion, morality, and knowledge are necessary for good government and the happiness of mankind; but in that human wisdom they were following the Divine Wisdom, which Christ, Our Lord, brought to the world when He brought the truth to make men free.

Tell It Briefly

Prepare a one-minute talk on some one part of the selection that you have just read.

Reread carefully the one or two paragraphs that supply the information that you need for the talk. Add to this some idea or explanation of your own. Make sure that what you say is clear, convincing, and in proper order.

From among the titles listed below, choose the subject of your talk.

The Boy Christ, Model for Citizens
Catholic Schools, Past and Present
The Constitution, Assurance of Liberty
Why Freedom of Communication?
Freedom of Communication Abused

MAKE IT GROW!

Is your vocabulary list growing, and is your speaking vocabulary increasing? Each of these words has been used in Unit V. Can you use each one correctly? Make a list of any that give you trouble. Look up these troublesome words in the Glossary, use them, and test yourself on them tomorrow.

Creole	gigantic	scorned	ingenuity	mule-skinner
infirmary	code	fatigue	skirted	cherished
inviolate	niche	wan	gaunt	persisted
custodian	*prie-dieu*	tension	legions	destitute
exorbitant	pantomime	faltered	Conestoga	desperadoes
cholera	babbled	concern	challenge	forerunner
utilities	entreated	sluggishly	alkali	deluge

The Annunciation

The Angel Gabriel

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

Mary

Who is it speaking in this place,
With such a gentle voice?

Gabriel

The Lord of Heaven is with thee now!
Blessed among all women thou,
Who art His holy choice!

Mary

What can this mean? No one is near,
And yet, such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

Gabriel

Fear not, O Mary! but believe!
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.
Fear not, O Mary! from the sky
The majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee!

Mary

Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
According to Thy holy word,
So be it unto me!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Orestes Brownson Finds the Truth

Orestes Augustus Brownson was a seeker of truth. His childhood was spent among people who were not Catholics. He learned from them, however, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and something of the Catechism. As he grew older, he went from one to another of the Protestant churches, becoming a minister in one of them. His interest in the cause of the workingman made him an important leader of American thought. It also led him into the Catholic Church. During a long lifetime he wrote many fine books. Here is a paragraph from one of them:

I thank God . . . that there are still those who delight to call themselves children of Mary, and to keep alive in our cold, heartless world, the memory of her virtues. While she is loved and reverenced there is hope for society, and most grateful am I to God that the heard reasonings of this reasonless age, and the chilling sneers of the proud, the conceited, the worldly, the corrupt, have not frightened all out of their deep, ardent, and simple devotion to her who is blessed among women. If I have not been able to speak fit words in honor of Our Lady, as I fear I have not, let me at least avow that I honor and cherish, in my heart of hearts, all who honor her, and show their devotion to her, by imitating her virtues. They are the real philanthropists; they are the real moral, the true social reformers, and are doing more for society, for the progress of virtue, intelligence, wisdom, than all our statesmen and philosophers put together.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON

American Laughter

Oh, the men who laughed the American laughter
Whittled their jokes from the rough bull-pines;
They were tall men, sharpened before and after;
They studied the sky for the weather-signs;
They tilted their hats and they smoked long-nines!

Their laughter was ladled in Western flagons
And poured down throats that were parched for more;
This was the laughter of democrat wagons
And homely men at the crossroads store
—It tickled the shawl that a lawyer wore!

It hurt the ears of the dainty and pretty
But they laughed the louder and laughed their fill,
A laughter made for Virginia City,
Springfield, and Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And the river that flows past Hannibal still!

American laughter was lucky laughter,
A coonskin tune by a homespun bard;
It tasted of hams from the smokehouse rafter
And locust trees in the courthouse yard,
And Petroleum Nasby and Artemus Ward!

And the corn grew tall and the fields grew wider,
And the land grew sleek with the mirth they sowed;
They laughed the fat meat into the spider,
They laughed the blues from the Wilderness Road,
—They crossed hard times to the Comstock Lode!

KENNETH ALLEN ROBINSON

VII

We Live by the Law

JUSTICE

So speak and so act as men about to be judged by the law of liberty.

James ii, 12

No person shall be held to answer for a capital,
or otherwise infamous crime,
unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand
jury . . .
nor shall be compelled in any criminal case
to be a witness against himself,
nor to be deprived of life, liberty, or property,
without due process of law.

Bill of Rights, Article V
Constitution of the United States

Dear Land of All My Love

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall grow.

SIDNEY LANIER

Fair Trial

I. *The Law of the Land*

The Constitution of the United States is the law of our nation. It was written by representatives of the people who met in convention at Philadelphia and adopted it on September 17, 1787. It became the fundamental law of the nation in 1789.

Although the Constitution of the United States is an original document, it is nevertheless, like all other such works of man, the sum of many customs and laws which had been in effect for a long time. Much of it is based upon the common law of England, probably that country's best contribution to civilization. Some of it is the direct legal application of the Christian principles set down by Saint Thomas Aquinas and other great teachers of the Church. All of it is founded on the understanding that God is the source of all law, of all authority.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the guardian of the explanation of the Constitution. Upon the members of that court rests the responsibility of telling the people of the nation what the Constitution intends in regard to certain issues. Always members of the Court have striven to do what they have sworn to do, uphold the Constitution of the nation.

There have been many able Chief Justices of the United States; but probably no one of them had more difficult decisions in the course of his long service than Roger Brooke Taney, the successor of John Marshall, and one of the two Catholics to serve on the Supreme Court as Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Taney came to the Court after long service in the law in Maryland; and the story which follows tells an incident of his law practice.

GIVE THE FACTS

Test your memory, as well as the accuracy of your reading, by answering these questions. If necessary, reread in order to get the facts.

1. When did the Constitution become the law of our land?
2. Why is our Constitution a Christian document?
3. Is the Constitution an original document?
4. What is the duty of the members of the Supreme Court?
5. How many Catholics have held the office of Chief Justice?

II. *A Journey for Justice*

Through the thin walls of his room Benjamin Bard could hear the sound of voices, his father's, his mother's, and one which he finally knew was the voice of John Scott, their neighbor. The voices were low, then loud. Benjamin, lying in bed, paid no heed at first to what they were saying. Then, suddenly, a word flashed on his mind, and he turned over so that he could hear better the conversation in the kitchen.

"Then the sheriff arrested him," John Scott was saying. "He brought him in to the Washington County Jail, and there he is, at this very minute."

"Why did the sheriff arrest him?" Benjamin's mother asked.

"I have been telling you," John Scott said, a little impatiently. "He arrested him for what he said at the camp meeting."

"But it was a sermon," Mrs. Bard said. "This Jacob Gruber is a minister, a Methodist Episcopal minister. He came here from Pennsylvania to preach at the meeting. He was only saying what he believed to be true."

"Maybe so," said John Scott; "but what he believes to be true is not what most of the white people around here believe. He talked against slavery."

"Why should he not talk against slavery?" Mrs. Bard demanded. "The law allows a man to speak his mind."

"There were slaves at the camp meeting," John Scott said. "They heard this Methodist minister talking against slavery. Now people are afraid that perhaps the slaves will try to free themselves. That is why someone asked the sheriff to arrest this Jacob Gruber."

"What is the charge against him?" Benjamin's father asked. "What does the warrant for his arrest say that he has done?"

"The warrant says that he incited slaves to rebel against their masters."

"But the slaves have not done that," said Mr. Bard. "Nothing has happened here in Hagerstown since that sermon."

"It might happen," said John Scott.

"Who is Gruber's lawyer?" Mr. Bard inquired.

"He has none," Scott said. "There is not a lawyer in the town who will take his case."

"Is he getting a lawyer from his own town in Pennsylvania?"

"He has no money to send for one."

"What of the people who brought him for the camp meeting?" Mrs. Bard asked.

"They are afraid to do anything," Scott said, "afraid of their neighbors."

"That is unfair," Mrs. Bard declared. "We are Presbyterians, not Methodists. We had nothing to do with bringing Mr. Gruber here, but I feel that he should have a fair trial, with a good lawyer to defend him. Don't you?" she asked her husband.

"Yes," he said, "I do." There was a long silence, through which Benjamin could picture the three in the kitchen staring at one another. Then his father spoke again. "That

young man who came here a month ago with Luther Martin is a good lawyer. Do you remember his name?"

"His name is Taney," Mrs. Bard said. "T-a-n-e-y, you spell it; but you call it Tawney. He is the brother-in-law of Francis Scott Key, who wrote 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' He lives in Frederick."

"Perhaps he would take Gruber's case," said Mr. Bard.

"Taney take that case?" John Scott laughed. "Why, he is one of the real aristocrats of Maryland. He comes from the fox-hunting crowd down in Calvert County. He goes to parties in Annapolis and Baltimore. He knows all the important men in Maryland."

"That is why I think he may take the case," said Benjamin's father. "Some of his acquaintances are the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Anyhow, there would be no harm in asking him to take it."

"Mr. Taney is a Catholic," John Scott said.

"What of it?" said Benjamin's father.

"He may not want to defend a Methodist minister," Scott said.

"Don't be silly, John," said Benjamin's mother.

"Who'll go to ask him?" John Scott cried. "No man here can spare the time to go to Frederick in harvest season, even if he had the money for travel."

"A woman might do it," Benjamin's mother said.

"You?" John Scott laughed again.

"I," she said; and there was no laughter in her tone.

The voices fell low then, and Benjamin heard no more. After a little while a door slammed. John Scott, he thought, had gone. He turned over and slid into sleep.

Before dawn his father awakened him. "Get up, Benjamin," he said. "You have a long journey before you today."

"Journey? Where?" Benjamin asked sleepily. He tumbled out of bed, hurried into clothes, and went to the pump for his morning wash. Not until he saw that his mother was dressed in her Sunday best did he remember what he had heard during the night. "Where are we going?" he asked again.

"You are going with your mother on the stagecoach to Frederick," his father said. "Your mother has an errand there. I cannot leave the farm today; so you must go with her."

"To see Mr. Taney?" Benjamin started to ask, then thought better of the question. "Yes, sir," he said. "Shall I wear my new suit?"

"It might be well," said his father, "on a journey like this."

"It may," said his mother, "be something to remember."

After his father had gone out into the fields, Benjamin and his mother hurried through the household tasks, then walked to the crossroad where the stagecoach to Frederick would stop on signal. They had a long wait, but at last the coach came whirling down the highroad, its red wheels gleaming in the Maryland sunlight. They climbed aboard,

but could not find places together. The swaying of the coach body, the jumping of the springs delighted Benjamin almost as much as the looks of the passengers. He was the only lad aboard! He felt very much older than his years and very important as the coach rolled on over the hills. He was tired, however, by the time they came to Frederick, for twenty-seven miles by stagecoach was, after all, a long journey.

He wondered, as they got down from the coach, if his mother would stay at the hotel. To his delight she took him in and arranged for a room. When they had dined in the hotel dining-room, his mother said: "I must find a lawyer named Mr. Taney. Will you wait for me in the room upstairs until I come back?"

"I'd surely like to go with you," Benjamin said hopefully. "I want to see Mr. Taney."

"Why?" Mrs. Bard asked.

"I heard father say he's a good lawyer, and I want to be a lawyer, too."

His mother seemed to be thinking of her answer, and Benjamin's heart sank in fear that she would refuse him; but she said, "All right, Benjamin, come with me," and led him out into the street.

Frederick Town, set in among the mountains of Maryland, was less of a farm community than was Hagerstown. There were tanneries and flour mills, hat and shoe factories, as well as plants for the making of farm implements. There were a glass factory, a pottery factory, and works for the smelting and casting of iron. There were cloth factories, with big looms for the making of cloth; and there was a plant for the making of books. Dry goods, groceries, and hardware filled many shops. There were even banks and office buildings.

Beyond the business streets stood handsome houses, many of them old, all of them well kept. Frederick Town

was, Benjamin thought, a real city, with its schools and its churches. It was a city, he told himself, which was the right place for a great lawyer; and this Mr. Taney, to whom his mother had come, must really be a great lawyer. He would have to be, the lad decided, to win freedom for the man in the Hagerstown jail.

III. *The Bards Call on Mr. Taney*

Benjamin and his mother found Mr. Taney's office in a building on the main street of the town; but Mr. Taney was not there. His name, Roger Brooke Taney, was on the door, but the door was locked. After Mrs. Bard had knocked upon it, a man came from another office down the hall. "Mr. Taney has gone," he said.

"Will he be back this afternoon?" Mrs. Bard asked.

"No," said the man, "and he goes to Annapolis early in the morning."

"But how can I see him?" Benjamin's mother cried. "I have just come from Hagerstown."

"He lives over there," the man said. He led them to a window and pointed toward a house a little way from the heart of the town. "You may find him at home."

"Will it be all right for me to go to him there?"

"I think he will be willing to meet a client," the man said.

"I am not really a client," Mrs. Bard said, "but I wish to see him on something of importance."

"For someone else?"

Mrs. Bard frowned before she answered. "I think that it is important for everyone who knows anything about it," she said.

"What did you mean by that, Mother?" Benjamin asked her, as they went toward the white cottage which the man had pointed out as Mr. Taney's.

"It is like this, Benjamin," she said. "I have come here to ask a lawyer whom I do not know to take the case of a man whom I never saw. I have come because your father and I believe that everyone is entitled to a fair trial, and the only way Jacob Gruber can have one is by securing a good lawyer. It is important to him that he receive justice; but it is also important to every one of us to see that justice is given. For if justice is not done in one case, it may not be done in other cases. It is everyone's duty to do everything in his power to secure for every accused man the justice of a fair trial by jury."

"I see," Benjamin said. "Do you think Mr. Taney will see that?"

"If I did not think he would," Mrs. Bard said, "I would not have come here today."

She walked very straight as they turned into the little path from the road to the white cottage. She sounded the shining brass knocker and motioned Benjamin to take off his hat as they heard footsteps coming through an inner hall. A pretty young girl opened the door and smiled at them. "Yes, Father is at home," she said, "but he is not meeting any clients this afternoon."

"I have come from Hagerstown," Mrs. Bard said.

"I'm sorry," said the pretty girl. "Is it something which must be done at once?"

"Unless something is done soon, a great injustice may be done to a man."

The young girl smiled. "I am afraid Father will break his own rule," she said, "when he hears that. I will tell him."

She led them into a parlor whose spinet and satin curtains made it seem the most beautiful room Benjamin had ever seen. He had not much time to admire the surroundings, for almost at once a slender, burning-eyed man came in.

"You wish to see me, madam?" he asked Benjamin's mother, and took a chair opposite her.

Quickly Mrs. Bard told him the story of Jacob Gruber. The minister had come from Pennsylvania to preach at a camp meeting near Hagerstown. He had talked against slavery. There had been three or four hundred slaves at the meeting. No one of them had done anything or threatened to do anything against their masters; but nearly all the people in and around Hagerstown feared what might happen. Jacob Gruber had been arrested. He was being held in jail. He had no money, no friends, no lawyer.

"We are not rich, my husband and I," Mrs. Bard said, "but we feel obliged to do what we can to make sure that this man has a fair trial. We can pay you something if you will take this case."

"You do not know this Jacob Gruber?" the man asked.

"No, we do not."

"And you do not belong to the congregation that asked him to speak?"

"No," Mrs. Bard hesitated, then rushed into speech. "My husband and I first met in a courtroom where his father and my father were on trial for something of which they were

not guilty. They went free because they had a fair trial. We both feel, my husband and I, that we must pass on to others this justice by which we profited. This is the first chance which has come to us. That is why I am here."

The man stared at her closely. His thin, sensitive mouth twitched a little. His eyes gleamed as she ended. "Why do you choose me?" he asked.

"We think you are the best lawyer in Maryland," Mrs. Bard said.

The man flung back his head in laughter. "Come here, Anne," he cried, "and listen to this! A lady from Hagerstown says I am the best lawyer in Maryland."

The pretty girl came back into the parlor. She stood behind Mr. Taney's chair and smiled down at him before she smiled at Mrs. Bard and Benjamin. "I think you are right," she said to Benjamin's mother, "but we don't tell Father that very often."

"The lady from Hagerstown is trying to induce me to take the case of a man whom she says has been arrested for something he has not done. The warrant says he incited slaves to riot—and there has been no riot. He needs a lawyer."

"The best lawyer possible," said Mrs. Bard.

"She and her husband do not know the arrested man," Mr. Taney went on, "but they want to pay me something to undertake his defense."

"Well?" asked the pretty girl. She smiled again. "You are going to take the case, aren't you, Father?"

"Of course I am going to take it—if I find out that it is what these people believe it to be. I will go back with them to Hagerstown on the morning coach."

"And the business in Annapolis?" Anne asked.

"That can wait."

Mrs. Bard stood up, and Benjamin untwisted his legs to

stand beside her. "I do not know how to thank you," she said to Mr. Taney.

"I should be thanking you," he said, "for bringing me this kind of case. I'm a little tired of land disputes and family quarrels over estates. What are you going to be a few years from now?" he asked Benjamin.

"A lawyer," said Benjamin.

"Like me?"

"Oh, no," said Benjamin. "Not like you. But I'd like to be, sir."

Mr. Taney laughed again. He was still laughing as Benjamin and his mother looked back from the roadway. He was standing at the door of the white cottage, with his arm around Anne. "I'll meet you on the coach tomorrow," he called.

IV. *Mr. Taney Goes to Court*

The trial of Jacob Gruber did not take place in Hagerstown, after all. Mr. Taney, coming back with the Bards, stayed in the town long enough to study everything about the case. He found that feeling against the minister was so high that there was very little chance that a trial in Hagerstown would be fair. It did not matter that Jacob Gruber had not really done what the accusation against him stated. Most men of the neighborhood thought he had done it, and that was enough for them. Mr. Taney, therefore, asked that the trial be transferred to Frederick; and so it happened that Benjamin Bard and his father and mother went by stagecoach to hear Mr. Taney defend the client whom they had wished upon him.

The Bards liked to think of Mr. Gruber as their particular charge, although Mr. Taney absolutely refused to accept from them any fee for his services. This was a case, he declared, which even Luther Martin, the most famous law-

yer in Maryland and one of the greatest in the nation, would be glad to defend. It was a privilege, Mr. Taney told Mr. Bard, to be able to show what the Constitution and its Bill of Rights meant to the plain citizen. It was a challenge to work in a case against public opinion when public opinion happened to be wrong.

The courtroom in Frederick was crowded when the Bards came in. People had traveled from as far as Pennsylvania to hear the trial. Farmers, tradesmen, lawyers, pushed against one another to see and hear all they could. For the trial of Jacob Gruber was no ordinary trial. Although it was forty years before the Civil War, people seemed to realize that the question of slavery would some day become a great national question.

Maryland was one of the states where men held slaves, although a large number of Marylanders—Mr. Taney's family among them—had freed their slaves. Pennsylvania was not a state where slavery existed. Large numbers of people in Maryland who did not believe in slavery nevertheless felt that no man from another state had any right to come into their state and talk against slavery.

"Why does a man like Roger Brooke Taney take this case?" Benjamin heard one man ask another.

"I don't know," the other man said. "There's no money in it, either."

Between the courtroom crowd and the judge's bench were two tables. At one of them sat the district attorney and his assistants. It was their task to present the case against Jacob Gruber. At the other table sat Jacob Gruber, pale and nervous, between Mr. Taney and his law clerk. Mr. Taney was going over a big book. He looked tired, Benjamin thought, and almost as pale as the man he was defending.

Behind a rail at one side of the courtroom sat twelve men.

They were, Benjamin knew, the jury, who would decide whether Jacob Gruber should go free or should be sent back to jail. Through Benjamin's mind ran the words *trial by jury.* That was something the Constitution promised every citizen. No matter how angry men might be at someone whom they thought had broken the law, they must give him a fair trial. That was why Mr. Taney was giving his services free to a man he had never seen until he had gone with Benjamin and his mother to Hagerstown.

"It's a grand country we live in," the boy thought, as he looked around the courtroom.

Everyone stood up as the judge came to the bench. Benjamin heard the court bailiff shout something about the honorable court's being in session. Then everyone sat down again except the district attorney. He said something that the boy could not hear. Mr. Taney stood up and spoke. Then, for a time, it seemed as if all that was happening was conversation between the two lawyers, the man who was trying to convict Jacob Gruber and the man who was trying to free him. Benjamin could understand nothing of what they were saying; but he knew that Mr. Taney was working hard to save Jacob Gruber.

Then, one after another, men went up to sit on a bench near the judge which the lawyers called the witness stand. First came men who talked against the minister. The district attorney asked them questions, then Mr. Taney asked them other questions. Sometimes they changed their stories under the questions Mr. Taney asked. After them came men who spoke for Jacob Gruber. But when all the stories had been told, there was doubt as to what the jury would think of Gruber's guilt.

At noon the judge left the bench, the jury was taken out, and the crowd went out from the courtroom. The Bards went to the hotel for dinner, but hurried back to the court-

house. After what seemed to Benjamin a long time, the judge, the jury, the lawyers, Jacob Gruber, and the crowd came back. The trial went on.

The district attorney made a long speech. Benjamin dozed through most of it. Then Mr. Taney stood up, and the boy leaned forward to hear him. Mr. Taney spoke quietly, and said a great deal which Benjamin could not understand at all; but the boy saw that the men of the jury were watching the lawyer closely while they listened to his words.

Mr. Taney was saying that, under the laws of the United States and the state of Maryland, the rights of conscience and freedom of speech were fully protected. No man could be prosecuted for preaching the articles of his religious creed unless his doctrine was immoral and meant to disturb public peace and order. Matters of national policy could be freely and fully discussed, in the pulpit or elsewhere, at all times.

Mr. Gruber, the lawyer went on, was a minister of a church which believed in the gradual and peaceable abolition of slavery. Everyone knew the doctrine he would preach. If any slaveholder believed this doctrine would disturb his slaves, he should have kept them from the camp meeting where the minister was to speak. Mr. Gruber did not go to the slaves. The slaves came to him. They could not have come if their masters had chosen to prevent them.

There was no law, Mr. Taney said, which forbids a citizen to speak of slavery as he thinks of it. Here, in the temple of justice, "we are prepared to maintain the same principles, and to use, if necessary, the same language which the minister used at the meeting.

"A hard necessity compels us," Mr. Taney said, "to endure the evil of slavery for a time. It cannot be easily or suddenly removed. Yet, while it continues, it is a blot on our national character; and every real lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will be finally wiped away."

Mr. Taney sat down. The judge spoke to the jury. The twelve men arose and filed out of the courtroom. The crowd settled back in their chairs with a sigh.

"That jury will certainly bring in a verdict of guilty," Benjamin heard a man say. "Every man on the jury is a slaveowner."

"Do you really think the jury will convict Mr. Gruber?" Mrs. Bard asked Benjamin's father.

"I don't know," Mr. Bard said. "I only know that Mr. Taney has made a great argument for Mr. Gruber's freedom."

In a little while rumors began to run through the courtroom. The jury had voted a verdict, one said. It had found the defendant guilty and asked the judge to sentence him to five years of imprisonment. No, it was ten years of imprisonment, another rumor said. The jury could not decide at all, someone else declared.

Through all the time Mr. Gruber sat, speechless, beside Mr. Taney, who continued to look through his law books. Benjamin wondered if the pretty girl whom he had met at Mr. Taney's house was in court; but if she were, he could not see her. The afternoon grew late. Then, suddenly, the bailiff pounded his gavel again, the judge came back to the bench, and the jury filed back into the room.

"Have you found a verdict?" the judge asked the jury.

"We have, Your Honor," one of the jurymen said.

"Read it," said the judge.

There was no other sound in the courtroom but that of the man's voice as he read, "We, the jury, find the defendant, Jacob Gruber,"—it seemed to Benjamin that everyone in the room watched the defendant and his lawyer until the words came,—"not guilty."

Instantly a cheer arose. Men pushed forward toward Mr. Taney. The bailiff's gavel came down heavily. "Order!

Order!" he shouted; but a cry went up from hundreds of throats, "Taney, Taney!" Mr. Taney put up his hand. "The victory is not mine!" he said. "It is the victory of justice in our land of the free."

For many years Benjamin Bard remembered Mr. Taney as he looked at that moment. The thought of the lawyer, of his work for another man, of his belief in justice for all men through due process of law, carried the boy far along his own road of ambition. As he had said he wished, he became a lawyer. He practiced before the courts of Maryland. Then, in time, he went to Washington to carry on his work before the Supreme Court of the United States.

There, in the Capitol, Benjamin Bard saw a slender, older man seated in the middle place on the judges' bench, which showed that he was the Chief Justice. Benjamin did not need anyone to tell him that this man was Roger Brooke

Taney. There he was, older, thinner, grayer than he had been that day in the Frederick cottage when he had told the Bards that he would defend Jacob Gruber; but the same fire burned in his eyes. "The law is part of his faith," thought Benjamin Bard. And, perhaps, that is the best description anyone ever gave of Roger Brooke Taney, successor to John Marshall as Chief Justice of the United States, and holder of that high office for a longer time than any other man in our nation's history.

OUTLINING

Can you complete this outline of what you have read? You may refer to the story as often as necessary while you work.

I.

A. Reason for the arrest
B. Attitude of the people in Hagerstown
C. Effect of sermon on the slaves
D. Difficulty in securing lawyer

II. The Bards' interest in the case

A.
B.
C.

III.

A. Benjamin makes ready
B. A ride by stagecoach
C. Arrival at Frederick Town

IV. *Searching for the lawyer*

A.
B.

V.

A. Mrs. Bard explains the case
B. Mr. Taney's reply

VI. *The trial*

A.
B.
C.
D.
E.

VII.

A. Lawyer Bard
B. Chief Justice Taney

GIVE THE FACTS

Test your memory and the accuracy of your reading by answering the following questions. If necessary, reread to get the facts.

1. Why was Jacob Gruber arrested?

2. Why did he not get a lawyer to defend himself?

3. Had the minister disturbed the peace?

4. How did the Bards know about lawyer Taney?

5. Why were they anxious to help Jacob Gruber?

6. What two reasons did John Scott have for believing that Mr. Taney would not want to take the case?

7. Why did Mrs. Bard think that Mr. Taney might be interested in the case?

8. Why did one of the men not go to Frederick Town for the lawyer?

9. What reason did Mrs. Bard give Mr. Taney for her and Mr. Bard's interest in the case of Jacob Gruber?

10. Why was Mr. Taney glad to take the case?

11. Why would a trial in Hagerstown have been unfair to Jacob Gruber?

12. Did the Taney family own slaves?

13. Give some of the arguments that Mr. Taney used at the trial.

14. Under what conditions did Benjamin meet Mr. Taney many years later?

Faith

Faith is the flower that blooms unseen
By mountains of immortal green—
A hoped-for harvest in the skies,
In which the reaper never dies—
A tree to which the power is given
To lift its branches into heaven;
And from whose boughs of gorgeous fruit
A loftier tree shall take its root.

Lord! we are grafted into Thine,
When broken off from Adam's vine;
And so, from that degenerate tree,
We grow into the life of Thee!
For, by the prunings of Thy word,
Are we then purged into the Lord;
And like Mount Zion we shall stand,
The Temples of our native land.

Lord! if the stars should take their flight,
And vanish from the halls of night;
And if the morning should appear,
And vanish from the evening near;
And if the rivers should run dry,
And every flower that decks them die;
And if the world should cease to be—
I would not lose my trust in Thee.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS

The Water Hole

Casemero Romero was driving his father's cattle to the market in Amarillo. The day was hot, the work was hard, the trail was dangerous, but Casemero sang as he rode beside the herd. After all, why should not a lad sing? The war between Texas and Mexico was over. Texas was an independent republic. For all his Spanish name, Casemero was a Texan; and it was good to be a Texan in this vast land, which ran from the Gulf of Mexico to the far mountains.

As he sang, Casemero thought of the buffalo hunts which had once taken place over this ground where he now rode. Then the hunters had come all the way from Santa Fe and Taos in New Mexico to ride down the buffalo herds. They had killed the huge animals with lances, in the way the Indians did. They had stripped off the skins and had dried the meat. They had hunted so well that now all the buffaloes were gone from these plains and hills of Texas.

Many of the Indians, the Comanches, who had been friendly with the hunters, were also gone. Those who remained were not friendly with the white men. Worse than that, the white men were none too friendly with one another. Americans from beyond the Mississippi River had come in great numbers to Texas. At first, under Stephen Austin, they had been willing to remain under the government of Mexico. Then other leaders had followed, and the new settlers began to demand freedom from Mexico. Some of the old Spanish families, like the Romeros, who had suffered injustices from Mexican governors, joined the Americans. Freedom had been won at the battle of San Jacinto. Now both Americans and Spaniards were enjoying that freedom.

The capital of the new republic was the town of Austin. There, in a one-story building called the Hall of Congress,

men came together to make laws to govern the republic. Casemero could picture the town because his father had been there a year before. His father had met the president, Mirabeau Lamar, and he had met General Sam Houston, who had won the battle of San Jacinto. Austin must be, Casemero thought, a very pleasant and exciting place. Someday, he told himself, he would ride there and meet General Sam Houston. And perhaps, when he was a man, he might even help to make laws for the people of Texas.

The sun slid down in the sky while Casemero rode. In the west long, violet shadows fell over the ridges of the mountains. Casemero stopped singing. Before dark he must find water for the cattle. Carefully, he thought of his father's instructions. There was a water hole just off the main trail on the ranch which had been Miguel Castañeda's. A narrow trail, which branched off near a shack, led to the water. "There it is!" Casemero thought triumphantly, and rode around the cattle to turn them toward the water hole.

He sang even more loudly again when he saw the water gleaming before him. The cattle waded into the pool and drank thirstily. Casemero looked over them with satisfaction. They would bring a good price in the Amarillo market. How proud his father would be of him when he would count out the gold that he received for their payment!

"I'm a man now," the lad told himself.

He was turning back to the trail when a shout broke the silence of the place. "What are you doing here?" a voice cried angrily. Casemero wheeled his horse around to face a youth of about his own age, riding a gray horse.

"What do you mean by trespassing on this property?" the youth demanded.

"Trespass?" Casemero repeated. "You mean that I should not bring the cattle here?"

"I mean exactly that," the lad said angrily. "Where did you get the idea that you can drive a herd on another man's land?"

"But, señor, this is a water hole!"

"It is not yours."

"But where can the cattle drink?"

"I don't care where they drink. This is my father's land. It's our right to keep off everyone. That means you."

"But, señor, we have always had the right to bring the herds to these water holes!"

"You haven't the right now."

"I think I have," said Casemero. "That is an old law."

"It isn't the law now. Get your cattle off fast or—"

"I'll take them," Casemero said. "We do not intrude where we are not wanted. But you are wrong, señor. We have the right to bring our animals to water at whatever places along the road the water holes exist."

Swiftly, however, he rounded up his cattle. Although anger rose high in his heart, he said no more. He was riding away, while the other lad watched him stormily, when two riders turned in from the wide trail. "Americans," Casemero thought. "What will they do to me?"

The men rode close. "What is happening?" one of them demanded, while the other, a big, dark man, watched Casemero.

The other lad spoke hastily. "He has no right here, Father," he said and told the tale.

"I am sorry," said Casemero.

The two men looked at each other. Then the lad's father shook his head. "We are the ones to be sorry," he said. "I owe you an apology. My son does not understand that there is a difference between the Spanish law and the English law of water rights. The English law—it was made for a green little island—says that a man owns everything on his land. The Spanish law of these big, dry spaces says that a man must share the water on his land with those travelers who need it. According to our law, my son is right. According to your law, you are right. I'm afraid the republic of Texas will have to work out this problem. Meanwhile you may bring in your cattle whenever you pass. That's fair, isn't it?"

"More than fair, señor," said Casemero. "It is just, and I thank you."

Quickly the man turned to his son. "Tell him to come again, Dick," he said. "You may live fifty miles apart, but that means being neighbors here in Texas."

A little uneasily, the other lad rode up to Casemero and held out his hand. A little hesitantly Casemero took it. Then they both smiled.

"Texans, by gosh!" cried the man with Dick's father. "They'll both be Americans yet!"

"You're probably right, General Houston," Dick's father said. "If they give you time, you'll make Americans of every man in Texas."

"It'd be easier," Sam Houston said, "if the Americans who are here now would learn and practice some of the good old Spanish laws like this one."

"I'm learning it," said Dick, and he smiled again at Casemero.

Cattle Brands

There was a law upon the range when Western lands were new,
The law of Double-Diamond, and Bar X, and Lazy U,
The law which set the brands upon the roving, milling herds,
And marked them for their owners better than a thousand words.

There were U V, and D B L, and X I T, and Y,
And U-Bar-U, and E-Cross-M, and One-Star-in-the-Sky;
And F-Bar-C, and One-O-One, and dozens more to spare,
And Diamond C, and L O S, and the old Rocking Chair;

O X, L S, and L I T, and V set upside down,
The Pitchfork and the Shovel that were known in every town,
These were the brands the irons marked. No cattleman could fail
To know the owners of the herds upon the Chisholm Trail.

The fences hold the cattle now, the wires rise high and strange,
The old law of the branding-iron no longer rules the range;
But all the way from Texas to Dakota runs the tale
Of cattle brands which marked the herds upon the Chisholm Trail.

We Live by the Law

The only record of the boyhood of Jesus set down in the Gospels is the statement that he went down from Jerusalem with Mary, His Mother, and Saint Joseph, His foster father, "and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them."

There are records, however, of the way in which Jewish boys of that time lived in little villages like Nazareth; and from these records, and the statement in the Gospels of the obedience of Jesus it is possible to draw a picture of how He spent His boyhood days.

Nearly every act of every Jew was based upon the Law of Moses. According to that law, the education of a child was the obligation of his father and mother. In the time of Christ a child began to learn to read when he was about three years of age. His first real reading, begun when he was about five years of age, was the study of the Bible. When he was seven, he was sent to the synagogue to learn more of his religion.

As soon as children could read, they were given small parchment scrolls on which were written Chapters I–IV of Genesis, the first book of the Old Testament, a few other

chapters from later books, and the Psalms, which the Jews call the Hallel. Since there is no record that Jesus did anything in His boyhood different from the other boys of Nazareth, it is likely that He, the Son of God, Who made all law, obeyed the law in all things, small or great, just as did the other children of Nazareth.

Through the time of His public teachings Christ spoke, again and again, of the law of God and the law made by man. He bade His disciples, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." He gave His own example of obedience to the law of God, saying, "If you keep my commandments you will abide in my love, as I also have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

The Apostles of Christ, going out at His bidding to teach all nations, took with them respect for God's law and for those human laws which were based upon the law of God. They opposed only those man-made laws which were contrary to the commandments of God. When necessary, the Apostles gave their lives rather than obey such orders; but where the laws of men conformed to the law of God, the followers of Christ obeyed them.

Throughout her long history the Church of Christ has upheld law. The Church saved the best of the law of the Roman Empire. The Church brought together these Roman laws and the older laws of countries which had been conquered by Rome. Her bishops wrote down these laws, saving them for the people. The common law of England, which is the foundation of nearly all our American law, was written in this way. It existed even before the signing of the Great Charter. The great Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, was fighting for that law when he joined the barons against King John and won victory on the field of Runnymede.

The basic law of the United States, the Constitution,

carried out the assertion of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. That is a Christian principle. Christ taught that God is the Father of all men. Therefore, as children of God, all men are free and equal. Indeed Christ is the "elder brother" of all men and women who are equal before God the Father, because they can call His Son their "brother." Great teachers of the Church, such as Saint Thomas Aquinas, insisted upon this freedom and equality. This traditional teaching of Christianity the Church held before the people of Europe through the Middle Ages down to the present.

With the rise of Protestantism, men forgot this ideal. In too many countries many men ceased to think of one another as brothers in Christ. The English idea of government changed; but there remained in the souls of many people, even though they were no longer Catholics, belief in the freedom and equality of men. A few Englishmen dared to express this belief, using the arguments which Robert Cardinal Bellarmine had used against King James I of England. The writings of these men came into the hands of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, who did more than any other Americans to write the Declaration of Independence and to establish the Constitution. It was Jefferson and Madison, too, who insisted upon the inclusion of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution, thereby assuring American citizens of the enjoyment of God-given freedoms. By the providence of God, the law of God became the basis of the law of the United States.

THINGS TO EXPLAIN

Explain as accurately as you can the meaning of the words and expressions listed below. Your Glossary or dictionary will be of some help to you, but a class discussion will be necessary for you to understand all of these terms clearly.

human laws
common law of England
Great Charter
basic law of the United States
all men are created equal
traditional teaching
brothers in Christ
Bill of Rights
God-given freedoms
the providence of God

LANGUAGE OF THE COURT AND OTHER PLACES

Half the words listed in the columns below are those used in a courtroom or in connection with a court.

On your paper write two headings: "Words of the Court" and "Words of Other Places." Then copy the words from the columns below in the proper place on your paper.

After all the words have been copied, look in the Glossary or dictionary for the exact meaning of each one.

bailiff	ideal	district attorney	recesses
brand	assertion	rounded up	ceased
gavel	defendant	Chief Justice	warrant
verdict	session	witness stand	scrolls
parchment	bench	prosecuted	client
jury	wheeled	synagogue	trespass
inclusion	convict	conformed	bidding

Children of Mary

The tapers were lit on the altar,
With garlands of lilies between;
And the steps leading up to the statue
Flashed bright with the roses' red sheen;
The sungleams came down from the heavens
Like angels, to hallow the scene,
And they seemed to kneel down with the shadows
That crept to the shrine of the Queen.

The singers, their hearts in their voices,
Had chanted the anthems of old,
And the last trembling wave of the Vespers
On the far-shores of silence had rolled.
And there—at the Queen-Virgin's altar—
The sun wove the mantle of gold,
While the hands of the twilight were weaving
A fringe for the flash of each fold.

Then came, two by two, to the altar,
The young, and the pure, and the fair,
Their faces the mirror of heaven,
Their hands folded meekly in prayer.
They came for a simple blue ribbon,
For love of Christ's Mother to wear;
And I believe, with the Children of Mary,
The Angels of Mary were there.

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN

Bishop England Speaks

One of the great builders of our nation was the Most Reverend John England, Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina. A friend to Protestants and Jews, as well as to Catholics, Bishop England worked for the good of the whole community.

In his own time his work was so well appreciated by his fellow citizens that the Congress of the United States voted to honor him. The Congress appointed John Quincy Adams, later President of the nation, chairman of a committee to invite Bishop England to speak before the assembled Senate and House of Representatives.

Before the Congress, Bishop England gave a clear explanation of the meaning of the Catholic Faith in relation to citizenship. Later, to his own people in Charleston, he spoke on the duties of American citizenship. This was one of his statements:

We have heard of patriotism. We have seen instances of patriotism. Where is this spirit to be found? I answer, in religion. If a man feels interest not only in this passing hour, but feels likewise that he is to be placed before the bar of a Judge Who sees into the inmost recesses of a heart, then will he feel his responsibility to God for the faithful discharge of his whole duty to man. Religion teaches man to love his neighbor as himself, and, consequently, to uphold those institutions which confer the most happiness on the whole—to transmit to others blessings which have been secured to him. And if it teaches him this—then indeed by religion we can bind a man stronger than by any bond this world exhibits; for his fate in eternity is bound up with his due discharge of his duty as a citizen.

BISHOP JOHN ENGLAND

A Song of Colours

Gold for the crown of Mary,
  Blue for the sea and sky,
Green for the woods and the meadows
  Where small white daisies lie,
And red for the color of Christ's blood
  When He came to the cross to die.

These things the high God gave us
  And left in the world He made—
Gold for the hilt's enrichment,
  And blue for the sword's good blade,
And red for the roses a youth may set
  On the white brows of a maid.

Green for the cool, sweet gardens
  Which stretch about the house,
And the delicate new frondage
  The winds of spring arouse,
And red for the wine which a man may drink
  With his fellows in carouse.

Blue and green for the comfort
  Of tired hearts and eyes,
And red for that sudden hour which comes
  With danger and great surprise,
And white for the honor of God's throne
  When the dead shall all arise.

Gold for the cope and chalice,
  For kingly pomp and pride,
And red for the feathers men wear in their caps
  When they win a war or a bride,
And red for the robe which they dressed God in
  On the bitter day He died.

THEODORE MAYNARD

VII

We Work as Free Men

Having agreed with the laborers for a denarius a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

Matthew xx, 2

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Bill of Rights, Article IX
Constitution of the United States

Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

HENRY VAN DYKE

The Calico Railroad

I. *Where the Tall Corn Grows*

Between the far-flowing waters of the long Mississippi and the muddy eddies of the wide Missouri lies the state of Iowa. Part of the Louisiana Purchase, once the home only of Indian tribes, the Hawkeye State is now a rich and important commonwealth, the home of hundreds of thousands of families whose forefathers came westward to earn their livings.

Less than a hundred years ago, Iowa was a place where the long, blue wagons of the pioneers crossed the Mississippi on ferries. Old men still remembered William Clark and Meriwether Lewis. Fur traders still talked of the exploits of Manuel Lisa. The "Honey War" with Missouri, over the destruction of bee trees along a border line, still dragged through the Federal courts. Iowa was a new, a very new state, with its government still in the capital of Iowa City, where its lawmakers met in the lovely stone building which Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, the great missionary of the Mississippi Valley, had designed.

That was the time when the Lyons-Iowa City Railroad was begun. Young Joe Braden worked upon it when it promised to be one of the strong links between East and West. No one called it the Calico Railroad then. To its builders it was one of the splendid adventures of labor.

Iowa City is no longer the capital of the state; but the Old Stone Capitol still stands in beauty above the town. The Calico Railroad is now only a name in history; but it was one of the forges upon which a nation was hammered into shape, and its story, with the story of families like the Bradens, is part of the saga of the Iowa that they all loved so well.

People said that all Iowa knew the Bradens. It is small wonder that it did, for there were so many Bradens to be known. There were, first of all, Pop Braden and Mom Braden, who had come to Iowa City long before Lyman Dillon plowed a furrow to Dubuque to show travelers the way westward. Pop Braden was Big Joe Braden now because Young Joe was almost a man, and Grandpop, who had been Big Joe, was now Old Joe.

It was Grandpop who counted the Bradens every noon. Just before Pop said grace at the head of the long table, the old man called the names: Matthew, Elizabeth, Mark, Luke, Susan, John, Alexander, Joseph, Jenny, Gregory, Sally. Sometimes, listening to him, Jenny wondered why the old man did not call her and Sally by the Jane and Sarah of their baptisms, for Matt and Libby, Alex and Joe, Susie and Greg, all received their full names in Grandpop's roll call. It was years before Jenny understood that this was because she bore her grandmother's name, and Sally the name of the aunt who had died on the family's way to the West.

Pop, looking down the table as he carved the big roasts or the wild turkeys or the prairie chickens, held a count of his own. Between slicings he called down the table to his children questions about what they had done that morning, what they planned to do that afternoon. It did not matter to him that Matt was running his own hardware store and planning to marry Kate Markham before Advent, that Mark and Luke, the twins, were working at the stage station, that Libby had three beaux, and that John had a promise of a job on a Mississippi River steamboat. To Pop Braden they were children quite as much as little Sally.

To Mom they were still children, but not children to be called to account every day. Mom believed, with all her

heart, that no one of them would ever do wrong. Alex might criticize Joe, and Matt and John might chide them both. Libby might flare up in occasional temper at Susie, and both of them give unwanted advice to Jenny. Mom smiled at them all. "They're good children," she said to anyone in town who asked her about her flock.

Good they were, all of them, but only Susie—they called her Sweet Susie—and Greg were what Grandpop called "biddable." The elder six were old enough to need no special direction any longer. Sally was the baby of the family. Upon Alex, Joe, and Jenny fell the weight of their father's counsel, sometimes upon them as a group, more often upon them singly. It was falling heavily on Young Joe as Big Joe sharpened his carving knife.

"What makes you think you can learn to be an engineer?" Pop demanded.

"Mr. Hunter says he thinks I can be a good engineer," Young Joe said sturdily, but Jenny saw the throb of his throat and his nervousness.

"What does Mr. Hunter know about it?" Pop went on.

"Why, he's an engineer himself," Young Joe said.

"No call for engineers out here," Grandpop shouted. "There's not an engine west of Chicago—and not very many coming in there."

"This is a different kind of engineer, Grandpop," John explained. "Joe means an engineer who lays out plans for railroads and bridges, not a man who runs a steam engine."

"Don't know anything about them," Grandpop said. "Don't believe in railroads, anyhow. Trains shake the cattle so bad they're not fit for market. Trains go so fast they shake flour barrels to pieces. Trains have collisions at every road crossing."

"Oh, no, they don't, Grandpop," Young Joe said.

But his father caught up the point. "Perhaps it's not quite so bad as that, but the fact remains that people don't want railroads. Why on earth does anyone want a railroad to come here from the Mississippi River?"

"The railroads are going all the way across the United States," Young Joe declared. "There's a railroad now from Chicago to Fulton, on the other side of the Mississippi. If we build this road from Lyons, on this side of the river, across the state of Iowa, we'll have the link to Nebraska, to all the West."

"That's what Stephen Douglas wants," Matthew said. "He wants a railroad to open up Nebraska Territory, and enough settlers will go there to bring it in as a state."

"It'll be a free state," John thrust in, and the twins nodded.

"Lyons isn't the place for the railroad to start," Alex said.

"Why not?" Young Joe demanded.

"Davenport's the place," Alex insisted.

"The Mississippi is narrower at Lyons," Young Joe defended the plan.

"Just the same," Alex persisted, "I'll bet that the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, which will come from Davenport to Iowa City, will be a better railroad than your Lyons-Iowa City."

"It will not," Joe cried angrily.

"Silence!" Pop thundered; but it was Mom's glance that quieted them.

Matt began to talk of a new market which was opening for his goods. John proudly announced that he heard that Bishop Loras was soon coming to give Confirmation to a class at the Church of the Assumption, which Father Mazzuchelli had built when he had been the first pastor of the town, as well as missionary to the wilderness around it.

"It's too bad Sally isn't old enough to be confirmed this year," said Mom.

"I am old enough," Sally wept; and the talk at the table shifted from the argument about the railroad.

Jenny brought it up again, but only to Joe as she washed the dinner dishes and he dried them. "Shall you have to go away if you work for the railroad?" she asked him.

"Sometimes," he said. "It's like this, Jenny. The Lyons-Iowa City is going to be built in two big divisions. One of them starts at Lyons and comes here. The other starts here and goes out to Fort Des Moines. The engineers plan to have these two divisions finished at the same time. You see, in that way, Iowa City will be the beginning of steel for one division, and the end of steel for the other. Then, someday, the work will go on from Fort Des Moines to Council Bluffs. There'll be a railroad all the way across Iowa, from the Mississippi to the Missouri. I'm not sure yet, but I think my work will be on the part that'll start at Lyons. I'll get home every little while, though, Jenny," he said, as he saw the cloud cross her bright face. "You'll ask Mom to help me with Pop, won't you?"

"You know what she'll say. She always says that she never interferes with any of Pop's decisions."

"She always says that, but she was the one who got Pop to help Matt with money to start the store, and she was the one who was willing to have the twins work for the stage line instead of going into Pop's lumberyard. You'll ask her, won't you, Jenny?"

"I'll ask her," Jenny promised.

To the girl's surprise, Mom hesitated about saying that she'd do what she could for Young Joe. "I don't know why John and Joe want to leave home," Mom said. "Matt's satisfied here. So are the twins. Why should John want to work on a river steamboat, and Joe want to work on the railroad? Why can't they work for their father?"

"Perhaps Alex will stay with Pop," Jenny said.

"You know Alex," said Mom. "If Joe goes to work for one railroad, nothing will keep Alex from going to work for the other. They're good boys, both of them," she added hastily, "but sometimes it seems to me that they're like two fighting cocks."

"Then maybe it is better for them to work a long way apart," said Jenny.

"It'd be better, I think, if they were working together," Mom said, "really together."

She made no promise about helping Joe to get his father's consent, but, less than a week later, Big Joe stared down the table at Young Joe, and roared out over his carving, "When do you start work on that railroad?"

"Tomorrow," Young Joe almost shouted. "Mr. Wilson is taking a crew to Lyons. I can go with them." His grateful glance went to his mother.

Mom said only, "I'll have your clean shirts ready."

And Jenny grinned at her. "I'll wash them if you'll iron them," she said.

All day Young Joe walked on air.

"You'd think he was going to build that railroad all by himself," Grandpop grumbled. "What's the use of railroads, anyhow?"

"Wait till you see the Lyons–Iowa City engines puffing into town here!" Joe laughed. "Then you'll change your mind."

In the hurry of the afternoon work Jenny had no thought of anyone but Joe until her mother suddenly asked, "Where did Alex go after dinner?"

"I don't know," Jenny said. A swift fear gripped her. "Why?"

"I didn't like the way he looked," Mom said, "when your father spoke to Joe."

Alex came home for supper with no explanation of what he had done during the afternoon. The other Bradens were so concerned with Joe's departure early the next morning that no one asked his older brother about anything, although once Jenny had the thought that Alex was waiting his time to say something startling to them all. The chance came just as Young Joe was ready to say good-by.

The Bradens were finishing breakfast, Pop rushing through his big meal as if he were the one who was to meet the crew, Mom only pretending to touch the food on her plate. Joe, shining-eyed with happy expectation of his work, was holding his fork high in the air as he told the twins of the coming glories of the Lyons–Iowa City. "I'm starting as a rodman," he said, "but I'll be a regular civil engineer by the time the first train comes into Iowa City!"

"You'll have a long wait," Alex said. "The road from Lyons may never come here. And if it does, it will be a long time after the Mississippi and Missouri comes in!"

"What do you mean?" Joe demanded. "What do you know about the Mississippi and Missouri?"

"As much as you know about the Lyons road," Alex said.

"I'm going to Davenport tomorrow to work for the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad."

Joe's fork came clattering down on the table. He said no word, but he stared angrily at Alex. Mom's face went white.

"Did you have to do that, Alex?" Matt asked.

"Why not?" Alex flung back at him.

Young Joe stood up. "It's time for me to go," he said, and rushed to the doorway as the others arose from the table. "Don't anyone come with me! Good-by, Pop; good-by, Jenny; good-by, Mom; good-by, everybody!" They were staring after him as he turned and faced Alex. "It's a race," he told his brother, "and my road is going to win it. We'll be riding our engines into Iowa City from Lyons while you're still trying to get past the Wild Cat Den!"

"It's a race," said Alex, and went out another door.

No one of the Bradens left at the table looked up until Mom spoke. "It'll come out all right," she said. "They're good boys, both of them."

"It's the crazy railroads does it," said Grandpop.

Libby laughed then. Matt grinned. John winked at Susie. The twins smiled; but Jenny could not smile. She was remembering the look in Joe's eyes as he had turned at the doorway. "Please, God, take care of him," she was thinking, "and keep him safe—and happy."

III. *The Railroads Race*

For all Iowa, as well as for the Bradens, the months which followed the beginnings of the two railroads were crowded with high excitements.

The prairies were filling with settlers. The wagons from the East no longer passed over the plains to take gold-hungry men and women to California. They were bringing families to farm the rich Iowa land. Already the inventions of reapers by Obed Hussey in Cincinnati and by Cyrus McCormick in the Valley of Virginia had changed the ways of the farmer. The rising price of wheat—in four years it went up from ninety-three cents to two and a half dollars a bushel—was luring immigrants from the old lands of Europe, as well as from the East. Many of the Europeans—Hungarians, Germans, Irish, Czechs—had suffered from oppression. They wanted freedom, freedom to build their homes, to worship God, to speak the truth, to educate their children, to earn their livings as free men. All over Iowa their settlements began to rise.

Iowa City was still the capital, but there was much talk that the seat of government would soon be moved to the westward.

"What'll they do with the beautiful stone capitol?" Libby Braden asked. "They can't take it with them."

"We'll have that, anyhow," Mom would say. "It will be a reminder of Father Samuel."

"I remember him," Susie always declared. "I'd like to see him again."

"Perhaps you can ride to Lyons when the railroad is finished," Mom would say. "You could cross the river on the ferry, and go on from there to Galena or Sinsinawa or Benton."

"He'll probably be at Benton," Susie said once, "at Saint

Clara Academy, which the Dominican Sisters have there. He teaches some of the classes. Do you think, Mom, that I could go there to school—for a year, anyhow?"

"We'll ask your father," Mom said.

"Susie can't go alone," Libby said. "I'll go with her."

"To be a Sister?" Jenny asked.

"Maybe," said Susie.

"Of course not," said Libby.

"I never saw a Sister," Jenny said.

"Neither did we," they told her.

Then Susie repeated, "Do you think I can go, Mom, when the railroad's finished?"

"We'll see," Mom said.

Young Joe and Alex came home sometimes; but, almost as if they had planned it, they never came at the same time. When Alex came, he seldom spoke of the work he was doing; but Joe often fell to bragging about the railroad-building.

The crew which worked westward from Iowa City was making fine progress. The road between the capital and Des Moines would certainly be done in a little while. There was great need of it, for Nebraska was going to be admitted as a state, and tens of thousands of settlers would be crossing Iowa. Even though Sam Houston, the Senator from Texas, was declaring over and over again that the nation was breaking its promise which it made to the Indians to let them keep their lands "as long as grass shall grow, and water run," Congress would certainly pass laws to admit Nebraska. That would help the Iowa railroad.

"We'll have to be done in time for the big rush," Joe said solemnly.

Only to Jenny did Joe tell his fears about the work on the division between Iowa City and Lyons. Something was going wrong on the construction job. "I don't know what

it is," Joe said, "but I'm afraid there's serious trouble ahead. For one thing, we haven't the kind of material that they are using on the Mississippi and Missouri. Don't tell Alex I said this, but the stakes they use are much better than ours. Their stakes are made of the best oak. We have to use any kind of wood we can get. We tell the men from the Mississippi and Missouri, when we run into them anywhere, that of course they have to use permanent stakes because it will be so many years before their track can be laid, if it's ever laid—but I don't like using poor stuff, Jenny. Pop always says that poor tools and poor material are signs of a poor workman, and I don't want to be that."

"Why can't you get oak stakes?" Jenny asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "Every time we ask for anything, someone tells us that we haven't the money to get the goods. There should be plenty of money. The people in all the counties along the line bought bonds."

"You'll get through," said Jenny.

Her first doubt arose on the day when Matt, who had been married just before Advent to Kate Markham, came over with his bride one evening. "Young Joe will be coming home soon," he said.

"Why?" Pop asked sharply.

"The reaper salesman who came in on the stage today told me that there's trouble in the offices at Lyons. One of the directors of the railroad, a man back East, has stolen most of the money which the buyers of the bonds paid. The other directors can't raise any more. That means," said Matt heavily, "that the Lyons–Iowa City Railroad will not be built."

"But we need a railroad," said Big Joe.

"We'll get one," said Matt, "but it won't come from Lyons. The Mississippi and Missouri will come through from Davenport, and join the road out to Des Moines."

"Oh, that isn't fair!" Jenny cried. "Not after all Joe's work!"

"There are plenty of people worse off than Joe," Matt said. "There are hundreds of men working on that road who need the money desperately. I don't know what they'll do if the road doesn't find a way to pay them."

"Will Joe be coming home soon?" Greg asked Jenny after Matt and Kate had gone. He had taken Joe's place at working with her on the dishes, and tried to take Joe's place of comradeship in her thoughts and plans.

"I'm afraid he will, Greg," she said.

"Afraid?" Greg repeated. "I'll be glad."

"I'll be glad in one way," Jenny tried to explain, "but I'll be sorry in another. I'll be glad for myself, but I'll be sorry for Joe."

"Why?" Greg demanded, but she made no answer. She could not explain to him her feeling that Joe's hurt would go so deep that no one of them could heal it. It would not be so bad, she thought, if only Alex were not with the other railroad. Alex's success was sure to be a thorn that would rankle in Joe's mind. What would failure do to Joe, particularly when Alex was sure to taunt him with it?

With the passing of the winter her problem grew. Greg was no help to her. John had gone to work on a river steamboat. Mark and Luke, the twins, lived in a world of their own. Libby was too busy with quilting bees and housewarmings and square dances to appear to be deeply troubled about Joe. Susie dreamed away the days, planning the year at the academy in Benton where her father had promised to send her to school. Sally was too young for confidences. Jenny, at last, turned to Mom. "What will happen to Joe if the railroad doesn't come through to Iowa City?"

"Joe will be all right," Mom said confidently. "He'll find his own way out of a bad place."

"But Alex is sure to say something about the failure, and you know Joe's temper."

"I'll ask Alex not to speak of it," Mom said.

"Even if he doesn't speak of it," said Jenny, "he'll look at Joe someday in a way that will be worse than words. You can't stop that, Mom."

"God will take care of them," Mom said. "Nothing is too hard for Him, Jenny. He always finds a way."

"Oh, Mom!" Jenny sighed. She had not yet learned to do what her mother did: trust completely in God's care. Now she worried doubly, fearing lest the failure of the railroad might keep Joe from returning home, and fearing what would happen if he should come.

Jenny thought that they would hear some news of the work from someone other than Young Joe; but it was Joe himself who brought it. He came into the house one June afternoon, and flung down his canvas bag on the floor of the kitchen, where she was shelling peas. "Well, I'm through," he said grimly.

"What's happened, Joe?"

"The railroad's failed. There's no money to carry it on. A human snake stole the funds. Some of us haven't been paid for months. There are two thousand people in Lyons now without money, without food, without anything but the few supplies from the railroad warehouse. A few dozen barrels of flour. Fifty or sixty bags of beans. A few hundred pounds of tomatoes, probably moldy. And calico—bolts and bolts of calico. That's what they paid us with! Calico! How are we going to live on that?"

"I'm glad you came home, Joe," Jenny said gently.

"I don't know whether I should have come. There's no work, though, in Lyons or near it."

"There's plenty here."

"Not my kind."

"There's work on the—"

"Don't say it!" Young Joe cried hotly. "I won't work for one hour on that other railroad. I'll work in the woods, I'll work on the river, I'll work anywhere but on that road. Is Alex here?" he asked sharply.

"No," Jenny said, and sped off to summon Mom. No one else, she realized, could comfort Joe now. But why, oh, why, she asked herself, should Joe and the men who had worked with him have to suffer because a man they had never seen had cheated them of their way of earning their livings? It was wrong, all wrong—but what could they do about it?

The Bradens were strangely silent at supper that evening, although they were all glad that Young Joe had come home. Only Grandpop was given to speech. "I told you railroads weren't to be trusted," he said. "I wouldn't trust my body to any one of them."

"Railroads aren't all bad," Young Joe said dully. "It's just that this railroad construction happened to be run by a crook. You'll live to see plenty of good railroads, Grandpop."

Old Joe shook his head. "I hope I never live to hear an engine whistle in this valley," he declared.

Next morning Young Joe went to work in Big Joe's lumberyard. There he might have found some happiness in his daily work had not Alex been transferred to Iowa City. The Mississippi and Missouri had won permission from the Iowa Assembly to lay tracks into Iowa City, provided that these tracks were completed by the first of January in 1856.

"No trouble about that," Alex boasted. He was a rodman, with the promise of promotion, on the crew which was working nearest to the capital. "I can be home most of the time," he said.

Mom must have spoken to him before he saw Joe, for he made no mention for a long time of the failure of the railroad from Lyons. Once in a while, he spoke to Joe on some question of construction; but, for the most part, they both steered away from the discussion of anything which could provoke a quarrel. Jenny, who had feared a quarrel more than anyone else, gradually sank back into relief. Then, suddenly, the storm broke.

Mom had been talking of putting a new cover on an old couch which stood in the living-room. She looked for material in every store in town, but with no success. "I want something bright," she said.

"Red?" Libby teased her.

"Yes," Mom said. "I think it should be red."

"I have some stuff I've never taken out of my bag," Young Joe said. "I suppose it's all wrinkled, but you could press it. I got it in Lyons."

"Calico?" asked Alex smoothly.

"Yes, calico." All the color drained from Young Joe's face. "I got it honestly. I earned it. I worked hard for it. I never held back on the job, the way some railroad-builders I know are holding back on their job now."

"If you mean that I—" Alex sprang up from his chair, and started toward Joe.

"If the cap fits you, wear it!" Joe cried stormily.

"Boys, boys!" said Mom, and stepped between them. "Remember that you are brothers."

"But he said that—"

"He called me a—"

"Stop it!" For an instant Mom's voice was harsh. Then it softened as she went on, "Bring me the calico, Joe. You need not wait, Alex. Go back to your work. Libby and Susie will help me make the cover. We'll do it this afternoon."

"Can't I help?" Jenny asked. Somehow she knew what Mom was doing. She was going to make more than a cover for the old couch. She was going to make a flag, a flag for Joe. She'd show the calico proudly as the earnings of his toil. She'd do her best to make him proud of it, not ashamed of it. "Please, let me!" Jenny repeated.

"All right," Mom said.

Young Joe was taking the calico from the bag which had been under his bed, when Jenny found him. Angrily he was pulling it out. "There it is," he said furiously. "Look at it!"

With a sinking heart Jenny gazed at the cotton. Never, anywhere, had she seen anything so ugly. Reds and yellows and greens shrieked at one another hideously. Set on the couch, it would make the living-room horrible to see. "Oh, Joe," she said; then, catching sight of the misery in his eyes, she lifted her tone. "Why, it's beautiful," she said.

Swiftly she piled it in her arms and, followed by Joe, went out to Mom and her sisters. "Isn't it lovely?" she cried, and knew from their glances what Joe would never know, how ugly they thought the calico was. For, with her, the rest of the Bradens rose to aid.

"It's splendid," they said.

Libby crossed the room to put her arm across Jenny's shoulders. "Hurrah for the Bradens!" she said. "Cross-ties or calico, we're still a clan!"

But Jenny saw how the anger still blazed in Joe's eyes. "We aren't a clan," she thought, "not while he feels that way about Alex."

"Let's get to work," Mom said. "We'll have this job done today." As she waited for the irons to heat so that she could press the rumpled calico, she spoke again. "There's nothing like work for the healing of wounds," she said.

IV. *A Railroad Is Finished*

June ran into July, summer ran into autumn, winter slid away, and another springtime came to Iowa. Matt and Kate came over frequently with their baby, whose existence Grandpop refused to recognize on the ground that he was not yet ready to be called a great-grandfather. John was working between Memphis and New Orleans, so that he seldom came home. The twins, as usual, kept busily to themselves. Alex and Young Joe were both at home, both outwardly polite to each other, but Jenny knew that the breach between them had never been healed.

If Alex had been working anywhere but on the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, the trouble would long ago have melted away. To do him justice, he tried not to speak of his work too often, but it was impossible for the family to ignore it, and every mention of it seemed an arrow thrust

into Young Joe. He tried to pretend that he had no interest any more in railroad-building, but Jenny knew that it was the deep thought of his life. Joe was a born engineer. He saw difficulties and ways to get around them before other lads became aware of the possibility of difficulties. Alex was a detail worker, thorough, dependable, but with none of Joe's quickness, Joe's daring in action. Jenny, who knew them both better than did anyone else in the family, realized how well they might have worked together, and grieved the more at their apartness.

"Why don't you go to work on the Mississippi and Missouri?" she dared to ask Joe one day.

"I'll never work on that road," he said. "I wouldn't do it if it were the last job to be had."

"But you don't like the lumberyard, Joe, and you do like railroad-building. The road needs workers, too. I heard Pop say it may not be able to reach Iowa City by the first of January if it doesn't get more workers."

"It could have had the workers from Lyons," Joe said, "if it had gone after them. They let all of them get away before they decided they needed trained men."

"But they need them now, Joe, and we need the railroad."

"We'll get it," Joe said. "They'll get through, with Alex to help them."

"Oh, Joe!" Jenny grieved.

"All right. I shouldn't have said that. Let's forget it."

She tried to forget the words, but she could not forget the unhappiness which came into the room whenever Joe and Alex met. For Alex too was unhappy. He had bragged and boasted of the road on which he worked, and now he began to fear that his boasts would come home to taunt him as he had taunted Joe. The Mississippi and Missouri was running into trouble. Somewhere on the right-of-way between Davenport and Iowa City the work had bogged down.

The engineers had depended on summer to speed the labor; but the summer went by, and the work was far behind its schedule.

"Going to get through?" Joe asked Alex one evening.

"Of course we'll get through," Alex said, but his tone was not sure.

But in December, within a few weeks of the time when the road must be finished into Iowa City to win its right from the Assembly, the railroad-builders confessed to the people their difficulty. The Davenport newspaper carried a plea for workers. On the streets of Iowa City men asked strangers to go to work on the road. Nearly everywhere they met with refusals. The weather was too cold. The work was too hard. The pay was too small. Iowa City would no longer be the state capital, anyhow. Why should its citizens help another place, a place like Fort Des Moines, to become the capital?

"It's a disgrace that the railroad isn't finished yet," Pop Braden roared, day after day, at dinner.

No one took up his challenge, and Grandpop always chimed in with, "I never expected any good from any railroad, did I?"

Then, one day, Pop said his speech again, and Mom spoke. "You're right," she said. "It is a disgrace that the road isn't finished—but whose disgrace is it?" They all looked at her in wonder. Her cheeks flushed, but she kept on. "It's our disgrace, our own disgrace. Here we are, the Bradens, fourteen of us, counting Matt. We've always said we were good citizens. We've always said that we had learned the lessons that Father Mazzuchelli had taught us here, that we owed our loyalty to both our church and our community. You've heard him yourself, all of you but the youngest children. And what are we doing in this time when our community needs our help? Sitting here, talking about what a disgrace

it is that someone else isn't doing something. Well, what are *we* going to do?"

"What can we do?" Pop put down the carving knife. "What can you do? What can the girls do? What can the twins do?"

"Everyone can do something," Mom held to her point. Then she turned straight to Young Joe. "You're an engineer," she said. "You can go to work. Mark and Luke can help you. Matt will come if the rest of us start. The girls will take lunches to the workers. I'll cook."

"I'll do something," Jenny said. She was watching Joe, seeing the twitch of his mouth, the mist over his eyes.

Then Joe said, "All right, Mom. You win. Let's start!"

"Wait for me!" Big Joe cried.

Mark and Luke stood up, and between them raised Grandpop. "Come on, Old-Timer," they bade him. "The Bradens are going to bring the railroad into Iowa City."

At the door Alex stood, waiting for Young Joe. He put his arm across his brother's shoulders. "We'll make it," he said, "now that you've come on our side."

"Sure, we'll make it," Young Joe said, and smiled at him.

It was the Braden procession that led the big parade to the right-of-way. Even though the thermometer stood at twenty below zero, the workers did not falter. For days they labored through snow and ice, setting the last of the tracks. Then, when the engine would not run, they pushed it to the end of steel. The way into the city was won. There was a railroad from Davenport to Des Moines. In a little while it would run all the way to Council Bluffs on the Missouri. Iowa was on the growing transcontinental—and the people of Iowa City had put it there. The Calico Railroad had been a failure; but it had built the roadbed for a greater success.

"I'm going to ride on one of those trains someday,"

Grandpop declared. "I want to see for myself how awful they are," he added when the Bradens laughed.

It was Young Joe and Alex who took the first westbound train, however. "We're going to work out from Des Moines," Joe said; then, looking at Alex, he added, "together."

"You're good boys," said Mom.

On a day early in September of that year Jenny stood with her mother on the station platform of the new railroad. They watched the smoke of the engine as it chugged eastward, bearing a train to Davenport. Libby and Susie were on the train on their way to Benton, where Father Mazzuchelli was still teaching in the Saint Clara Academy of the Dominican Sisters. Susie was going to school for a year. Libby, they thought, would be home in a little while.

"Do you think Susie is going to be a Sister, Mom?" Jenny repeated her old question.

"If God wills," Mom said.

They could not know, as they stared after the disappearing train, that it would be gay, fun-loving Libby who would, in time, join the Dominicans and that Susie would come home to marry one of Libby's old beaux. They might guess that Matt and the twins would hold to their sturdy way of small-town business. They could not know that roving John would one day study medicine in St. Louis, nor that little Greg would take law cases up to the Supreme Court of the United States. They could not know that Alex and Young Joe would one day make "Braden Brothers" one of the famous bridge-building firms of the world.

All they knew was that the Bradens were standing together, all of them working with one another and with their neighbors, not only to finish a railroad but to make their land a better place.

Mom smiled at her, and Jenny recalled something. "Do you remember," she asked her mother, "when you said that God would find a way? He did, didn't He?"

"He always does," Mom said.

She smiled at Jenny, never knowing, as Jenny did, how much her faith in her children had laid the roadbed over which already ran the mighty railroad of their deeds.

READING FOR ACCURACY OF DETAIL

The details of a story are usually less important than the major ideas. Yet, for some purposes, it is very important to remember details accurately. Listed below are some incomplete statements, each of which requires the addition of a detail to fill it out. Read the statement carefully; then choose the word or group of words within the parentheses that accurately completes the sentence.

1. A railroad had been completed westward from Chicago almost to (the Mississippi, the Missouri, Davenport).

2. The railroad on which Joe Braden began his work was to be built in two sections, with the beginning of one and the end of the other at (Lyons, Des Moines, Iowa City).

3. Iowa was a place of opportunity for farmers because of the (plentiful rainfall, high price of corn, rich farm land).

4. A railroad across the state of Iowa promised to be of value in taking travelers westward to the (goldfields of California, new state of Nebraska, Indian territory).

5. Money for the building of the Lyons–Iowa City Railroad was secured from (the state government, the personal investment of several men, the sale of bonds to the citizens).

6. The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad was granted the right of going into Iowa City, provided its tracks were laid there by the first of January, (1856, 1886, 1865).

7. One of the strongest influences in the lives of the Braden children was (their father's rough kindness, their mother's faith in them, the teachings which they had learned in school).

My Prairies

I love my prairies, they are mine
From zenith to horizon line,
Clipping a world of sky and sod
Like the bended arm and wrist of God.

I love the hazel thickets; and the breeze,
The never resting prairie winds. The trees
That stand like spear points high
Against the dark blue sky.

I love my prairies, they are mine
From high sun to horizon line.
The mountains and the cold gray sea
Are not for me, are not for me.

HAMLIN GARLAND

For Daily Bread

I. *The Family on the Farm*

There was a time when most of the workers of the United States were farmers. People not only lived on farms, but also found on their own farms almost everything they needed for their way of life. They raised food for themselves, as well as for mill and market. They killed cattle, sheep, and hogs for their own use, as well as for sale. They sheared sheep for wool, which they spun into thread and wove into cloth for their clothing. They dyed the cloth with vegetable dyes from plants that they found on their own land. They spun and wove linen from flax which they had raised. Some of the people even made shoes from the hides of cattle. They made their own furniture from wood which they hewed from their own wood lots.

After a time, however, land grew scarce in the states east of the Mississippi River. In order to make a livelihood for themselves and their families men went to new and unsettled sections of the country. On free land or on land bought very cheaply they worked early and late, winter and summer, to provide for their families. The families, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, all helped in the work; for, before the coming of the Industrial Revolution, labor was largely a family activity.

Some of this work was hard, very hard; but the feeling of working together toward a common goal helped the members of these farm families to overcome great difficulties, and to develop in themselves the qualities which made them real builders of the nation.

One of the many thousands of families which labored on the frontier farms of the United States was the Gaylord family. These are some of the incidents in the lives of the

Gaylords on a frontier ranch, before the Civil War, when the family took up their work in their new home.

SUMMARIZE

In a paragraph of not more than four sentences summarize part I of this story. Then read your summary to the class.

II. *A Little Gray Home in the West*

Many years ago, a war in Europe—a war in which the United States had no part—took a family all the way from Ohio to the Indian country near the Missouri River.

The Gaylords were living pleasantly and happily on a farm near Somerset in Ohio when the war in the Crimea between England, France, and Russia ended. Suddenly the price of wheat, which had been high because of the war demand, went down. The father of the Gaylord family found himself deeply in debt. He could not pay interest on the mortgage he owed the bank in town. The bank took away the farm; and there was nothing for the Gaylords to do but set out for a new life in another place.

Their father went first. With the little money he had he bought land in Dakota Territory. For months he lived in a sod house while he worked to build a wooden cabin for the family. When the cabin was ready, he sent for them; and the Gaylords—Francis and James, Kate and Louisa, David and Emily, and the twins, Elizabeth and Esther, and their mother— traveled for days by train to the end of the new railway. Then they rode all day in the big wagon with which their father met them, bumping and bouncing over the ruts in the prairie.

Sometimes on a hilltop they saw a horseman, outlined for a moment against the high sky. Sometimes in a valley

they saw a farmhouse. All day long they met no one on the rough road. Then, at dusk, they came to the little gray house their father had built. The children looked at it in disappointment, for it was in no way like the home they had left in Ohio; but Mrs. Gaylord smiled at her husband and said, "It's a lovely house, Andrew—and to think that you built it yourself!"

She moved toward the doorway as their father helped the younger children out of the wagon. No one was allowed to cross the threshold until they all stood together. Then Mrs. Gaylord turned to her husband and the children. "We must ask God's blessing upon our new home," she said softly. "May He bless and protect us now and always."

All of them, except the twins, who were too young for tasks, were given something to do. Francis and James helped their father lead the horses into the sod barn that he had built. Kate and Louisa and Emily helped their mother in unpacking boxes and bundles, in making beds, in setting the house in order. David brought water from the well. Then Francis and James brought in wood for the stove; and everyone helped in preparing supper.

There was much work to do, both inside and outside the little house, and early the next morning Andrew Gaylord and his wife arranged the labor that each one was to do. Francis and James would help their father in the fields. Kate and Louisa and Emily would help their mother do the washing, the ironing, the cooking, the baking, the dish-washing, the cleaning and dusting. Elizabeth and Esther would set and clear the table for meals. Later, as the work of the ranch grew greater, the girls might also work on some of the lighter outdoor tasks.

The house stood on a fenceless road that crossed fenceless land and forded streams which were sometimes dry and sometimes swift-running. The Gaylord children won-

dered sometimes if anyone ever passed on that road. Then, one day, a little more than a week after they had come to the Territory, they saw people riding swiftly by, going in the direction of the town at the end of the railroad.

"Look at all the people!" Francis cried. "Where are they going? And why are they hurrying?"

Andrew Gaylord was working alone in a field over the summit of a hill, and so he did not see the people passing. He would have known what their haste meant; but it was only when one of the riders came to the cabin door that Mrs. Gaylord learned what was happening.

"The Indians have risen at the fort," he told the startled woman and children. "They are off the reservation now. You'll have to go into town—and hurry!"

Andrew Gaylord came then from the field and talked to the messenger. The man rode on, and all the Gaylords hurried to leave the ranch. They threw into the wagon all they thought they would need. The children rushed around, trying to put in what they wanted. Their father stopped them, but he could not stop their mother from putting feather beds in the wagon.

When they came to the town, they found the place so crowded that the only shelter possible for them was in a loft over a store. Many other families were there.

The room in the loft was terribly crowded. Heads and legs were everywhere. The Gaylords had to pick their way over them to find a place for the beds. All the children except Francis and James were sick from excitement; but the two boys whispered to each other for hours, hoping that they would see the Indians.

Near them, through the night, a woman moaned. A baby cried. No one was sleeping, although everyone lay quiet. Sometimes they heard a noise in the street outside.

"Will the Indians find us?" Francis asked James.

"If they do, will they scalp us?" James asked Francis.

They remembered a picture which they had seen in a book in school in Ohio. It showed an Indian warrior holding high a long-haired scalp. Francis felt his own hair and thought, a little sadly, that it would be easy for an Indian to scalp him. He reached over toward Louisa, who had long, black braids. He gave her hair a twist, and Louisa screamed.

"Oh, children, please keep quiet," said Mrs. Gaylord.

After a little while a low murmur ran through the loft. It grew louder, and the boys knew that people were praying. One after another, everyone took it up. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven," they prayed. When the prayer was done, the Gaylord children fell asleep.

Nothing happened through the night. The next morning everyone went downstairs from the loft, but only a few men dared go out into the street. Andrew Gaylord was one of them. With three other men, he rode off to see what the Indians might be doing. At noon he and the other men

came back. They had ridden out to a hilltop from which they could see all the way to the reservation, but they had seen no Indians. They realized that there was no immediate danger, although there was always danger at the time of an Indian uprising.

The Gaylords went back to the ranch, carrying their feather beds. Mrs. Gaylord declared that, Indian scare or no Indian scare, she would not give up the comfort of their own cabin for any floor in a loft again. After a while they all began to realize that, although the Indians on the reservation near them were hostile to the white settlers, there was no immediate danger. The Gaylords were safe; but Francis and James were a little sorry.

On every day but Sunday the work of the ranch went on. Andrew Gaylord and the boys plowed the fields and planted wheat. In good seasons they reaped good harvests; but there were bad seasons, as well as good. Some of these brought terrible droughts when the wheat dried on the stalks so that it was worthless. One season brought a terrible plague of grasshoppers, which darkened the skies, ate the crops, and brought dreadful devastation to all the Territory. With their neighbors—and a neighbor was anyone who lived within fifty miles—the Gaylords started their work all over again.

There were two kinds of years on the ranch, the wet and the dry. In the wet years the place was a miracle of beauty and hope. In the dry years—and these came far more often—it was a place of long, hot, miserable days. Nothing the Gaylords or anyone else could do could save them from failure in those years, but they all kept on working.

To wheat, they added rye and barley. They made enough money on these crops to buy cattle. The district was good cattle country. In a little while the ranch began to prosper.

The character of the ranch work changed, although it continued hard. Francis and James and David began to help in the care of the cattle. They rode the herds to water holes. They kept night watch. They helped with the branding. They rode to market with their father when he went to sell cattle.

Once the boys went with Andrew Gaylord to the Indian reservation. The Indians were all sitting around in peaceful groups, but Francis and James and David pictured them riding out, decked in war paint and in war feathers, going on the warpath to kill whites. Some of the chiefs spoke pleasantly to Andrew, but the boys stayed silent. Afterward—long years afterward—they remembered the names of some of these chiefs, and knew them for the Sioux who massacred the Seventh Cavalry at the battle of the Little Big Horn.

At first, there was no school near the ranch, and their father and mother taught the Gaylord children. Through the long winter evenings, by the light of candles and sometimes of kerosene lamps, they studied and read. Once a week, as a great treat, Mrs. Gaylord read aloud stories from a set of the works of Charles Dickens. Almost as well as the stories, they all liked to hear her tale of how, when she was a girl in New York City, people had waited on the dock for the ships from England which brought in new installments of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Kate and Louisa both wept when their mother told of how crowds of people had wept over the death of the Little Nell of the Dickens novel. Better than Dickens, however, Francis and James liked the plays of Shakespeare.

Most of all, the Gaylords missed the nearness to church, which had been one of their deepest joys back in Ohio. The church nearest to the ranch was in a town nearly twenty miles distant. The journey to it was always difficult, and

at times impossible. Whenever the roads and the weather permitted, however, Andrew Gaylord and his wife drove off early Sunday morning with the family. Often, although the children breakfasted, their elders went fasting. There was no restaurant in the town, and so the Gaylords did not eat again until they reached home in the late afternoon.

They did not realize for a long time that the influence of the church was growing in the new country. The pastor of the church was a quiet man, but every law-abiding citizen of the district respected him. There was, for a time, an outlaw element in the place. Gradually, however, the forces of law and order won.

Bull trains to the Black Hills sometimes went over the road before the ranch. In summer the drivers sweated and swore as they urged their beasts on the way to the Indian reservations. Sometimes stagecoaches went by, with guards holding rifles over their knees as they protected their passengers and express shipments. Sometimes holdups occurred. When they did, the Gaylord boys watched the road fearfully, but half hoping that the highwaymen would ride by. Once, when Andrew Gaylord was away on a cattle-selling expedition, his wife saw a man hiding in the barn. She did not tell the children until the next day, but they all knew that danger had been near.

There was danger, too, in new work which Andrew Gaylord took on, and in which his sons helped him. He began to buy and sell horses, animals not yet broken from their wildness. Men who had captured them brought them to the ranch. Then the Gaylords started to break them in. The horses were stamping, rearing, biting, snorting, roaring brutes which resisted breaking. Some of them were whirlwinds of fury. Francis knew that, whenever a Gaylord mounted one of these animals, his mother went within the house to pray. Twice he was thrown from a horse's back.

Once David was badly hurt. Somehow all of them lived through the struggles in the corral.

They lived, too, through many illnesses of childhood. They had few medicines. The nearest doctor was more than a hundred miles away. Mrs. Gaylord had to be physician and nurse whenever illness came.

"Father runs everything outside the house," Kate said once, "but Mother runs everything inside."

It was their mother who made the rule that they all take turns in saying Grace before and after meals. It was their mother who led the Rosary every night. No matter how tired she might be after the work of a long day, her clear voice rang out in the Mysteries. It was their mother who said the prayers on the Sundays when they could not ride to town for Mass. It was their mother who met every spiritual crisis in their lives. Their father was, they all knew, a good man, a good Catholic; but it was their mother who deepened in them the faith which was her own guiding star.

"The way of God" was a very real way with her, as clearly a road as the road which ran over the prairies. "The will of God" was the reason for all which came or did not come to them. "The love of God" was the shield against all evil, all trouble.

And so, day by day, the Gaylords grew up in the new land which was to be, before they died, the Old West.

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

1. What, in this selection, shows how much one part of the world can be affected by events in some far-distant country? Give examples of similar happenings today.

2. What sort of man do you think Andrew Gaylord was? Give reasons for your answer.

3. How many reasons can you find for believing that religion played an active part in the daily life of the Gaylords?

4. Compare the work done by the boys on the ranch with that done by boys on a farm or in a city of today.

5. How did girls help on the ranch? Do girls of today do similar tasks?

6. Tell why you would or would not care to live as the Gaylords did.

7. Are there any incidents in the story that have a touch of humor in them?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a frieze of life on a Dakota ranch in the 1850's. On a long sheet of wrapping paper illustrate such things as the following:

Gaylords arriving at their new home
Children engaged in household tasks
Flight from the Indians
Work in the fields
Grasshopper plague
Driving cattle to the water holes
White men in friendly conversation with Indians
Reading on a winter evening
The journey to Mass on Sundays
Bull trains and stagecoaches passing on the road
Breaking of wild horses
Illness in the home
Family prayers

2. Imagine that you lived on the Gaylord ranch at the time of this story and write a letter to a friend telling about any one of the things listed above.

III. *The Blizzard*

The most terrible enemy of the work of man in the West was the weather. The fearful heats of summer, the floods of springtime, often destroyed the labor of months, even of years. Worst of all, however, were the storms which swept

down from the northwest, threatening all within the breadth of their icy terrors. Sometimes these blizzards came, with startling suddenness, after winter days of warm loveliness. One of them swept down upon the Gaylords after a January day which had been like April.

The day had been so warm that ice was cracking in the Missouri River. Geese were flying north. There was some snow on the ground, but it was soft. The roads were open.

Andrew Gaylord had gone to town to look at a run of wild horses which one of the men of the district had captured. He might be gone two or three days. When the storm clouds began to show on the horizon, his wife looked anxiously at the road; but Francis and James insisted that, if their father had not already started homeward, he would wait in town until the storm was over.

There was no snow when the Gaylords went to bed that night. In the morning, when they awakened, they saw how the storm had already covered almost everything on the ranch. Francis and James realized that they must bring the horses and cattle in to shelter. They went out into a strange quiet that was broken only by the bellowing of the hungry cattle. They found that they were short of hay in the haymow, although there was plenty in the meadow. But it was too late to get to the meadow, and the boys began to shove out with pitchforks all the hay they could find in the haymow. Then they went out into the storm and brought in the cattle to be fed.

They could not get near the horses. Whenever they tried, a horse reared and plunged, threatening to stampede all the others. Step by step, feeling rather than seeing their way, they managed to get back to the house. There they warmed themselves a little before starting out to the horses again.

"Do you think Father is out in this storm?" Kate asked.

"Of course he isn't," Francis said, almost angrily; but when he went out again with James, he asked, "What do you think will happen to Father if he is on the road?"

"I don't know," James said uneasily. Then he added, "I think Mother is praying for him."

They went close again to the horses, which had now been blinded by the fury of the storm. Inch by inch, one after another, they led the animals to shelter, although it was poor shelter, since the wind had blown the roof from the barn. The roar of the wind, the stamping of the horses, the bellowing of the cattle, sounded loud around them as they shivered through the icy drifts. Then another sound, a strange sound, fell on their ears.

"What's that?" James shouted.

"It sounded like a cry," Francis said.

"Someone is out in this storm," James gasped.

Again the sound came.

"There is someone near us," James said. "How can we find him?"

"Let's follow the sound," Francis said; but the sound came no more.

Inch by inch, the boys groped around the barn. They dared not let go of the rope which they had stretched from the house to the barn, for that was their only guide and anchor. If they lost touch with that, they would be as utterly lost as if they had wandered miles from home. Stories of how people had been lost in blizzards only a little way from their own doorways came to their minds.

"I don't believe we heard anything," Francis said; but James insisted, "I heard something, and it wasn't the horses or the cattle."

They moved around the barn, holding to it at every step. Just as they came to the fourth side, Francis stumbled over something in the snowdrift. He bent down and touched a

body. "It's a man!" he cried. "We'll have to get him into the house," Francis said.

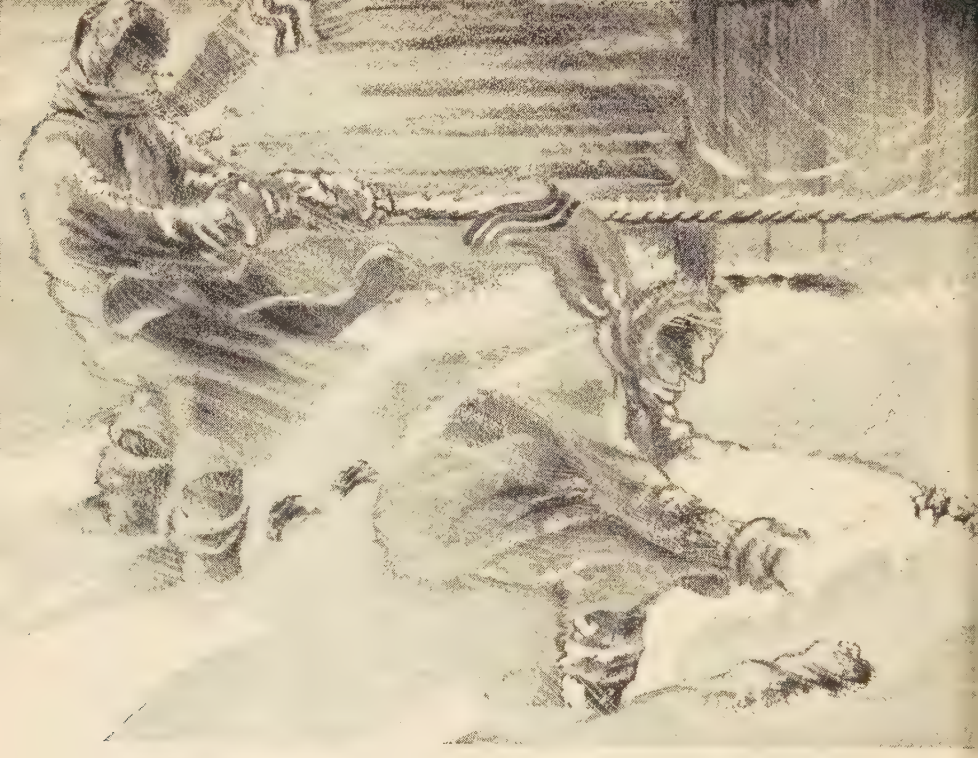
The body in the snow was so stiff that they could hardly pry it loose. Finally, after long effort, they managed to raise it from the drift. Then they dragged it, inch by inch, over the trail, holding to the rope so that they might not lose their way. At last, breathless, almost frozen, they reached the ranch house.

"Here is someone to help," Francis told his mother, as she opened the door.

"God pity him," she told Kate. "Bring me in a tub of snow," she bade David. Then, as they sped to do her bidding, and the other children stood in terrified silence, she began to unwrap the heavy scarf which covered the man's head. Suddenly she gave a wild cry, "Andrew, Andrew!" and the Gaylords knew that the frozen man was their father. "Oh, thank God, you found him," she went on.

Swiftly she went to work, while at the same time she directed the children what to do. Francis went out to help David with the snow. Louisa helped them to carry the tub over the threshold. Kate and David rubbed their father's arms, while Francis and their mother rubbed his legs. The icy slush with which they worked almost froze their own hands, but they kept at their task while Emily watched the kettle and Louisa and the twins brought in more snow. After a time their father's legs and arms began to show signs of life. Then, after another and longer time, Andrew Gaylord opened his eyes. "I'm home," he said slowly. "Thank God!"

Not for days did he recover from the shock of his experience. He had thought he could beat the storm, but had been caught in its fury. He had lost his horse and had come on foot. Finally, he had lost all sense of direction. He had groped on blindly, praying as he came.



"I told myself," he said, "that the God Who watched over the sparrow would surely help the father of eight children. And he did," he added. "He did!"

"God has always helped us," said his wife.

There were other blizzards in other years; but none of them were as terrible as the one through which the Gaylords had struggled. They spoke of it as a milestone on the road of their lives, first with horror, then, after a while, with something of pride. It had been such a big blizzard, and they had accomplished so much in it. They had saved their own father at their own door. People who could come through disasters like that would surely win the reward of their faith and their labors; and so, although there were ranchers who gave up their ranches and went back to the East, the Gaylords stayed in the Territory, working, building, hoping, striving.

IV. *Work Wins the West*

Year by year, the country changed. New settlers came. The ranches grew smaller and more numerous. The old lawlessness, which had so often threatened the scattered families, died down.

A school came to the district. The first schoolhouse was in a sod dugout. It was near enough to the Gaylord house so that some of the older boys and girls could walk there in good weather, while the younger children rode on one horse. The place was heated by a stove called a hay-burner because it used hay for fuel. At recess the boys of the school filled a big boiler with hay and set it on top of the stove, upside down. Sometimes it gave heat. Sometimes it merely smoked so badly that teacher and students were driven out into the cold. For all its rudeness, however, the school was a good school, for its students came out of it with knowledge which they applied in their later lives.

In time the ranch prospered so that the Gaylords built a new house. They bought more cows, and the girls learned to make butter. Emily insisted upon having chickens and drove a bargain with her father for payment for eggs. The others laughed at her; but Emily was the first one of the girls to insist upon going away to school. "I can pay for it," she said.

The town too changed. Somehow it no longer seemed so far away from the ranch. Desperadoes no longer shot it out on the town streets. Ranchers, driving into town, no longer needed to fear fights which broke out at the drop of a hat. Then a new pastor came to the town—and the real change of the place began. He was a quiet man who spoke quietly of salvation, of the wisdom and kindness of God, of the nearness of eternity. In his years on the frontier no one ever heard him lift his voice, and yet he ruled the town and

the country beyond the town. For he appealed always to the goodness of men, and men responded to his appeal, since they were good at heart. He built a new church, in which the whole town took pride. He built a school and brought Sisters to teach it. Gradually he set in the minds of his people a pride in themselves, in their work, in their lives, a pride which spread out to become a pride in the town.

"This is a good town," everyone in the Territory said.

A good town it was. For its people—those who lived within it and those who called it their town because they came there to market, to school, to church—had done a good job, not only on their ranches but on their own lives. They had worked always as free men, and to their children and their children's children they passed on that heritage of love of freedom.

The Old West passed away. Even though the lands west of the Missouri have remained, for the most part, ranch lands, the changes of the Industrial Revolution came into every home. People no longer worked as the Gaylords had, all for one and one for all, in every kind of farm and household task; but the spirit of working together, as free men, for a common cause, has lived on, and the old spirit of American freedom lives in the hearts of men and women who remember the hills, and plains, and high skies, and even the blizzards of their happy, hard-working childhoods on the ranches of the old cattle country.

SELECT AND TELL

Select the topic sentences in the paragraphs of "Work Wins the West." Using them as a guide, tell the class what you have learned from this reading about the development of the West.

The Plainsmen

Men of the older, gentler soil,
  Loving the things that their fathers wrought—
Worn old fields of their fathers' toil,
  Scarred old hills where their fathers fought—
Loving their land for each ancient trace,
Like a mother dear for her wrinkled face,
  Such as they never can understand
  The way we have loved you, young, young land!

Born of a free, world-wandering race,
  Little we yearned o'er a half-turned sod.
What did we care for the fathers' place,
  Having ours fresh from the hand of God?
Who feared the strangeness or wiles of you
When from the unreckoned miles of you,
  Thrilling the wind with a sweet command,
  Youth unto youth called, young, young land?

When the last free trail is a prim, fenced lane
  And our graves grow weeds through forgetful Mays,
Richer and statelier then you'll reign,
  Mother of men whom the world will praise.
And your sons will love you and sigh for you,
Labor and battle and die for you,
  But never the fondest will understand
  The way we have loved you, young, young land.

BADGER CLARK

We Work as Free Men

It was the custom, in the time when Jesus Christ was a boy in Nazareth, for all Jewish boys, rich or poor, to learn a trade. The Jews, like the Greeks, honored manual labor because they knew it was good for both body and soul. Every Jewish lad was made ready to earn his own living.

The boy in the home of Mary and Joseph was subject to His Mother and foster father. Well-founded tradition tells us that He worked, as did other boys of Nazareth. For He had taken on, with His human nature, the customs of the people to whom He had come.

He learned a trade in the carpenter shop of His foster father. He handled the saw and the plane. He carved plows to use in the field. He made yokes for the oxen. He worked, as did the other workingmen of the town, from sunrise until the purple dusk fell over the hills. He knew the common lot of labor, the toil, the difficulties, the hardships, the happiness of work well done, the obligations of starting and finishing jobs.

When He began to go through Galilee, teaching and preaching, Jesus Christ associated with all kinds of men. He showed the same kindness and justice to all who came to Him. He healed lepers, as well as the son of a royal officer. He healed servants who were probably slaves, such as the servant of the centurion. He once was the guest of Simon the aristocratic Pharisee; but to the poor and the outcast He gave His special care, His affection, His respect. To Him a man was never to be judged by his outward look. To Him all men were brothers.

Most of the disciples whom He chose were workingmen. Peter, Andrew, John, James, and Matthew were men of the people, ordinary men. Peter was a rough, impetuous, sometimes hot-tempered fisherman; and yet it was Peter whom the Son of God called the Rock upon which He would build His Church.

This recognition by Christ of the dignity of the worker was, from its beginning, one of the great sources of the strength of the Christian religion. Men realized that the Church of Christ saw them and tried to make other men see them as they wished to see themselves, children of God, with the dignity of human beings. In the pagan world a great majority of all men and women were slaves. As the pagan world became the Christian world, these men and women became free, with the rights and duties of the free.

For centuries the condition of the poor, of the workers, grew better. Then came a time when nearly all the workers of England owned their own homes. There, and in other parts of Europe, especially in the thirteenth century, when men tried to live their daily lives under the law of God, social justice became real. After the rise of the Industrial Revolution, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, justice for the laborers no longer ruled the working world.

At the time of the founding of the American Republic the United States was not a great industrial nation. The men who wrote the Constitution could not foresee the problems which the following century would bring to the nation. They could not look forward to provide justice for workers who would labor under conditions which the Founding Fathers could not foresee. But they did make a Constitution which can be amended to provide for better conditions for men.

Before the Industrial Revolution had got well under way, however, families worked in their own homes under conditions which required the services of all the members of the family. As a result, the family had a real unity. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, worked together for the family welfare. Men, women, and children labored together to meet the conditions of the world in which they found themselves. In their work together they found companionship. Their conduct was a family problem. Children more readily learned the Golden Rule of living. Religion deepened in their minds and souls. The difficulties of life were not barriers, but challenges, to them.

In the earlier periods of our Republic the home was not merely a place to sleep and eat. It was a place to work, a place of industry. It was also a place of recreation, a place of study, a place for the wider development of the child. It was a place for the living of good lives under the Fatherhood of God; and that is why the homes of those who worked as free men stood so long as the shield and strength of our free nation.

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT AND THINGS TO DO

1. Give three reasons to show that Jesus Christ respected honest labor.

2. Try to find out what were the occupations of the twelve Apostles.

3. If you were a workman living at the time of Christ, should you have been impressed by His teachings? Why?

4. How do you think the Industrial Revolution interfered with the justice due to workers?

5. Within the past fifty years two great Popes have each written a great letter in defense of the workingman. Try to learn the names of these Popes and the titles of their letters.

6. How were the "difficulties" of earlier American life a "challenge" to the people of our country?

7. Tell of anything that you know has been done in the United States to aid or protect workingmen.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

Do you know these words well enough to use them correctly? Try to form a sentence with each one of them and make an effort to have your sentences not only correct, but so interesting that the class will enjoy listening to them.

sources
droughts
reared
the Territory
Federal
frontier farms
impetuous
saga
spiritual crisis
sod dugout
bull trains
prairie
plague
groped
biddable
clan
reservation
thicket
informal
hostile
haymow
desperadoes
quilting bee
end of steel

Mary on Earth

I wish that I had lived then, just to share
A bit of cake with her; or loiter where
She shopped for grapes and figs; or by a well
So that, while we drew water, she would tell
How sunshine lit the Christ-Child's little head,
And how He loved wild honey on His bread;
How Joseph whittled Him a tiny boat,
And how she had to lengthen His blue coat.
I might have watched the glory of her eyes
As she would see Him holding butterflies;
Before she rose to heaven, fair and sweet,
I wish I might have lived upon her street!

GERALDINE ROSS

Prayer of the Worker

In the history of the American Republic some of the greatest and most powerful leaders of the nation have been workers. Their own labors have given them a sympathy with all who have labored. No one has better expressed this sympathy for the worker than Patrick Cardinal Hayes, the late Archbishop of New York, who had in his own boyhood worked to help his family fortunes. For the workers whom he loved with brotherly love Cardinal Hayes wrote this prayer:

Lord Jesus, Carpenter of Nazareth, You were a worker as I am; give to me and all the workers of the world the privilege to work as You did, so that everything we do may be to the benefit of our fellow men and the greater glory of God the Father. Thy Kingdom come into the factories and into the shops, into our homes and into our streets. Give us this day our daily bread. May we receive it without envy or injustice. To us who labor and are heavily burdened send speedily the refreshment of Thy love. May we never sin against Thee. Show us Thy way to work, and when the work is done, may we with all our fellow workers rest in peace. Amen.

PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES, Archbishop of New York

The Empire Builder

This is the song of the Empire Builder,
Who built not of wasted lands,
But who builded a kingdom of golden deeds
And of things not made by hands!

The fields of the spirit were his to roam,
The paths where the love-flowers grew;
He felt the breath of the spirits' spring
In every wind that blew.

It came not laden with dying groans
And homeless orphans' cries;
It blew from the mountains of the Lord
And the fields of Paradise.

This is the boast of the Empire Builder
Who built not of moldering clay:
That the kingdom He built, not made by hands,
Shall never pass away!

This is the kingdom our brother built!
It is good: it hath sufficed;—
For who can measure the glory he keeps
With our Elder Brother, Christ!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY

VIII

We Extend Our Liberties

You are all the children of God. . . .
There is neither slave nor freeman. . . .
For you are all one in Christ Jesus.

Galatians iii, 26–28

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude,
except as a punishment for crime,
whereof the party shall have been duly convicted,
shall exist within the United States,
or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Amendment XIII
Constitution of the United States

Nancy Hanks

If Nancy Hanks
Came back as a ghost,
Seeking news
Of what she loved most,
She'd ask first
"Where's my son?
What's happened to Abe?
What's he done?
Poor little Abe,
Left all alone
Except for Tom,
Who's a rolling stone;
He was only nine
The year I died.
I remember still
How hard he cried.
Scraping along
In a little shack,
With hardly a shirt
To cover his back,
And a prairie wind
To blow him down,
Or pinching times
If he went to town.
You wouldn't know
About my son?
Did he grow tall?
Did he have fun?
Did he learn to read?
Did he get to town?
Do you know his name?
Did he get on?"

ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

The Gettysburg Address

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Starry Flag

I. *Flag of the Free*

The United States is a land of freedom. The Constitution of the nation, following the law of God, assures to the citizens of the nation certain rights given by God to man.

The Constitution, however, did not, when it was framed by the founders of the American Republic, assure certain freedoms to all men. Slavery existed in the Colonies. The Constitution forbade the continuation of the slave trade, but did not forbid slavery. From the beginning of the Republic, the slavery question was a political issue which threatened the existence of the nation; for the slavery question became entangled with the question of the right of a state to leave the Union at any time it so desired.

Abraham Lincoln was elected to the presidency at the critical time when South Carolina was threatening to leave the Union. A little while after his election, the firing of a cannon from the South Carolina shore upon Fort Sumter, in the harbor off Charleston, began the war between the states which history calls the Civil War.

That war was to end in a country united, not divided. It was to end with freedom for the slaves, a freedom proclaimed by President Lincoln and later assured by amendments to the Constitution. It was, however, a long and bloody war, and within it many, many men made sacrifices like those made by Mary Russell's father; for nearly always the price of man's freedom is sacrifice.

II. *Clouds over the Flag*

All the way home from school Mary Russell raced the wild February wind. Faster and faster, as though the surge of the northeaster off Lake Michigan were a challenge to her

spirit, she plunged along the high wooden sidewalks, past the armory, past the mayor's house, past Saint Mary's Church. Faster and faster, her strapped schoolbooks clutched in one hand and her bonnet pushed back on her head, she sped as the day's happiness paced her steps.

Cheeks aglow, dark eyes agleam, she counted over to herself the praises she had received when Sister Mary Gabriel had come into the seventh grade to distribute the monthly report cards. In geography, though Prussia and Muscovy and Barbary had seemed as far off as the moon, she had been given the mark of "Excellent."

In natural history, because she could tell of earthquakes and of thunderstorms, of tides and clouds and fire, her mark was equally high.

She had answered correctly, with Spencerian pen, all the answers to Bishop Duggan's long questions on Christian Doctrine.

But the mark she had received in common-school grammar was the spark that sent her young heart soaring, for participles and prepositions and parsing and punctuation had long been the barrier in her work as a day student at Saint Xavier's Academy. Now, though the hill had been hard to climb, she had conquered the rules of grammar laid down in the red-covered books by Simon Kerl.

As she skipped along, she made a song of the rules which had dismayed her:

> I did not know a suffix
> From an ordinary noun,
> But never will I let a verb
> Or adverb keep me down.

Her mother must be told at once of the victory she had won, and the thought gave still greater speed to her race against time. She was laughing to herself as she turned the corner of Washington Street.

It was then that she saw Abraham Lincoln.

His old plaid shawl slung loosely across his high, gaunt shoulders, he moved toward her, the mayor and the city councilmen behind him.

Mary stood still, all laughter gone.

Abraham Lincoln smiled at her, though there was sorrow in the deep wells of his gray eyes.

She curtsied, as she had been taught by the Sisters of Mercy, but her excited gaze never left the lined face of the man who alone held the destiny of the Union.

He moved on down the street toward the railroad station, where a train whistle shrieked its high, shrill warning that the hour had come for him to leave the tree-lined prairie streets for the heartbreaking journey to a war-shadowed White House. With her long bombazine skirt whipping around her slender ankles, Mary stood on the wintry Chicago corner until she could no longer see the high dark hat, the thin grim figure of the man who would soon be President.

Then, silently, as though afar she could hear the rumble of battle thunder, she stumbled up Washington Street to the little gray cottage across from the courthouse.

Somehow, because of the long shadow of the man she had seen, she expected home to look different from what it did on other days. There was no change. The lone birch tree, stripped of its leaves, still held wintry pallor. The northern windows, devoid of afternoon sunlight, reflected only the grayness of the day. A few papers swirled across the brick walk, and the heavy, black type of a handbill caught her attention. For a brief moment she glanced at it, noting its plea for a meeting of all abolitionists to be held that night in the opera house. She watched it blow away before she lifted the latch of the gate and moved toward the cottage door.

Her mother was sitting in front of the fire, her hands clasped in unaccustomed idleness, her eyes on the leaping flames. "Mary, darling," she gave greeting, but her voice was thick with tears.

The girl walked toward her. "I have just seen Mr. Lincoln," she said.

"I saw him, too," her mother's voice was low. "He came out of the courthouse. He passed by this door."

Mary sat on a low stool near her mother's chair. "He looks like a brave man," she said.

Her mother did not stir. The clenched hands did not relax their nervous grip. "He'll need courage, all the courage that he can muster," she said, though Mary could scarcely hear the words, "but, most of all, he'll need prayer."

"This is a terrible time, isn't it, Mother?" the girl asked.

"A terrible time," her mother repeated. "All wars are terrible, Mary, but a civil war seems the most terrible of all. North and South, we are the people of one nation; and yet it seems likely now that, in a little while, we shall be fighting one another."

"Will the North fight to free the slaves?" Mary asked.

"The North will fight to save the Union. Some of the Southern states declare that they are not bound to stay in the Union."

"Don't you think that Mr. Lincoln will free the slaves?" Mary persisted.

"I don't know." For the first time Margaret Russell looked toward her daughter. "Abraham Lincoln is a just man," she went on. "He will try to do what is right for the nation. Freeing the slaves may be part of that justice."

"Why have you been crying, Mother?" the girl asked.

For a moment there was no answer. Then Margaret Russell spoke. "I am thinking of the cost of war," she said. "Freedom is always bloodstained."

Silence settled in the little room.

After a while Mary arose and moved toward the window. Outside she could see the dusk of the midland evening settling upon the high bell tower and upon the gray walls of the courthouse across the street. She could see shadows, long as the fingers of time, spread across the wide courthouse yard. She placed her hands against the window casing, as though the better to see the coming of the night. A sense of the seriousness of the time came upon her. Consciousness of her small role in the mighty drama stirred her. This is Chicago, her brain whispered. This is Illinois. Out of this state, apart from all the other states, has gone today the man who has been chosen President. He is taking with him his own courage and the courage of the men and women who crossed oceans and mountains and wildernesses to come to this frontier, not so long ago. My father came, my mother came, and all the rest of them came here because they had faith. They came in lake boats and in covered wagons, on horseback and on foot. They came with money and they came without money because freedom was in their souls. Abraham Lincoln must not fail them!

When darkness came she turned back to the room. Quietly she asked the question "When war comes, Father will enlist?"

Quietly her mother answered her, "He will be among the first to go."

Down the street the girl heard the high laughter of children. It came nearer. "Stephen and Annie will soon be in," she said. "We shan't speak of war to them, shall we, Mother?"

"They will learn of it only too soon," Mrs. Russell answered, as she arose and moved slowly toward the unlighted kitchen.

After her mother had gone, Mary sat looking at her gay

lavender bonnet, still in her hand. At last she turned from the window and very slowly took off her coat, with its carved ivory buttons. She carefully put away the bonnet and coat. Then she came to stand beside the walnut table as she unstrapped her schoolbooks. Slowly she lifted the catechism, and geography, and arithmetic, and Simon Kerl's *Common Grammar*. Slowly she placed them in an orderly pile beside the still-dark oil lamp.

For a brief moment she held in her hand the monthly report card, and, scanning in the firelight the marks of which she had been so proud, she remembered her desire to share that pride with her mother. For all that she felt now, that joy might have been of yesterday or yesteryear.

Dimly she had known that great events were piling up over the nation. One night, as torchlights blazed, she had seen the Wigwam on the lake front crowded with men; in the next day's *Times* she had read that there Abraham Lincoln had been nominated for the Presidency. She had heard of Major Anderson and his stand at Fort Sumter; but it had all been a story apart from her own life until the day when Abraham Lincoln had passed her. Then, suddenly, she had become part of the world about her. Never again was she to feel apart from it.

Silently she slipped the report card between the pages of the *Common Grammar*.

On this February night she had come into another world.

WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

It is often interesting to think of what might have happened if we, or someone else, had acted differently at a certain time. We can't go back and change the happenings in our lives, but we can change the words and actions of characters in a story.

LINCOLN
FOR
PRESIDENT

Use your imagination; write a different ending for part II of this story. Let the change begin at the point where Mary Russell meets Mr. Lincoln. The action may be on the part of either character, or both.

Each pupil may read his changed ending to the class.

III. *The Flag Goes to Battle*

The drums began to roll.

Across the street, in the shadow of the courthouse, enlistment sergeants pitched their tents. Mary could hear the din of steady drumbeats as she woke in the morning and went to sleep at night.

Fort Sumter had been fired upon.

The Union Army needed men.

The drums called them, beating loud tattoo.

Abraham Lincoln called for a larger army.

Save the Union! The cry was lifted high, and the blood of the people was stirred.

Militia regiments and military companies marched past the house on Washington Street. Laborers, mechanics, clerks, students, men from Chicago's North Side and South Side and West Side, stood in long lines before the enlistment tents of the courthouse to enroll their names.

Soldiers of the regular army of the United States marched grimly through Chicago toward the Polk Street barracks and the railroad station.

The Zouaves, trim-turbaned, red-trousered, with Captain Ellsworth at their head, passed in a last review. Mary Russell stood at the corner of LaSalle Street and watched them go.

The Nineteenth Illinois, flags flying, moved down Washington Street as the city surged forward to shout farewell and Godspeed to Colonel Owen Stuart and his men.

Most of the men who came to the Russell house on Sunday nights were already in uniform. Volunteers in the cause of the Union, they talked of the Twenty-third Illinois, the Douglas Brigade, the other regiments which would soon follow the Nineteenth to the battle fronts. Thomas Russell said nothing of his own purpose; but Mary, watching him, as he listened to the other men, knew that he planned to join the Union Army as soon as he had made necessary arrangements about his business.

She was more certain when, one day, her mother began to sew upon a creamy satin of an American flag. "May I help you, Mother?" Mary pleaded. Her mother gave her a long look, then told her that she might sew the white stars upon the blue ground of the flag. Every day, after school, the girl worked at the task steadily. On the evening when she was setting in the last stitches, her father came into the room. She did not look up from her work until she heard the strange new note in his voice. Then, with her quick glance upward, she knew that the time for his going had come.

"Here is one man who will not be left behind," Thomas Russell said. "I have just enlisted in the Twenty-third Illinois."

Mary's mother did not speak. She nodded her head as if she had known that he had made his decision long ago.

"I should do wrong if I did not go," he told them. "For I believe that the cause of human freedom is bound up by destiny with the cause of the Union. How could I demand emancipation for one people and not for another?"

Mary rushed into his arms. "O Father," she sobbed.

His cheeks were cold as he kissed her. "The Union needs all of us, Mary. I have pledged loyalty, and I mean it."

Her mother arose and crossed the room. Her step was no longer young. "May God go with you, Thomas," she said, "and bring you safely home again."

On that August day when orders came for the Brigade to go to the South, Mary Russell and her mother and the younger children struggled through the shouting, milling mobs on the Chicago streets to lift their voices in last farewell to the men in the ranks.

A band played as the brigade marched southward toward the station.

"I shall never forget this day and this song," Mary cried. The song was an old ballad of valor.

> The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
> In the ranks of death you'll find him;
> His father's sword he has girded on,
> And his wild harp slung behind him.
>
> He said, "No chains shall sully thee,
> Thou soul of love and bravery,
> Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
> They shall never sound in slavery!"

The American flag, bright with the stars which Mary had sewn by hand, was lifted above the regimental colors.

The men moved forward.

Mary and Stephen fell into step on the street beside their father. He took each child by the hand. "Be good," he bade them. "Be kind to your mother."

Margaret Russell, little Annie in her arms, caught up with them. Her Paisley shawl had slipped from her shoulders, and her eyes were reddened by tears. "O Thomas," she told him, "it is hard to let you go."

They turned left at the railroad station and halted there for a few moments. "Don't cry, Margaret," Thomas begged his wife. "This war will soon be over. I'm only doing a man's part. This is a good country. It is a land worth fighting for!"

Orders rang out. "Forward, march!"

"Good-by, my dear ones." Thomas halted for a moment

as the regiment swung up into the waiting coaches. "Pray for me," he added, as he turned away.

The train moved slowly out of the station, but all along the Lake Michigan embankment Mary ran after the coach in which her father rode.

He saw her and leaned out of the window. "The Union forever!" he shouted to give her courage.

She heard him. Her young shoulders lifted and her head was flung back as she gave him in answer the battlecry. "The Union forever!" she called back to him, lifting high her arms.

Her mother did not weep when she and Mary and the younger children returned to the empty house on Washington Street, though her shoulders sagged and the light had gone from her blue eyes.

She counted out upon the walnut table the money that Thomas Russell had saved through many years. "It will

see us through," she told Mary, "and if it doesn't, I have two strong hands of my own."

The long wait began. Margaret Russell held up her sinking courage with tales of heroism which crippled and blinded men, returning from the front, told their neighbors. In the lamplight of the parlor, when Stephen and little Annie were in bed, Mary sat with her mother, and heard some of the stories. Pulse beating high, she thrilled as bearded men spoke of Lexington in Missouri, and Bull Run in Virginia, of Marye's Heights, and of Shiloh. Sometimes she heard of her father's regiment, as it moved through Tennessee with General Thomas, and toward Georgia with General Sherman.

"They are brave, brave men," said Margaret Russell. "May God bring all of them home!"

Outside, across Washington Street, the courthouse bell tolled steadily. The long, grim casualty lists were coming back to Chicago.

Bands still played "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home" and "Brave Boys Are They" as men in blue still marched past the little gray cottage; and the drums and the bugles and the fifes played a melody of conflict for Mary Russell. There were no more games on the sandy shore. There was no more laughter in the summer dusk. Each day, when classes at the academy were over, she marched in quiet and orderly procession with the older girls at the school as they went to the armory to make bandages for the wounded; each night her swift fingers plied the needles as the piles of knitting grew.

In September Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. "A war measure," Mary heard some men call it; but her mother said, "Perhaps this is why we really went to war, and perhaps it is worth a war to make other men free."

In October a messenger from the Soldiers' Hospital came to her mother. "There's a wounded man in a ward who wants to see you," he said.

They followed him swiftly, Mary clutching her mother's cold hand. "It can't be my father," the girl tried to reassure her mother.

Thomas Russell was waiting for them. He lifted himself with pain as they drew near his white bed. "It's hard to kill a good man," he laughed, but there were tears in his eyes.

Mary was the first to see that his strong right arm was gone.

Her mother did not cry. She flung herself beside the narrow cot and kissed him. "Thank God, you are home once more," she told him. Then, seeing that he had fought his last battle, she gently touched his empty sleeve. "We're still young, Thomas," she said.

Suddenly, Mary realized that, in this hour, her father and mother were showing a courage far greater than had been her father's courage in going to war. Then he had known that he might face death. Now he knew that he would be facing a life which would be hard. He was no longer the man he had been, Mary saw; but she saw, too, that he was looking forward with a deeper trust in God than he had ever shown. Her heart beat swiftly in her pride in him and in her mother.

"They are grand people," the girl thought, and smiled brightly at them both. "Stephen and Annie will be so glad to see you," she told her father.

"And how glad I shall be to see them again!" he said.

The war went on. Men were to die at Antietam. The bloody ground of Gettysburg was ahead. The seven-week siege of Vicksburg was still only a plan of campaign. Sheridan, on his black charger, was to ride into the blossoming

dogwood and the purpling Judas trees of the Shenandoah Valley. Then Thomas Russell came home to the house on Washington Street.

Drums still beat in the courthouse yard in '64. Sherman was marching to the sea. Fifes still shrieked as the troops moved eastward across the prairie city. Grant in the wilderness was driving upon Richmond.

The springtime of '65 came up from the South with rumors of the end of the war. Enlistment drums still sounded in the courthouse yard, but the sound was slower. Sherman had taken Atlanta and Savannah and had come into the Carolinas. Grant had cut off Richmond. Sheridan was moving forward to join him. Meade was following. Tales of great battles ticked over the telegraph to appear on the front pages of the Chicago papers.

Then, without warning, one April night the bell in the courthouse tower began to ring.

"What is it?" cried Mary, roused from sleep.

Her mother rushed past her. "Pray to God it is peace!" she sobbed.

Thomas reached the cottage door before them. He stood, his empty sleeve outlined against sudden flares that blazed across the street. A man roared the news. "Richmond has fallen!" Thomas repeated the words after him.

"The war is over!" shouted men and women and children.

The bell rang vibrantly. It rang joyously. It rang triumphantly. It rang until the force of its own pealing broke its power forever. Before it fell into silence, it had told the people of Chicago that the Union had been preserved. The Civil War was ended.

NOTES FOR AN ORAL REPORT

Your schoolwork and other activities will often require you to make an oral report on something that you have seen, heard, or read. In order to report accurately, most people, unless they are experienced speakers, need notes.

Preparing notes on reading material is the best and easiest way to learn note-taking. Since you have already learned outlining, you will need only to make use of what you know. Follow these directions for taking notes and giving a report on what you have just read:

1. Read the story.

2. Select the first major idea and write it on paper.

3. Under the major idea write the minor idea or ideas. (Do not use too many details.)

4. Select and write down in the same way each remaining major idea, together with its minor idea or ideas.

5. Read over your notes carefully, trying to recall as much as possible of the story.

6. Give your oral report to the class, using your notes as a guide, but looking at them as little as possible.

IV. *The Flag Flies at Half-Mast*

Four years from the day it fell, the flag of a united country flew once more over Fort Sumter. In the sunlight of the April morning bells in Chicago rang. Bright bunting stretched from house to house along Washington Street. Soldiers fired the cannon in the courthouse yard. Men gathered in crowds, greeting one another with shaken voices. Women embraced one another.

"I don't know whether to laugh or cry," Mary Russell said, as she went with her father and mother through the streets to the Good Friday Mass of the Presanctified at Saint Mary's.

"Even though the war is done," her mother said, "this is no day for laughter."

Thought of the terrible cost of war came to the girl as she followed the Sacrifice upon the altar while the choir, without the organ, made response to Father Halligan. Many men who had once been of this congregation would never come back. Many, like her father, would go through life handicapped. With widows and orphans of dead soldiers, they would go on paying the price for freedom. As she walked forward toward the altar rail for the Veneration of the Cross, she realized, for the first time, how sacrifice of self brought man nearer to the Christ, Who had sacrificed Himself for mankind.

Tears, not for herself, but for the sorrows of the world, which Christ had died to save, ran down her cheeks as she turned away from the altar rail.

That night, in Washington, as a half-crazed assassin leaped from a box in the Ford Theater to the stage, Abraham Lincoln fell forward with bullet wounds, unconscious and dying. Terrified and sorrowing men carried him to a narrow brick house across the street. By morning he was dead.

Men brought back their commander in chief to his own Illinois. The broken bell in the courthouse was still mute, but all the other bells in the city tolled their knell of grief for the Great Liberator, for the man who had been as simple as the soil of his midland prairies.

Past the body of the martyr, lying in state in the courthouse hall, surged the mourners. Before daylight Mary Russell walked beside her father in the hush of the throng that had waited all night to pass the dead President.

She touched her father's empty sleeve that hung limply beside her as they knelt to pray. There was a sob in her heart for Abraham Lincoln, lying so still upon the flag-draped bier; for Thomas Russell, all soldier duty done; for all the soldiers of the land who had seen the gleam of liberty and had followed it. She drew closer to her father as they knelt together, praying for the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

"Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord," sighed Thomas Russell.

"And let perpetual light shine upon him," said Mary.

They came out together into the Chicago dawn. "You must always remember that you have looked upon the face of Abraham Lincoln, once in life, and once in death," her father said.

"I shall always be proud that I have seen him," she told him, "and that you served under him."

"The people trusted him, Mary. He never failed that trust."

"He hated human misery."

"He loved human freedom," said Thomas Russell.

"He said that all men are created equal."

"All men *are* created equal," her father repeated after her. "That is democracy, Mary. It is Catholicity too."

Somewhere a bugle sighed a requiem. Above the weeping crowd, at half-mast in the April morning, drooped the starry flag.

LOOKING OVER THE STORY

By thinking or glancing over the entire story of "The Starry Flag" you will find material for carrying out the activities suggested below.

1. *Giving a Character Sketch.* Write one short paragraph describing the character of Thomas Russell, Margaret Russell, or their daughter Mary. Think carefully about these people before you write. Use strong, well-chosen words to describe them. Be prepared to prove everything that you say as you read your description to the class.

2. *Finding Examples.* Find in the story two examples of each of these following:

Courage under difficulties
Trust in God's care
Gratitude for favors
Consideration for others
Loyalty to a cause
Forgetfulness of self

3. *Making a Contrast.* Using the descriptions that are given in the story, try to form in your mind a clear picture of Chicago (*a*) on the first few days following the outbreak of the Civil War; (*b*) on the days between President Lincoln's death and funeral.

Contrast the two scenes in an oral description to the class.

4. *Writing a Summary.* In not more than fifty words write a summary of parts II–IV of "The Starry Flag." The title of each part will serve as a major idea in helping you to tell the story briefly.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
The arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN

Angels of the Battlefields (1861–1865)

In the capital city of Washington, not very far away from the White House, stands a simple monument. Children, going home from school, play around it. Busy men and women hasten by it; but older men and women never pass it without a reverent glance upon its carved tablet.

For that tablet reminds them of stories their fathers and mothers told them in their childhood, stories of the Catholic Sisters who served as nurses to both Federal and Confederate soldiers wounded in battles of the Civil War.

The tablet lists twelve communities of Catholic Sisters who served upon the battlefields:

Sisters of Charity of Nazareth
Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul
Sisters of Charity of New York and Cincinnati
Sisters of Saint Dominic
Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis
Sisters of the Holy Cross
Sisters of Saint Joseph
Sisters of Mercy
Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy
Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel
Sisters of Providence
Sisters of Saint Ursula

No one can know the full record of the service of these Sisters. They themselves were far too busy caring for the wounded to set down the stories of their deeds. The memories of soldiers whom they served and saved have told the tales. Too many to mention, the accounts are alike in their themes of high courage and noble Christian charity.

Hundreds of Sisters nursed the wounded in the great military hospitals: the Satterlee in Philadelphia, the Douglas and the Stanton in Washington, and the Mt. St. Vincent in New York. In these hospitals thousands of Southern and

of Northern soldiers were given the same care, often aiding one another under the direction of the nursing Sisters. In the Douglas young men of the Class of '61 of Georgetown University, that class which had divided at the Georgetown gate to go separate ways into the Confederate Army of Virginia and the Federal Army of the Potomac, held sad reunion in hospital wards. To the Stanton, in a winter twilight, came Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, to see and give tribute to what the Sisters were doing for humanity.

Out beside the Ohio River, on a highway where armies passed and passed again, Mother de Chantal and her Sisters worked until they fell from exhaustion, sleeping in army blankets upon their chapel floor. Others of their group, going down the James River, met starving soldiers, gave them their own rations, and went hungry for days.

At another crossroads of war, Cairo, Illinois, stood the Brick Hospital, famed all down the Mississippi River as the cleanest, best equipped of all the Western military institutions. There Mother Angela directed her Sisters; and there one night Sister Josephine, standing guard alone, faced a mob of frenzied and mistaken soldiers and prevented a murder which would have been one of the most terrible tragedies of the war.

In Kentucky, again a dark and bloody ground, twelve weary Confederate soldiers came one night to the convent at Nazareth. They had marched many dangerous miles to ask the Sisters to go back with them to nurse the wounded of their army. Within the hour, late though it was, a group of Sisters went with them. For two nights and two days they marched under a flag of truce to take up their task.

Down in the City Hospital of Memphis, Sister Alberta, who had seen an army ride through peaceful Siena Vale in Kentucky, was one night called to assist a dying Northern

soldier. As she walked through the ward, she saw her own brother, a Confederate, waiting for care. She lifted to her lips the crucifix of her Rosary, prayed to God for strength, and moved to the bedside of the other man.

In Vicksburg, so long under siege, Mother Mary de Sales turned the Sisters' convent and school into hospitals. There the Sisters nursed the wounded while bombs fell all around them. Was it any wonder that Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, paid them tribute as high as Abraham Lincoln had paid to other Sisters? When Vicksburg fell, the Sisters went with the army, suffering terrible privations. To keep sick men warm, Mother Mary de Sales herself cut wood in the forests and dragged it to the little inn which had been made into a hospital. Never once did the Sisters falter as they gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, care to the wounded, consolation to the dying.

THEY COMFORTED THE DYING · NURSED THE WOUNDED · CARRIED HOPE TO
TO THE MEMORY AND IN HONOR OF
THE VARIOUS ORDERS OF SISTERS
WHO GAVE THEIR SERVICES AS NURSES ON BATTLEFIELDS
AND IN HOSPITALS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

From the hospital ships at Shiloh went Mother Mary Teresa, that valiant soldier of the Cross whose only weapon was an armful of bandages as she moved over that bloody field on days and nights after the battle. Through soaking rain and driving hail she went, seeking the wounded among the dead and caring for them until they were taken to the ships.

The sound of the guns of Gettysburg carried to the wooded slope of the convent at Emmitsburg, ten miles away; and while cannon still roared over the Pennsylvania hills, the Sisters of Emmitsburg walked on rain-drenched, mud-clogged roads to care for the wounded. Soldiers, slain or half-dead, lay around them in ghastly heaps. With hardly a foot of ground to step on, the Sisters went among them. They picked up the wounded and bore them to farm wagons, which took them to the hospitals at Gettysburg; and there, for long months, they stayed with those who needed them.

Everywhere through camps and hospitals Sisters died in the doing of their chosen duty, stricken by camp fevers, worn out by their labors. They asked nothing but clothing, food, and hospital supplies for the men they nursed. They sought no honors, no fame. It was enough for them that Christ walked with them through the wards of the hospitals and over the bloodstained earth of the battlefields.

MAKE A COMPLETE OUTLINE

You have selected major and minor ideas in previous lessons, and you have filled in partial outlines. You have also taken notes in outline form.

Now test your ability to make a good outline of this story without any aid.

One Country

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
  Her freedom, fame,
  Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

After all—
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
  Stand forth and be
  As one on soil and sea—
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
  Answers her call
  And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

FRANK L. STANTON

We Extend Our Liberties

The people of Nazareth, in the time of Our Lord's boyhood, were a poor people. They lived in simple houses on the hillside, houses of clay baked by the hot sun over Judea. They ate simple meals of wheaten bread, goat's milk, vegetables, meat but seldom, eggs, butter, honey, fruit, and water from the village well. They wore simple clothing, woven and made by the women of the village.

Small and simple though the place was, there must have been children there who thought themselves a little better than other children. Perhaps the son of the leader who took the caravan on the highroad to the Jordan thought that he was more important than the son of the sheepherder who never went beyond the hills above the town. Perhaps the daughter of the glass-blower who had learned to make beautiful blue glass in the factory at Hebron thought that she was somehow better than the daughter of the very poor woman who sold goat's milk. For, unfortunately, that has been the way of too many people in too many places at too many times.

There was one Boy in Nazareth who could never have treated other children badly. He could not have looked upon these boys and girls without remembering that every one of them was, like Himself, a child of God. If there came times when He could have startled them all by telling them of His Father, He kept His knowledge to Himself. For He knew Himself as the Brother to all boys, to all girls; and because He was their Brother, then they were all equal.

Christ preached this doctrine of equality as He went through the hills of Galilee. He practiced it in every deed of His public life. The Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, this was the foundation of Christianity. This was the teaching which His Apostles carried out into the world

beyond Judea. It was a teaching of true democracy for all the world.

According to this teaching there could be no barriers of speech, climate, or race to make one child of God alien to another. The Jew in Palestine, the Roman in Italy, the Greek in Athens, the Negro in Africa, the Celt in Ireland, the Frank in Gaul—all these were of equal rank, of equal standing in Christianity.

Until the coming of Christ the great majority of the people of the Roman Empire had lived in slavery; and the Roman Empire covered most of the known world of the time. Finally triumphing over obstacles which actually took centuries to overcome, the teachings of Christianity changed that condition. For the first time in the history of the empire, vast numbers of men and women were free. As the Church grew in numbers and in power, the freedoms of men were constantly extended.

The Church of Christ has aided the growth of human freedom by making men individually better, individually more responsible for their thoughts, words, and deeds in relation to their fellow men. The good citizen, according to Christian teaching, is first of all a good man or woman, true to himself, true in all his relations with his fellow man. He respects the dignity of human nature in himself and others. This respect demands freedom for others, as well as freedom for himself. A man is not really free if he keeps freedom from his fellow men.

The people of the United States have, for the most part, understood this truth. The history of the nation is the history of the growth of freedoms. The Declaration of Independence asserted these freedoms, and the Constitution, with its Bill of Rights, put many of them into effect. There were conditions, however, which seemed to make certain freedoms not yet possible for all men. It required long years—some of them years of civil war—to set one of these freedoms into the framework of American life.

The ideal of American democracy, like the ideal of Christianity, demands that all the freedoms given by God to man be granted to all citizens of the nation. It demands, too, that every citizen shall do his best to extend to his fellow men—both in and beyond his own nation—the freedoms which he himself enjoys through the bounty of God.

PAST AND PRESENT

You already know the value of linking the things that you read with the things that you know.

Try now to compare or contrast the past with the present. The selection that you have read tells about the past· your own experience tells about the present.

Let your talk be short and interesting. Think well about what you are going to say. Arrange your ideas in order

and express them clearly. Make sure that you have a good sentence at the beginning and at the end of your talk.

1. Compare life in Nazareth at the time of Our Lord with life in the United States today.

2. Without giving the person's name, show how the actions of someone that you know (yourself, perhaps) do or do not follow the pattern set by the Boy Christ.

3. How do the teachings of Christ concerning the equality of all men compare with the teachings of His Church today?

EXPLAIN

You will show that you understand some important parts of "We Extend Our Liberties" if you can answer these questions:

1. What is meant by "human freedom"?

2. How has the Church aided the growth of human freedom?

3. Explain the meaning of "the dignity of human nature."

4. Why is freedom the right of every man?

5. How is the ideal of American democracy like the ideal of Christianity?

LEARNED—TO LEARN

The vocabulary list for this section will be your personal one. Rule a sheet of paper down the middle so as to make two columns. At the top of one write the word "Learned." At the top of the second write "To Learn." Then skim through the unit. When you find a word which you have learned in this unit, write that word in the first column. When you find a word about whose meaning you are still uncertain, write that word in the second column. Unless you are certain of the meaning of a word and can use it in a sentence, you may not say that you know it.

You will enjoy seeing how many words you have added to your vocabulary while reading this unit. The column "To Learn" is a challenge to you.

Mother of God

Mother of God! as evening falls
  Upon the silent sea,
And shadows veil the mountain walls,
  We lift our souls to thee!
From lurking perils of the night,
  The desert's hidden harms,
From plagues that waste, from blows that smite,
  Defend thy men-at-arms.
Mother of God! thy starry smile
  Still bless us from above!
Still save each soul from guilt apart
  As stainless as each sword;
And guard undimmed in every heart
  The image of our Lord!

In desert march or battle's flame,
  In fortress and in field,
Our war-cry is thy holy name,
  Thy love our joy and shield!
Mother of God! the evening fades
  On wave and hill and lea,
And in the twilight's deepening shades
  We lift our souls to thee!
In passion's stress—the battle's strife,
  The desert's lurking harms,
Maid-Mother of the Lord of Life,
  Protect thy men-at-arms!

JOHN HAY

For the Blessings of Freedom

We, the people of the United States,—those born in this land and those who have come to it from other countries,—have in our keeping the freedoms of the United States.

It is the obligation of every man, woman, and child of our nation to respect and preserve our God-given liberties. To do this we need to know that the use of every freedom carries with it responsibility toward God and our fellow men. The homes we build must be homes where Christ dwells among us. When we worship God, we must give Him thanks for the religious liberty we enjoy. When we speak, write, and teach in freedom, we must remember always that we may not use our freedom of expression to do injustice to our fellow men. While we enjoy our own freedoms, we must do all in our power to secure equal liberties for everyone who does not already possess them.

Freedoms mean nothing unless they are founded upon the Christian ideal of liberty, upon the knowledge that all men are brothers under the Fatherhood of God.

From the beginning of the American nation we Catholic citizens have felt that we must pay, with loyal service, our debt to God and country for the blessings of freedom. For our guidance we have had the noble messages of great leaders of the Church, priests and bishops who have lifted their voices to recall and emphasize the relation between the Christian ideal and our national life. One of the recent writings which express true Christian gratitude for American citizenship is the statement "An American Creed," by Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York.

An American Creed

I believe in America:

In her high destiny under God to stand before the people of the earth as a shining example of unselfish devotion to the ideal that has made us a great nation: the Christian ideal of liberty in harmonious unity, builded of respect for God's image in man and every man's right to life, liberty, and happiness.

I believe in America: For the blood in the veins of America, our heart's blood, comes from the wounds of many peoples, chaliced in humanity's name upon the altar of liberty.

I believe in America: Not because of the tremendous resources of her fields and mountains, rivers and lakes, valleys and plains, but rather because America has been, and must ever continue to be, the beacon of liberty, the hope of the oppressed, the refuge of the weak, the pledge and the proof that man can live with man in mutual respect, following God's law, voiced in man's conscience, and in mutual esteem, based on the responsibility of democratic life.

Lastly, I believe in America: Because I believe in God and in God's providence, which have been over us from the earliest days of our beginnings. Believing in God, I am confident both of His merciful forgiveness of our national sins and of His awareness of our national virtues. Believing in God's providence, I am confident of our high resolve that this fair land, the visible setting of the vast, immaterial soul of the American nation, shall never lose its initial consecration to the common Fatherhood of God, so that we and our children's children shall live in peace and harmony among ourselves and with our neighbors. In this America, I believe; for this America, I live; for this America, I and millions of others stand ready to die.

FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN, Archbishop of New York

God of All the Free

And Thou, O God, of Whom we hold
Our country and our freedom fair,
Within Thy tender love enfold
This land; for all Thy people care.
Uplift our hearts above our fortunes high;
Let not the good we have make us forget
The better things that in Thy Heavens lie!
Keep, still, amid the fever and the fret
Of all this eager life, our thoughts on Thee,
The hope, the strength, the God of all the free.

BISHOP JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

Books to Read

Bonner, Mary G. *Danger on the Coast; a Story of Nova Scotia.* Knopf.

Choate, Florence, and Curtis, Elizabeth. *The Crimson Shawl.* Stokes.

Crownfield, Gertrude. *Angelique.* Crowell.

Earle, Alice Morse. *Home Life in Colonial Days.* Macmillan.

Franklin, Benjamin. *Autobiography.* Houghton.

Gale, Elizabeth. *Katrina van Ost and the Silver Rose.* Putnam.

Hunt, Marigold. *Life of Our Lord for Children.* Sheed.

Irving, Washington. *Knickerbocker History of New York.* Edited by Anne Carroll Moore. Doubleday.

Irving, Washington. *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* McKay.

Irving, Washington. *Rip Van Winkle.* McKay.

Langdon, William C. *Everyday Things in American Life, 1607 1776.* Scribner.

Lawson, Robert. *Ben and Me.* Little.

Longfellow, Henry W. *Evangeline.* Houghton.

Meigs, Cornelia L. *New Moon.* Macmillan.

Meigs, Cornelia L. *The Trade Wind.* Little.

Pyle, Howard. *Book of Pirates.* Harper.

Chavanne, Rose N. *David Farragut, Midshipman.* Coward.

Crownfield, Gertrude. *Freedom's Daughter.* Dutton.

Daugherty, James H. *Poor Richard.* Viking.

Eaton, Jeanette. *Leader by Destiny; George Washington, Man and Patriot.* Harcourt.

Eaton, Jeanette. *Young Lafayette.* Houghton.

Ellsberg, Edward. *"I Have Just Begun to Fight!" the Story of John Paul Jones.* Dodd.

Finger, Charles J. *Our Navy.* Houghton.

Floherty, John J. *The Courage and the Glory.* Lippincott.

Forbes, Edna. *Johnny Tremain.* Houghton.

Foster, Genevieve. *George Washington's World.* Scribner.

Harcourt, John. *Our Flag.* Harcourt.

Hatch, Alden. *Heroes of Annapolis.* Messner.

Malone, Paul B. *A Plebe at West Point.* Penn.

Pace, Mildred M. *Early American; the Story of Paul Revere.* Scribner.

Peet, Creighton. *Defending America.* Harper.

Robinson, Gertrude. *Sons of Liberty.* Dutton.

Rogers, Frances, and Beard, Alice. *Old Liberty Bell.* Stokes.
Seawell, Molly E. *Twelve Naval Captains.* Appleton-Century.
Stratton, Clarence. *When Washington Danced.* Scott, Foresman.
Tappan, Eva M. *The Little Book of the Flag.* Houghton.
Wadelton, Thomas D. *Army Brat.* Coward.

Allee, Marjorie H. *Judith Lankester.* Houghton.
Altsheler, Joseph A. *The Young Trailers.* Appleton-Century.
Cooper, James Fenimore. *Deerslayer.* Scribner.
Daugherty, James H. *Daniel Boone.* Viking.
Drake, Francis. *Indian History for Young Folks.* Harper.
Eggleston, George C. *Long Knives.* Lothrop.
Fast, Howard. *The Tall Hunter.* Harper.
Floherty, John J. *On the Air; the Story of Radio.* Doubleday.
Garland, Hamlin. *Book of the American Indian.* Harper.
Immaculata, Sister Mary. *Our Kateri.* Benziger.
Jackson, Helen Hunt. *Ramona.* Little.
Keppel, Leopoldina. *Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne.* Longmans.
Lenski, Lois. *A-Going to the Westward.* Stokes.
Nolan, Jeannette C. *Hobnailed Boots.* Winston.
Parker, Arthur C. *Indian How Book.* Doubleday.
Peet, Creighton. *All about Braodcasting.* Knopf.
Russell, Mother M. St. John (Lamplighter). *One Small House of Nazareth.* Burns.
Skinner, Constance L. *Becky Landers.* Macmillan.
White, Stewart E. *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout.* Garden City.
Wilson, William E. *Big Knife; the Story of George Rogers Clark.* Farrar.

Altsheler, Joseph A. *The Riflemen of the Ohio.* Appleton-Century.
Ames, Marlin M. *Canthook Country.* Houghton.
Bruce, Marjory. *Book of Craftsmen.* Dodd.
Disraeli, Robert. *Uncle Sam's Treasury.* Little.
McGoldrick, Rita G. *Corduroy Trail.* Doubleday.
Meader, Stephen W. *Lumberjack.* Harcourt.
Means, Florence C. *Shuttered Windows.* Houghton.
Meigs, Cornelia L. *Swift Rivers.* Little.

Shaw, Anna Howard. *Story of a Pioneer.* Harper.
Shephard, Esther. *Paul Bunyan.* Harcourt.
Tappan, Eva. *Makers of Many Things.* Houghton.

Bible. *The Great Story* (Douai edition). Harcourt.
Cable, George W. *Old Creole Days.* Scribner.
Carr, Mary Jane. *Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.* Crowell.
Codi, Joseph B. *The Veil is Lifted.* Bruce.
Cody, William F. *The Adventures of Buffalo Bill.* Harper.
Conway, Helene. *A Year to Grow.* Longmans.
Dawson, Grace S. *Butterfly Shawl.* Doubleday.
Driggs, Howard R. *The Pony Express Goes Through.* Stokes.
Feeney, Leonard. *American Woman.* America.
Finger, Charles J. *Cape Horn Snorter.* Houghton.
Garst, D. S. *Kit Carson, Trail Blazer and Scout.* Messner.
Gilchrist, Marie Emilie. *The Story of the Great Lakes.* Harper.
Grey, Katherine. *Rolling Wheels.* Little.
Hawthorne, Hildegarde. *Lone Rider.* Longmans.
Hunt, Mabel. *Michel's Island.* Stokes.
Judson, Clara I. *They Came from France.* Houghton.
Miller, Olive B. *Heroes, Outlaws and Funny Fellows.* Doubleday.
Monahan, Maud. *St. Madeline Sophie.* Longmans.
Montgomery, Richard G. *Young Northwest.* Random House.
Morrow, Mrs. H. W. *On to Oregon.* Morrow.
Parkman, Francis. *Oregon Trail.* Little.
Pease, Howard. *Long Wharf; a Story of Young San Francisco.* Dodd.
Repplier, Agnes. *In Our Convent Days.* Houghton.
Sperry, Armstrong. *Wagons Westward.* Winston.
Summers, Richard A. *Cavalcade to California.* Oxford.
Young, Stanley. *Young Hickory.* Farrar.

Altsheler, Joseph A. *The Texan Scouts.* Appleton-Century.
Bakeless, Katherine L. *The Birth of a Nation's Song.* Stokes.
Bowman, James C. *Pecos Bill; the Greatest Cowboy of All Time.* Whitman.
Crump, Irving. *The Boys' Book of Cowboys.* Dodd.
Hubbard, Margaret A. *Seraphina Todd.* Macmillan.
Otero, Nina. *Old Spain in Our Southwest.* Harcourt.
Sabin, Edwin L. *With Sam Houston in Texas.* Lippincott.
Schultz, James W. *Lone Bull's Mistake.* Grosset.

Alexander, Edwin P. *Iron Horse.* Norton.
Grey, Zane. *Last of the Plainsmen.* Grosset.
Hall, Charles G. *Through by Rail.* Macmillan.
Loyola, Mother Mary. *Jesus of Nazareth.* Sheed.
McNeely, Marian H. *The Jumping-Off Place.* Longmans.
Medary, Marjorie. *Prairie Anchorage.* Longmans.
Reck, Franklin. *Romance of American Transportation.* Crowell.
Swan, Oliver G. *Covered Wagon Days.* Grosset.
Van Metre, Thurman W. *Trains, Tracks and Travel.* Simmons-Boardman.
Weber, Lenora H. *Meet the Malones.* Houghton.
Weber, Lenora H. *Rocking Chair Ranch.* Houghton.
Wilder, Laura I. *The Long Winter.* Harper.

Altsheler, Joseph A. *The Guns of Bull Run.* Appleton-Century.
Altsheler, Joseph A. *The Tree of Appomattox,* Appleton-Century.
Andrews, Mary R. *The Perfect Tribute.* Scribner.
Davis, Julia. *Stonewall.* Dutton.
Hamilton, Joseph G. *The Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls.* Houghton.
Heagney, H. J. *Blockade Runner.* Longmans.
Meadowcroft, Enid L. *Abraham Lincoln.* Crowell.
Nicolay, Helen. *The Boys' Life of Ulysses S. Grant.* Appleton-Century.
Pace, Mildred M. *Clara Barton.* Scribner.
Purdy, Claire Lee. *He Heard America Sing.* Messner.
Sandburg, Carl. *Abe Lincoln Grows Up.* Harcourt.
Sterne, Emma G. *No Surrender.* Dodd.
Swift, Hildegarde H. *The Railroad to Freedom.* Harcourt.
Washington, Booker T. *Up from Slavery.* Doubleday.

Glossary

This glossary will help you to understand and pronounce the more difficult words in this book. For additional meanings, for the explanation of any word that does not appear in the following pages, or for a complete list of symbols used in marking the pronunciation of words you should consult your dictionary.

ā *as in* hāy
â *as in* chāot'ic
â *as in* dâre
ă *as in* căt
ȧ as in in'fȧnt
ä *as in* bärn
å *as in* gråss
ȧ as in sofȧ

ē *as in* hē
ę *as in* hęre
ê *as in* bêgin'
ĕ *as in* nĕt
ě *as in* si'lĕnt
ẽ *as in* mak'ẽr

ī *as in* rīde
ĭ *as in* gĭft
ĭ *as in* dĭrect'

ō *as in* jōke
ô *as in* ôbey'

ô *as in* hôrse
ŏ *as in* tŏp
ō̆ *as in* sō̆ft
ŏ as in ŏccur'

ū *as in* mūsic
ů *as in* for'můla
û *as in* bûrn
ŭ *as in* ŭp
ŭ as in cir'cŭs
ü *as in* menü'

oi *as in* boil
o͝o *as in* to͝ok
o͞o *as in* mo͞on
ou *as in* out
ng *as in* sing
th *as in* thin
t͟h *as in* t͟hat
tu͟ *as in* na'tu͟re
du͟ *as in* ver'du͟re
N *as in* boN
zh *as* z *in* azure

a bide' (*ȧ* bīd') *v.* To remain, stay; to continue.

ab'o li'tion ist (ăb'ō lĭsh'ŭn ĭst) *n.* A person who worked for the complete destruction of slavery.

a bridge' (*ȧ* brĭj') *v.* To reduce; to lessen.

a buse' (*ȧ* būz') *v.* To put to a wrong or bad use.

A ca'di a (*ȧ* kā'dĭ *ȧ*). Original French name of Nova Scotia, a province in Canada.

ac cost' (*ă* kŏst') *v.* To speak first to; to greet.

a chieve'ment (*ȧ* chēv'mĕnt) *n.* A deed worthy of praise; especially something done by bravery or great effort.

ad min'is tra'tion (ăd mĭn'ĭs trā'shŭn) *n.* The act of managing or directing affairs of government, business, etc.

Ael'en (ôl'ĕn), **Herman.** A Jesuit priest and missionary from the Low Countries.

ag gres'sion (*ă* grĕsh'ŭn) *n.* The attacking of another person, country, etc., without cause.

aide (ād) *n.* A military or naval officer who acts as assistant to a superior.

Al'be marle (ăl'bĕ märl). A county in central Virginia.

al'ien (āl'yĕn) *n.* A person not a citizen of the country in which he lives; a foreigner.

al'ka li (ăl'k*ȧ* lī) *n.* A mineral salt sometimes found in the soil of dry regions in sufficient quantity to make ordinary farming impossible.

Al'le ghe'ny (ăl'ẽ gā'nĭ). Mountain ranges in the eastern United States; also, a river of western Pennsylvania.

Al'lou'ez' (ȧ'lo͞o'ā'), **Claude.** A French Jesuit priest, explorer and missionary.

am'bus cade' (ăm'bŭs kād') *n.* A trap for catching or attacking an enemy by surprise. Sometimes called an **am'bush** (ăm'bo͝osh).

Ant'werp (ănt'wûrp). A city in northern Belgium which was at one time part of the Netherlands.

A rap'a ho (*ȧ* răp'*ȧ* hō). One of a warlike Indian tribe of Colorado.

arms (ärmz) *n.* Weapons.

ar til'ler y man (är tĭl'ẽr ĭ măn) *n.* A man belonging to that branch of the army which uses cannons, or big guns.

as ser'tion (*ă* sûr'shŭn) *n.* A positive statement.

as sure' (*ă* sho͝or') *v.* To make sure or certain.

at'tri bute (ăt'rĭ būt) *n.* A quality, such as wisdom or kindness, thought of as belonging to a certain person.

au gust' (ô gŭst') *adj.* Stately and noble.

au tum'nal (ô tŭm'năl) *adj.* Belonging to or characteristic of autumn.

a vow' (*ȧ* vou') *v.* To declare or say solemnly.

a ware'ness (*ȧ* wâr'nĕs) *n.* The quality of knowing or being conscious of something.

bab'ble (băb''l) *v.* To talk indistinctly or without connection between thoughts.

bail'iff (bāl'ĭf) *n.* A sheriff's deputy, or assistant.

bal'lot (băl'ŭt) *n.* A printed or written slip of paper used in voting.

ban dan'na (băn dăn'*ȧ*) *n.* A large, usually red or blue, figured handkerchief.

Ba'ra ta'ria (bä'*rȧ* tä'rē *ȧ*). An island in the Gulf of Mexico, not far from the city of New Orleans.

Bar ba'dos (bär bā'dōz). A British island and colony in the West Indies.

Bar'ba ry (bär'*bȧ* rĭ). A region in northern Africa, extending from Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean.

bard (bärd) *n.* In olden times a man who made his living by composing and singing verses in honor of heroes; a poet.

Ba'ri (bä'rē). A seaport city in southeastern Italy.

bar'on (băr'ŭn) *n.* A member of the nobility; a lord.

base (bās) *adj.* Wicked; of low standards in living.

ba'sis (bā'sĭs) *n.* The base or foundation.

Ba ta'vi a (*bȧ* tā'vĭ *ȧ*). A seaport in Java, one of the Dutch East Indies.

beach (bēch) *v.* To run or drive something upon a beach.

bea'con (bē'kŭn) *n.* A signal, especially a light on a pole, building, or other high place, to guide sailors, aviators, etc.

bee' mar'tin (bē'mär'tĭn) *n.* The kingbird, which occasionally eats bees, and which has a peculiar, shrill cry.

be flounced' (bē flounst') *adj.* Trimmed with many flounces, or ruffles.

Bel'lar mine (bĕl'är mĭn), **Robert.** An Italian Jesuit who later was made cardinal. He is known for his great learning, teaching, and writing.

Be luche', Re né' (bē lōōsh', rē nā'). A privateer from the island of Barataria in the Gulf of Mexico.

bench (bĕnch) *n.* The seat where the judges sit in court.

be nef'i cent (bē nĕf'*ĭ* sĕnt) *adj.* Kind; charitable.

Ber'gen, An'ne ke (bâr'hŭn, ān'nē kȧ).

Ber'gen, Jor'is (bâr'hŭn, yō'rĭs).

bid'da ble (bĭd'*ȧ* b'l) *adj.* Obedient; easily managed.

bid'ding (bĭd'ĭng) *n.* A command or order.

Bill of Rights (bĭl ŏv rīts). The first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States, stating the rights and privileges of the people.

Black Hills (blăk hĭlz). A mountain group in South Dakota and Wyoming.

blaze (blāz) *v.* To mark a tree by chipping off a piece of the bark.

Bo'gart (bō'härt).

bom'ba zine' (bŏm'*bȧ* zēn') *n.* A dress material made of wool combined with silk or cotton and having the appearance of stripes or ribs running through it.

bo'na fi'de (bō'*nȧ* fī'dē). Latin words meaning "in good faith," that is, with proper intentions; without fraud.

Bon'homme' Ri'chard' (bŏ'nôm' rē'shär'). An American war vessel.

bor'ough (bûr'ō) *n.* A town or village.

brand (brănd) *n.* A mark made with a hot iron upon the flesh of an animal to show to whom it belongs.

brave (brāv) *v.* To meet or face with courage; to dare.

breast'work' (brĕst'wûrk') *n.* A hastily built wall high enough to serve as a defense in battle.

bri gade' (brĭ gād') *n.* In the United States Army, a body of troops consisting of two regiments.

broad'side' (brôd'sīd') *n.* A discharge at the same time of all the guns that can be fired from one side of a ship.

Bru té' (brü tā'), **Simon William.** A French Sulpician priest, teacher, pastor, and missionary who later became first bishop of Vincennes.

bull-pine (bōōl pīn) *n.* A common and very large pine of the western United States. It is important for its timber.

bull train (trān) *n.* A line of heavy wagons drawn by bulls.

bur'gess (bûr'jĕs) *n.* A citizen of a borough or town; before the Revolution, a member of the lawmaking body of Virginia.

ca det' (*kȧ* dĕt') *n.* A young man training at West Point for military service.

Cad'il lac, Antoine (kăd'ĭ lăk ăN'twăn'). A French explorer.

Ca ho'ki a (*kȧ* hō'kĭ *ȧ*). A village settled by the French in the area that is now the state of Illinois.

ca'ñon (kăn'yŭn) *n.* A deep valley with high, steep slopes. Also spelled *canyon.*

can'ti cle (kăn'tĭ k'l) *n.* A short song or hymn of praise.

De[illegible]**ty** (kȧ păs′ĭ tĭ) *n.* Power or [illegible] of y.

[illegible]ol (kăp′ĭ tŏl) **Hill.** A slight in[illegible]e or hill upon which stands the [illegible]nited States Capitol, or building in [illegible]which Congress meets, at Washing[illegible]ton, D.C.

ar′a van (kăr′ȧ văn) *n.* A company of people, such as pilgrims, traveling together on a long journey through a desert or through dangerous country.

card (kärd) *v.* To cleanse and untangle the fibers of wool, cotton, etc., before spinning; to comb with an instrument called a card.

Ca rib′be an (kȧ rĭb′ē ăn) **Sea.** The part of the Atlantic Ocean between the West Indies and Central and South America.

car′ni val (kär′nĭ văl) *n.* Merrymaking; lively and often boisterous celebration.

ca rouse′ (kȧ rouz′) *n.* A joyous party attended by drinking.

cask (kȧsk) *n.* A barrel-shaped container made of wood.

Cas′ta ñe′da, Mi guel′ (kä′stä nyā′thä, mē gĕl′).

Cay use′ (kī ūs′). One of a warlike tribe of Indians.

cease (sēs) *v.* To stop, to end; to discontinue.

ce les′tial (sē lĕs′chăl) *adj.* Heavenly.

chaise (shāz) *n.* A pleasure carriage, usually one that has two wheels and a hood and is drawn by one horse.

chal′ice (chăl′ĭs) *v.* To place in a chalice; to contain in a chalice.

chal′lenge (chăl′ĕnj) *n.* An invitation to engage in a contest; a dare; a call to fight.

Chal mette′ (shäl mĕt′). A plain outside the city of New Orleans. It is now a national monument.

chart (chärt) *n.* A marked path as shown on a map or chart.

char′ter (chär′tĕr) *n.* A written guarantee of rights or privileges.

Chat ter a′wah (chăt ēr ä′wä). A river in Kentucky, often called Sandy River.

cher′ish (chĕr′ĭsh) *v.* To treat with care and affection; to treasure.

chess′man (chĕs′măn) *n.* One of sixteen small figures or pieces used in playing chess, on a board similar to a checkerboard.

Chey enne′ (shī ĕn′). One of an Indian tribe of Colorado.

Chief Jus′tice (chēf jŭs′tĭs). The presiding, or chief, judge of the United States Supreme Court, which is the highest court in the land.

Chis′holm (chĭz′ŭm) **Trail.** The great cattle trail northward from Texas.

chol′er a (kŏl′ĕr ȧ) *n.* An epidemic disease that caused many deaths in former times.

civ′ic (sĭv′ĭk) *adj.* Of or concerning a city or a citizen.

clan (klăn) *n.* A group of people united by their interest in the same thing or things.

clar′i on (klăr′ĭ ŭn) *adj.* Loud and distinct, like the clear, shrill tones of a clarion, or kind of trumpet.

cli′ent (klī′ĕnt) *n.* A person who employs the services of a lawyer or any other professional man.

clod (klŏd) *n.* A lump of soil or earth.

clout′ed (klout′ĕd) *adj.* Patched.

coach′-fer′ry (kōch′-fĕr′ĭ) *n.* A large carriage that travels over a particular route to and from a wharf and meets the incoming boats.

code (kōd) *n.* Any system of rules, principles, etc. which govern the conduct of people in certain classes or under certain conditions.

Co man′ches (kō măn′chĕz). Indians in western Wyoming, later ranging widely between Kansas and northern Mexico.

Co meau′ (kŏ mō′).

come up′pance (kŭm ŭp′ăns) *n.* That which is earned by unkind or foolish actions.

com′man dant′ (kŏm′ăn dänt′) *n.* A commanding officer.

com mand′er (kŏ män′dĕr) *n.* A naval officer ranking next below captain.

com mis′sion (kŏ mĭsh′ŭn) *n.* A certificate that gives rank and authority to military and naval officers.

com′mon law (kŏm′ŭn lô) *n.* The unwritten law, especially of England, that has binding force because people have so long used and accepted it.

com′mon wealth′ (kŏm′ŭn wĕlth′) *n.* A state or nation.

com pres′sor (kŏm prĕs′ĕr) *n.* The part of a large gun which lessens the force of its recoil, or springing back, when fired.

Com′stock Lode (kŭm′stŏk lōd). A gold and silver deposit, famous for its size, discovered in Nevada by Henry T. Comstock.

con ceive′ (kŏn sēv′) *v.* To think of; to begin something new in one's mind.

con cern′ (kŏn sûrn′) *v.* To be of interest or importance to.

Con′es to′ga wagon. A style of large wagon, usually covered, with broad wheels for traveling over soft soil and on prairies, first made at Conestoga, Pennsylvania.

Con e wa'go (kŏn ē wä'gō). An early settlement in eastern Pennsylvania.

con form' (kŏn fôrm') *v.* To be like; to agree with.

Con'ti nen'tal (kŏn'tĭ nĕn'tăl). A soldier of the united American colonies at the time of the American Revolution.

Con'ti nen'tal Di vide' (dĭ vīd'). The divide, or point of separation, in the Rocky Mountains between the streams which flow to opposite sides of the continent; also called Great Divide.

Con'ti nen'tal Na'vy (nā'vĭ). The navy of the thirteen American colonies during the Revolution and until the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. Since that time the name *Navy of the United States* has been used.

con vey'ance (kŏn vā'ăns) *n.* The act of transporting or moving.

con vict' (kŏn vĭkt') *v.* To prove or find a person guilty of an offense.

con'voy (kŏn'voi) *n.* An armed ship that goes along with another ship, such as a troopship, to guide or protect it.

cor'du roy road (kôr'dŭ roi rōd). A road formed of logs laid side by side across a swampy place.

cor'o nal (kŏr'ō năl) *n.* A crown; a circlet for the head.

Cor tel you' (kôr tĕl yōō').

coun'sel (koun'sĕl) *n.* Advice; instruction.

coun'ter charge (koun'tĕr chärj) *n.* An attack made in opposition to one made by the enemy.

coy'ote (kī'ōt) *n.* A small wolf common on the plains of western North America; a prairie wolf.

crafts'man (kråfts'măn) *n.* One who works at a trade or manual occupation.

cred'i tor (krĕd'ĭ tĕr) *n.* A person to whom a debt is owed.

Cre'ole (krē'ōl). A white person descended from the French or Spanish settlers of Louisiana and neighboring states, and keeping their speech and customs.

cres'cent (krĕs'ĕnt) **moon** *n.* A new moon; one showing only part of the circle of light.

crest'ed (krĕs'tĕd) *adj.* Having a peak; resembling the crest on the head of some animals and birds, such as the comb of a rooster.

crim'son (krĭm'z'n) *n.* The color of blood; a bright dark-red color with a bluish tinge.

cri'sis (krī'sĭs) *n.* A turning point in affairs.

Cris'pin (krĭs'pĭn), **Saint.** A shoemaker and a martyr. He and Saint Crispinian are the recognized patrons of shoemakers, and are often represented with the tools of their trade or with strips of leather in their hands.

cross'tie (krôs'tī) *n.* One of the cross supports to which the rails of a railroad track are fastened.

cru'cial (krōō'shăl) *adj.* Trying; decisive; having to do with a great trial or with a serious and final decision.

cruise (krōōz) *v.* To travel by ship, touching at a number of ports rather than going directly to one port only.

cruis'er (krōōz'ĕr) *n.* A warship less heavily armed and armored than a battleship.

Cul lo'den (kŭ lŏ'dĕn). A tract of moorland in Scotland, the scene of a famous battle.

cul'tur al (kŭl'tŭr ăl) *adj.* Pertaining to or concerned with culture.

cul'ture (kŭl'tŭr) *n.* The combined result of learning, customs, refinement of manners and of taste.

curt'sy (kûrt'sĭ) *v.* To bow slightly and bend the knees in a respectful greeting.

cus to'di an (kŭs tō'dĭ ăn) *n.* A person who has charge, or the care of, something.

Dan'zig (dän'tsĭk). A harbor city touching the Baltic Sea.

daunt'less (dônt'lĕs) *adj.* Fearless; unafraid.

dead let'ter (dĕd lĕt'ĕr) *n.* Something that has lost its force or authority.

De brosse' (dē brôs').

de fend'ant (dē fĕn'dănt) *n.* A person who is required to make answer in a legal action.

de fy' (dē fī') *v.* To challenge or dare a person to do something.

de gen'er ate (dē jĕn'ĕr ĭt) *adj.* Fallen below standard goodness because of evil ways.

De Kalb', Jo'hann (dē kălb', yō'hän), **Baron.** A German general who served in the American army during the War of Independence.

Delft (dĕlft). A town in the Netherlands.

del'uge (dĕl'ūj) *n.* A flood; an overpowering quantity or number of things that come in a great rush.

de nar'i us (dē nâr'ĭ ŭs) *n.* A Roman coin which at the time of Our Lord was the average day's wages for a laborer.

des'ig nate (dĕz'ĭg nāt) *v.* To point out; to show; to name in some way.

De Smet′, Pierre-Jean (dē smĕt′, pyâr zhăn). A French Jesuit priest who did missionary work among the American Indians.

des′per a′do (dĕs′pēr ā′dō) *n.* A desperate criminal; a reckless ruffian.

des′ti ny (dĕs′tĭ nĭ) *n.* The course of events considered as something arranged by a power greater than man's.

des′ti tute (dĕs′tĭ tūt) *adj.* Very poor; lacking the necessaries of life.

de′voir (dĕ vwär′) *n.* A service of duty; the expression of respectful regard.

de vo′tion (dē vō′shŭn) *n.* Strong love or affection.

di′a lect (dī′ȧ lĕkt) *n.* A form of a language which belongs to a particular region.

dif fuse′ (dĭ fūz′) *v.* To give out and cause to spread.

di min′ish (dĭ mĭn′ĭsh) *v.* To make smaller in size or less in number.

dip′lo mat (dĭp′lō măt) *n.* A person engaged in or skillful at carrying on the affairs of government between nations.

dis par′age (dĭs păr′ĭj) *v.* To speak of or to treat in a slighting manner.

dis′trict at tor′ney (dĭs′trĭkt ȧ tûr′nĭ). The lawyer of a given district whose duty it is to carry on legal action against an accused person to prove his guilt.

Dit′toe (dĭt′ō), **Jacob.** One of the early Catholic settlers in the Ohio region.

doc′trine (dŏk′trĭn) *n.* The thing or things taught by some authority, as the Church; a statement of belief on any subject.

dog′wood′ (dŏg′wo͝od′) *n.* A bush or tree with small flower clusters that are encircled by four broad, white or pink petal-like parts.

dol′phin (dŏl′fĭn) *n.* A long-nosed, small-toothed sea creature, several kinds of which are called porpoises; an active, edible ocean fish noted for its bright colors when out of water or dying.

do main′ (dō mān′) *n.* The territory over which someone rules or has authority.

Don′gan (dŏng′găn), **Thomas.** Irish Catholic governor of the English colony of New York.

dra goon′ (drȧ go͞on′) *n.* A cavalry soldier, usually heavily equipped.

drought (drout) *n.* Lack of rain or water; dryness.

Du bourg′ (dü bo͝or′), **William Louis.** A French Sulpician priest and educator who later became bishop of New Orleans.

Du chesne′ (dü shān′), **Mother Rose Philippine.** The leader of the first group of Religious of the Sacred Heart to come to America.

Dug′gan (dŭg′ăn), **James.** Bishop of Chicago at the time of the Civil War.

dune (dūn) *n.* A hill or ridge of sand piled up by the wind.

Duyts, Jo′ni ca (douts, yō′nē kä).

eaves (ēvz) *n.* The lower, overhanging edge of a roof; the sky considered as the roof of earth.

Eck′in rode (ĕk′ĭn rōd).

e′co nom′ic (ē′kŏ nŏm′ĭk) *adj.* Having to do with money, its use, and the things which produce it.

ec′sta cy (ĕk′stȧ sĭ) *n.* Very great joy; extreme happiness; bliss.

eddy (ĕd′ĭ) *n.* A current of water running contrary to the main current; especially, a current moving in a circle like a whirlpool.

e lec′tion eer′ (ē lĕk′shŭn ēr′) *v.* To work for a person, party, or ticket in an election.

el′e gance (ĕl′ē găns) *n.* Rich and dignified beauty.

e lu′sive (ē lū′sĭv) *adj.* Not easy to find, to understand, and to keep.

em′bas sy (ĕm′bȧs sĭ) *n.* The residence or office of an ambassador.

em′i nent ly (ĕm′ĭ nĕnt lĭ) *adv.* In a manner superior to all others.

end of steel (ĕnd ŏv stēl) *n.* The place at which an unfinished railroad ends from day to day during its construction.

en′gi neer′ (ĕn′jĭ nēr′) *n.* A man who constructs forts, bridges, railroads, etc.

en treat′ (ĕn trēt′) *v.* To ask earnestly; to plead.

e nu′mer a′tion (ē nū′mēr ā′shŭn) *n.* The naming over or counting over of persons or things.

en′voy (ĕn′voi) *n.* A representative sent by one government to another government. He ranks next below an ambassador.

ep′au let (ĕp′ō lĕt) *n.* A shoulder ornament worn chiefly by military or naval officers, indicating rank.

e pis′co pal (ē pĭs′kŏ păl) *adj.* Belonging to a bishop.

es tate′ (ĕs tāt′) *n.* The property of all kinds which a person leaves at his death.

es teem′ (ĕs tēm′) *n.* Respect; high regard; good opinion.

ex′ile (ĕk′sīl) *n.* A person who is expelled by authority from his native country.

ex or'bi tant (ĕg zôr'bĭ tănt) *adj.* Going beyond the limits of what is fair, reasonable, or expected.

ex'ploit (ĕks'ploit) *n.* A brave or daring deed.

ex'qui site (ĕks'kwĭ zĭt) *adj.* Delicately beautiful; delightful.

fab'u lous (făb'ū lŭs) *adj.* Astonishing; like a fable, especially in exaggeration.

fade *v.* When used as a direction in a radio play, this term means that music, for example, becomes softer and dies away.

fal'ter (fôl'tĕr) *v.* To hesitate in step, speech, etc.; to move or act in an unsteady manner.

fa tigue' (*fȧ* tēg') *n.* Weariness resulting from work or other exertion.

Fau'quier' (fô'kēr'). A county in northern Virginia.

fe'al ty (fē'ăl tĭ) *n.* Loyalty and service.

feath'er bed (fĕth'ĕr bĕd) *n.* A strong cloth case as long and wide as a bed and filled with feathers. People slept on, under, and between feather beds, which were light, soft, and warm.

Fed'er al (fĕd'ēr ăl) *adj.* Having to do with the government of the United States.

Fen'wick (fĕn'wĭk), **Edward Dominic.** An American Dominican priest who did missionary work in the Northwest and later was made first bishop of Cincinnati.

Fer'ni (fĕr'nē). A poetic name for Terni, an Italian city of which Saint Valentine was bishop, and where his relics are preserved.

Fi a'cre (fyȧ'k'r), **Saint.** Patron saint of gardeners and of French cab drivers.

fi del'i ty (fĭ dĕl'ĭ tĭ) *n.* Faithfulness to duty, work, superiors, etc.

Fitz Si'mons (fĭts sī'mŭnz), **Thomas.** One of the two Catholic signers of the Constitution of the United States.

Fla get' (flȧ zhā'), **Benedict Joseph.** A French Sulpician priest, teacher, and missionary who became first bishop of Bardstown.

flag'on (flăg'ŭn) *n.* A container for liquids, especially a vessel with a handle, a spout, and usually a lid.

flag'ship' (flăg'shĭp) *n.* The ship that carries the commander of a fleet or squadron and flies his flag.

flour'ish (flûr'ĭsh) *n.* Something done in a dashing, showy manner.

Fol'ger, A bi'ah (fŏl'jēr, *ȧ* bī'*ȧ*). The mother of Benjamin Franklin.

ford (fôrd) *v.* To wade across a river at a shallow spot.

fore run'ner (fōr rŭn'ĕr) *n.* A messenger sent ahead to announce the approach of others.

Fort Bridg'er (brĭj'ēr). A village in southwestern Wyoming; formerly important fort on the Oregon Trail.

Fort Lar'a mie (lăr'*ȧ* mĭ). A former fort on the Oregon Trail.

Fort Mas'sac (măs'ăk). A former fort in Illinois.

for'ti fi ca'tion (fôr'tĭ fĭ kā'shŭn) *n.* A fort or any other structure that strengthens a place against attack.

foul (foul) *v.* To tangle; to twist together so that it is difficult to straighten out.

found'er (foun'dĕr) *n.* A person who takes the first important steps in building up something new.

fren'zied (frĕn'zĭd) *adj.* Wild with anger, fear, or excitement.

frig'ate (frĭg'ĭt) *n.* A three-masted, square-sailed war vessel smaller in size and carrying fewer guns than a warship of the first class.

frond'age (frŏnd'ĭj) *n.* The leaves produced by ferns; fronds.

fron tier' (frŭn tēr') *n.* The edge of the settled part of a country.

fume (fūm) *v.* To show annoyance or bad temper.

fun'da men'tal (fŭn'dȧ mĕn'tăl) *adj.* Having to do with the beginning or foundation, or with that upon which other things are built.

gain'ful (gān'fo͝ol) *adj.* Profitable; money-making.

Gal lit'zin, De me'tri us (gȧ lĭt'sĭn, dĕ mē'trĭ ŭs). A Russian prince who became a Catholic priest.

gar'ri son (găr'ĭ sŭn) *n.* A body of troops stationed at a fort; a place where troops are stationed.

Gas'ton (găs'tŭn), **William.** Chief justice of the supreme court of North Carolina.

gaunt (gônt) *adj.* Very thin, as with suffering or privation.

gav'el (găv'ĕl) *n.* A small mallet, usually of wood, with which the person presiding over a meeting calls it to order.

Gay'lord (gā'lôrd), **Andrew.**

Gen'e sis (jĕn'ĕ sĭs) The first book of the Old Testament.

Gi bault', **Pierre** (zhĕ bō', pyâr). A French priest and missionary.

gi gan'tic (jī găn'tĭk) *adj.* Like a giant in size, weight, strength, etc.; huge.

Gol'den Gate (gōl'd'n gāt). A strait from the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco Bay.

gor'y (gōr'ĭ) *adj.* Bloodstained.

Go'shen hop'pen (gō'shĕn hŏp'ĕn). An early settlement in Pennsylvania.
Go wa'nus (gō wä'nŭs). A bay near Brooklyn, New York.
grace (grās) *v.* To adorn or decorate; to add to the beauty of a thing.
grand ju'ry (grănd jo͞o'rĭ) *n.* A group of persons, usually twelve, who determine whether there is sufficient evidence against an accused person to bring him to trial.
gran'deur (grăn'dûr) *n.* Magnificence; greatness of power, position, character, etc.
Grand' Pré' (grän' prā'). A village in Acadia.
grease'wood' (grēs'wo͝od') *n.* A low, stiff shrub common in the alkaline soils of the western United States. It flames quickly with a bright blaze when set afire.
Great Char'ter (grāt chär'tẽr). The Magna Charta, a document which laid a foundation for the rights of the English people. English barons forced their king to sign it in 1215.
Great Di vide' (grāt dĭ vīd'). A name sometimes given to the Rocky Mountains.
grim'ly (grĭm'lĭ) *adv.* In a determined or unyielding manner.
griz'zled (grĭz''ld) *adj.* Mixed or streaked with gray.
grope (grōp) *v.* To search out by feeling, as in the dark; to feel one's way.
guer ril'la (gĕ rĭl'ä) *adj.* Not organized in the usual manner for war — applied to those forces that fight independently in connection with a regular war.
guild (gĭld) *n.* An association of persons with similar aims or interests, formed for mutual aid and protection.
Gu'ten A'bend, Va'ter (go͞o'tĕn ä'bĕnt, fä'tẽr). German words meaning "Good evening, Father."

Ha'gers town (hā'gẽrz toun). A city in Maryland.
half'-score' (häf'skōr') *n.* Ten.
Hal lel' (hă lā'). A selection of psalms of praise.
hal'low (hăl'ō) *v.* To make holy.
Hamp'shire Grants (hămp'shĭr grănts). A large area of land open to settlers in parts of what is now New Hampshire and Vermont.
hand'i cap (hăn'dĭ kăp) *n.* Any obstacle or disadvantage which makes progress or success more than ordinarily difficult.
har mo'ni ous (här mō'nĭ ŭs) *adj.* Agreeable; combining together so as to produce a pleasing effect or suitable arrangement.
Har'ney (här'nĭ), **William Selby.** An American general who won many victories over the Indians.
hatch (hăch) *n.* The covering of an opening in the deck of a ship.
haw'ser (hô'zẽr) *n.* A large rope used to tow, haul, or fasten a ship.
hay'mow' (hā'mou') *n.* A mass of hay stored in a barn.
He'bron (hē'brŏn). A town in southern Palestine.
heed (hēd) *v.* To give careful attention.
heir'loom' (âr'lo͞om') *n.* Any personal possession, such as a piece of jewelry, owned by a family for several generations.
helms'man (hĕlmz'măn) *n.* The man who steers a boat.
hew (hū) *v.* To cut with an ax or other sharp tool; to chop down.
high'hand'ed (hī'hăn'dĕd) *adj.* Following one's own wishes without consideration for the rights or feelings of others.
hill'crest (hĭl'krĕst) *n.* The top, or crest, of a hill.
hilt (hĭlt) *n.* The handle of a sword, dagger, etc.
hoar (hōr) *adj.* White or light-gray; white or gray with age; venerable.
Hoeck'en (hō͞o'kĕn), **Christian.** A Dutch Jesuit priest and missionary.
hold (hōld) *n.* The part of a ship below decks where cargo is stored.
hom'age (hŏm'ĭj) *n.* An act of respect or honor, as that due to God, or that offered by vassals of old to their lords.
hos'tile (hŏs'tĭl) *adj.* Unfriendly.
Hous'ton (hūs'tŭn), **Sam.** President of Texas, and American general.
hulk (hŭlk) *n.* The body, or hull, of a ship; also, a thing or a person very large and hard to handle.
hu man'i ty (hū măn'ĭ tĭ) *n.* The human race; kindness or sympathy.
Hus'sey, O'bed (hŭs'ĭ, ō'bĕd). American inventor.
Hy'bert (hī'bẽrt).

i de'al (ī dē'ăl) *n.* An idea of something in its perfect form; a standard of beauty, goodness, etc.
im'ma te'ri al (ĭm'mə tẽr'ĭ ăl) *adj.* Of the mind or spirit rather than of the world about us; as "*Immaterial* riches are of more lasting value than earthly gold."
im'mor tal'i ty (ĭm'ôr tăl'ĭ tĭ) *n.* The quality or state of unending existence; everlasting life.

im mu'ni ty (ĭ mū'nĭ tĭ) *n.* Freedom from any penalty, tax, or similar requirement.

im pel' (ĭm pĕl') *v.* To drive or urge on; to move to action.

im per'i ous (ĭm pĕr'ĭ ŭs) *adj.* Lordly, forceful, compelling.

im pet'u ous (ĭm pĕt'ū ŭs) *adj.* Hasty and reckless in action.

in ad'e quate (ĭn ăd'ē kwĭt) *adj.* Insufficient; not suitable to the need.

in al'ien a ble (ĭn āl'yĕn ȧ b'l) *adj.* Not capable of being given up or transferred.

in cite' (ĭn sīt') *v.* To arouse to action; to spur or urge on.

in clu'sion (ĭn klōō'zhŭn) *n.* The act of including.

in dict'ment (ĭn dīt'mĕnt) *n.* A formal written charge of crime against a person, presented to a court by a grand jury after it has considered the facts that seem to make him guilty.

in dus'tri al (ĭn dŭs'trĭ ăl) *adj.* Having to do with any branch of business or manufacture or with persons working in it.

In dus'tri al Rev o lu'tion (rĕv ō lū'shŭn). The change which came about when the work of men was largely replaced with the work of machines.

in ev'i ta ble (ĭn ĕv'ĭ tȧ b'l) *adj.* Bound to happen; unable to be avoided; certain.

in'fa mous (ĭn'fȧ mŭs) *adj.* Having a bad reputation; considered evil or wicked by public opinion.

in'fan tile (ĭn'făn tīl) *adj.* Like a small child or infant.

in fir'ma ry (ĭn fûr'mȧ rĭ) *n.* A place where the sick are nursed.

in for'mal (ĭn fôr'măl) *adj.* Not following accepted rules and customs; without ceremony.

in fringe' (ĭn frĭnj') *v.* To intrude upon; to go beyond what is right and just.

in'ge nu'i ty (ĭn'jĕ nū'ĭ tĭ) *n.* Skill or power in inventing.

in i'tial (ĭ nĭsh'ăl) *adj.* Having to do with the beginning; first.

in spire' (ĭn spīr') *v.* To influence as if by a higher or divine power.

in'sti tute (ĭn'stĭ tūt) *v.* To set up; to establish; to begin.

in'sti tu'tion (ĭn'stĭ tū'shŭn) *n.* An established practice, law, custom, etc., as the *institutions* of a free country.

In'ter am'na (ĭn'tĕr ăm'nȧ). Ancient name for the city of Terni, in central Italy.

in'ter lude (ĭn'tĕr lūd) *n.* Something occurring between two other things.

in'ter po si'tion (ĭn'tĕr pŏ zĭsh'ŭn) *n.* The act of putting oneself forward in the affairs of others.

in vi'o late (ĭn vī'ō lât) *adj.* Spotless, unspoiled by anything wrong.

Is'sy' (ē'sē'). A suburb of Paris.

jas'mine (jăs'mĭn) *n.* A vine or bush with shiny leaves and sweet-smelling flowers. The jasmine that blooms at night is especially fragrant.

Je ho'vah (jĕ hō'vȧ). God; the Lord; the Supreme Being; the Almighty.

Jer'e mi'ah (jĕr'ĕ mī'ȧ).

Jes'u it (jĕz'ū ĭt). A member of the Society of Jesus, a religious community founded by Saint Ignatius.

Jo sette' (zhō zĕt').

Josh'u a (jŏsh'ū ȧ) **tree** *n.* One of a family of trees found in the southwestern United States. It is large and ragged in appearance, with leaves clustered at the ends of its branches.

Jo si'ah (jō sī'ȧ).

Ju'das (jōō'dȧs) **tree** *n.* Any tree or bush belonging to the same family of trees as that on which Judas is said to have hanged himself.

Ju'li et (jōō'lĭ ĕt) **cap** *n.* A small, brimless, close-fitting cap made of lace or some other decorative material.

ju'ris dic'tion (jŏŏr'ĭs dĭk'shŭn) *n.* Authority to do certain things, as the right to make or interpret laws, to give commands, to govern people, etc.

ju'ry (jŏŏr'ĭ) *n.* A group of persons selected and sworn to decide from the evidence presented at a trial what the facts are.

Ka na'wha (kȧ nô'wȧ). A river in West Virginia.

Kas kas'ki a (kăs kăs'kĭ ȧ). An early French settlement in what is now Illinois.

keel (kēl) *n.* A timber, a plate, or a series of either, running lengthwise along the bottom of a boat and usually projecting from the bottom. In poetry the word often means the entire ship.

keen (kēn) *adj.* Strong; eager; intense; vehement; sharp.

ken (kĕn) *n.* Knowledge; understanding gained by seeing, or as if by seeing, a thing.

Kes ka to'mas (kĕs kȧ tō'măs). The Indian name for hickory nuts.

Kish'ko (kĕsh'kō) *n.* An Indian child belonging to that part of the tribe whose members had no serious obligation to complete the tasks that they began.

Kos cius ...ĕt) *n.* A ship ...sh chyŏŏsh′-kō, tȧ ...ails, and good **Kos′ci us′ko** (kŏs′ĭ ū... or sailing. A Polish patriot ...ȧ lăt′ĭ năt). American cause during ...ermany. Independence.

Kra′kȯw (krȧ′k... sād′) *n.* ... **Cra′cow** (krā′kō). A ci... pales or st... stula River in southwester...

...n′tō mīm) ...

la′dle (lā′d′l) *v.* ...rs use few ...ith a long-handled dipper ...nts that ex...

La′fay ette′, Ma... pā′păl nŭn... (lä′fȧ yĕt′, mȧr′kē′ dē). A...icial repres...eneral and statesman who ...oreign cou...nerica during the War of ...ce.

Laf font′, Jean (lȧ ...t) *n.* ...). One of the early settlers at Ka...skia.

La′fitte′, Jean (lȧ′fēt′, zhäɴ). A French adventurer of the Gulf of Mexico islands, who, with his brother **Pierre** (pyâr), engaged in privateering.

La mar′, Mir′a beau (lȧ mär′, mĭr′ȧ bō). President of Texas before it became a part of the United States.

La rue′, Jean (lȧ rü′, zhäɴ).

La Salle′ (lȧ sȧl′). A French explorer.

lash (lăsh) *v.* To fasten or tie with a rope, cord, or chain; also, to whip; to strike quickly and with force.

law-a bid′ing (lô ȧ bīd′ĭng) *adj.* Obedient to the law.

lea (lē) *n.* A pasture; a meadow; grassland.

Lef′ferts, Ca′te ly′na (lĕf′ẽrts, kȧ′tĕ-lē′nȧ).

le′gion (lē′jŭn) *n.* A great number; a multitude.

leg′is la′tive (lĕj′ĭs lā′tĭv) *adj.* Having the power or authority to make laws.

lei′sure (lē′zhĕr) *n.* Time not occupied with necessary duties; free time.

Le Prince′ (lẽ prăɴs′).

liege′man (lēj′măn) *n.* A subject bound by loyalty and service to his lord; a devoted follower.

Li′sa, Ma nuel′ (lē′sȧ, mä nwĕl′). A prominent fur trader of the West.

lo′cal (lō′kăl) *adj.* Having to do with some particular place or places; not general or widespread.

loi′ter (loi′tẽr) *v.* To lag behind; to be slow in moving; to linger.

log′ging (lôg′ĭng) *n.* The business of cutting down trees and transporting the logs to market.

Long Knife (lŏng nīf). A white man; formerly so called by American Indians.

long-nine (lŏng nīn) *n.* A variety of cigar smoked about the middle of the nineteenth century.

lope (lōp) *v.* To move with an easy, bounding gait like that of a running dog or wolf.

Lo′ras (lô′răs), **Peter John.** A French priest and educator who became first bishop of Dubuque.

Lo′ri ent′ (lō′rē äɴ′). A seaport city in France.

lurk (lûrk) *v.* To lie hidden; to stay about a place secretly; to be present without being seen.

Ma chi′as (mă chī′ăs). A seaport town in Maine.

Mack′i nac (măk′ĭ nô) **Island.** A small island in the Straits of Mackinac, once an important fort and now a state park and summer resort.

Mad′ame (măd′ăm; *French* mȧ′dȧm′) *n.* A French title (meaning, literally, "my lady") for a married woman. In English it is applied to foreign married ladies of whatever nationality.

main′top′ (mān′tŏp′) *n.* The platform around the head of the mainmast.

main′yard (mān′yärd) *n.* A long yard, or pole, from which hangs the mainsail.

Mam′mon (măm′ŭn) *n.* An ancient god of riches; the demon of greed. Written with a small *m*, it means wealth or riches in an unpleasant sense.

man′i fold (măn′ĭ fōld) *adj.* Many, both in number and variety.

mar′i o nette′ (măr′ĭ ō nĕt′) *n.* A sort of doll or puppet moved by strings.

Mar′quette′, Jacques (mȧr′kĕt′, zhȧk). A French Jesuit priest and missionary who explored the Mississippi River.

mast (mȧst) *n.* A long pole that rises into the air from the bottom of a boat and supports sails, rigging, etc.

mas′ter (mȧs′tẽr) *v.* To get control of; become skillful at something.

mas′ter work′man (mȧs′tẽr wûrk′măn) *n.* A man specially skilled in any art, handicraft or trade, as a master plumber.

ma te′ri al (mȧ tẹr′ĭ ȧl) *adj.* Having to do with or made of matter rather than spirit, as "A book is a *material* thing"; pertaining to a person's bodily needs, wants, etc., as "Money can provide *material* comfort."

Maz′zu chel′li (mȧ′tsū kĕl′lĭ). An Italian Dominican priest who did great missionary and educational work.

meas′ure (mĕzh′ẽr) *v.* To compare a thing with a fixed standard. This may be done mentally or otherwise.

Me nom′i nee (mē nŏm′ĭ nē). An Indian chief of the Potawatomi tribe.

mer'chant man (mûr'chănt măn) *n.* A ship used especially in trading.

mer'ci' ma Sœur (měr'sē' má sûr). French words meaning "Thank you, Sister."

Mi'chel' (mē'shěl').

Mi la'dy (mĭ lā'dĭ) *n.* An English noblewoman or gentlewoman.

mi li'tia (mĭ lĭsh'ă) *n.* A body of citizens enrolled as a regular military force and receiving military training but not called into active service except upon necessity.

mill (mĭl) *v.* To move or circle around in a restless, disorderly mass.

mirth (mûrth) *n.* Gladness; merriment; joy.

mis'rep re sen ta'tion (mĭs'rĕp rē zĕn tā'shŭn) *n.* Anything said or done that gives a false impression, especially when the thing is meant to give a wrong idea.

mis'sion (mĭsh'ŭn) *n.* An important duty, such as the making of a treaty, that a person is sent to perform for another person or the government.

mis use' (mĭs ūs') *n.* Wrong use.

mold'er (mōl'dĕr) *v.* To become crumbly like mold; to crumble into dust.

Mo nad'nock (mō năd'nŏk), **Mt.** A mountain in southwestern New Hampshire.

Mon sieur' (mē syû') *n.* A French title of respect, meaning, literally, "my lord." It corresponds to English *Mr.*

Mon'si gno're (mŏn'sē nyō'rā). A title of honor borne by some prelates of the Catholic Church.

mor'al (mŏr'ăl) *adj.* Virtuous; good; righteous; as "a *moral* life."

mo ral'i ty (mō răl'ĭ tĭ) *n.* Good living; uprightness of life.

Mor'mon (môr'mŭn) *n.* A member of the Mormon Church, so called because its people profess belief in *The Book of Mormon*, which, according to them, is a sacred history of the early inhabitants of America.

Mos'que lon', Pierre (môs'kē lôN', pyâr). **Mo'zart** (mō'zärt; *German* mō'tsärt). An Austrian musician.

mule'-skin'ner (mūl'skĭn'ĕr) *n.* A muledriver.

Mul lan'phy, Bry'an (mŭl ăn'fĭ, brī'ăn). A mayor of St. Louis, and founder of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society in the United States.

mul'ti na'tion al (mŭl'tĭ năsh'ŭn ăl) *n.* A citizen or subject of several countries in turn. A term of contempt for a person who changes his allegiance as often as it is profitable to do so.

M[illegible]-e'usz (kŏf putting one[illegible]n old name
Eng. [illegible]irs of others.
Thaddeus, [illegible]n vĭ'ŏ lăt) Given and re-
n [illegible]ided the by anything between two or
[illegible]ae War of. A suburb *mutual* friend-
ŏŏf). [illegible] or united, as
En[illegible]s'mĭn) *n.*
[illegible]y on the V[illegible]y leaves an*or* mīn hēr') *n.*
[illegible]n Poland. The jasmint, meaning about
especially fra*Mr.* or *sir.*
To dip up w[illegible]ē hō'vă).
'quis' de [illegible]me Being; A province of
French gə'ū ĭt). A n (năz'bĭ, pē trō'-
served in Ar[illegible]esus, a relin[illegible]e of an American
independen[illegible]by Saint Ig[illegible] Locke.
Ne's- [illegible]ăs'hŏ zĕt'). *n.* A shortened form
of the [illegible]ăs'shĕ Nesfwawke, a Potawatomi chief.

New U'trecht (nū ū'trĕkt). A city in New York State named after one in Holland.

niche (nĭch) *n.* A hollow place in a wall for a statue or ornament.

No'ailles', Count de (nō'ä'y', kount dē). A French statesman.

nom'i nate (nŏm'ĭ nāt) *v.* To name as a candidate for election or appointment.

no'ta ble (nō'tă b'l) *adj.* Worthy of notice; remarkable; distinguished.

No'tre Dame' (nō'tr' dăm'). French words meaning "Our Lady"; the Virgin Mary; Our Blessed Mother.

oc ca'sion (ŏ kā'zhŭn) *v.* To cause; to bring about.

O li'vi er' (ô lē'vyā'), **Mother Marie.** Mother Superior at the Ursuline Convent of New Orleans in 1815.

op press' (ŏ prĕs') *v.* To crush by hard or cruel rule; to treat with unjust severity.

o rig'i nal (ŏ rĭj'ĭ năl) *adj.* Not copied from anything else; new; first.

O sage' (ŏ sāj'). One of a tribe of Indians, formerly dwelling between the Missouri and Arkansas rivers.

Os'kush (ŏs'kŏŏsh) *n.* An Indian child belonging to that part of the tribe whose members were honor-bound to finish any task that they began.

out'post' (out'pōst') *n.* A settlement on a frontier or in some distant part of the country.

O'za'nam', Fré'dé'ric' (ô'zä'năm', frā'-dā'rēk'). A French scholar and author who was devoted to the care of the poor.

Paasch (päsk); sometimes called **Paas** (päs) **Day.** Easter Monday, a day of rejoicing.

pack'et (păk'ĕt) *n.* A ship carrying passengers, mails, and goods, and having fixed days for sailing.

Pa lat'in ate (pȧ lăt'ĭ nāt). A division of southern Germany.

pal'i sade' (păl'ĭ sād') *n.* A high fence made of stout pales or stakes, used as a fortification.

pan'to mime (păn'tō mīm) *n.* A play in which the actors use few or no words; silent movements that express a person's feelings.

Pa'pal Nun'ci o (pā'păl nŭn'shĭ ō). The permanent official representative of the Pope at a foreign court or seat of government.

parch'ment (pärch'mĕnt) *n.* The skin of a sheep, goat, or other animal prepared so that it can be written upon; also, a fine grade of paper that imitates this.

par'tridge (pär'trĭj) *n.* Any of certain game birds, such as the grouse or the quail.

Pat'a go'ni a (păt'ȧ gō'nĭ ȧ). A region in the extreme southern part of South America. It lies chiefly within Argentina.

pa troon' (pȧ trōōn') *n.* The owner of any of certain tracts of land with special privileges granted under the old Dutch government of New York and New Jersey.

Pec'ci, Jo'a chim Vin'cent (pā'chē, yō'ä kĭm vĭn'sänt). An Italian cardinal who became Pope Leo XIII.

peer (pēr) *n.* A person of the same rank as another person; an equal. Also, in Great Britain, a member of the British nobility.

peer'less (pēr'lĕs) *adj.* Having no peer; without equal; matchless.

pelt (pĕlt) *n.* A skin, especially of a sheep, goat, or fur-bearing animal.

pen'ni less (pĕn'ĭ lĕs) *adj.* Without a penny; extremely poor, destitute.

per'il ous (pĕr'ĭ lŭs) *adj.* Full of risk; dangerous.

per pet'u ate (pĕr pĕt'ū āt) *v.* To preserve forever.

per sist' (pĕr sĭst') *v.* To keep on doing or saying something; to continue in spite of difficulty or warning.

Perth Am'boy (pûrth ăm'boi). A city in New Jersey.

Pe tit' (pē tē'), **Benjamin-Marie.** A French Jesuit priest and missionary.

pew'ter (pū'tĕr) *n.* A soft metallic substance made of tin combined with other metals. In colonial times it was used frequently for bowls, pitchers, spoons, etc.

phi lan'thro pist (fĭ lăn'thrō pĭst) *n.* A person who loves and helps his fellow

d as a direction
men; someonerm means that
to charity. ays alone for

phi los'o phy (fĭ lŏs
that deals with s a direction
nature and cause means that
teaching of a man alone but
concerning things w r text.
through philosophy, ss. Also,
ophy of the Catholic Cization

Pi'ar ist (pē'ȧ rĭst). A te public;
gation founded in Eur *pub-*
Joseph Calasanctius.

Pink'ster (pĭngk'stĕr). A L
meaning "Pentecost." A ng
often a series of holidays, c
at Whitsuntide in colonial a
New York.

pi'o neer' (pī'ō nēr') *n.* One wh
before, preparing the way for ot
also, an early settler; a colonist.

plac'id (plăs'ĭd) *adj.* Calm; qui
undisturbed.

plague (plāg) *n.* Anything that trouble
or afflicts, as "a *plague* of insects"; also, a contagious disease that attacks a large number of people at one time.

Platte (plăt). A river in Nebraska; also, a mountain in Colorado.

Plet'tel (plĕt'ĕl).

po lit'i cal (pō lĭt'ĭ kăl) *adj.* Concerning the conduct of government.

port (pōrt) *n.* A porthole, or opening in the side of a ship; also a harbor where ships may load or unload cargo.

Pot'a wat'o mi (pŏt'ȧ wŏt'ō mĭ). An Indian of a tribe formerly dwelling on the western shore of Lake Michigan.

prai'rie (prâr'ĭ) *n.* A large area of level or rolling land covered by coarse grass and without trees.

prai'rie-dog town (prâr'ĭ dôg toun) ***n.*** A great number of prairie dogs living, according to their habit, in a colony, or "town," which is sometimes many miles in extent. The mounds that mark their burrows cover all the land that they occupy.

prai'rie schoon'er (prâr'ĭ skōōn'ĕr) *n.* A long wagon with a rounded top. It was used especially by pioneers to cross the prairies.

pre sent'ment (prē zĕnt'mĕnt) *n.* A report which a grand jury, from its own knowledge or observation concerning some wrongdoing, makes and presents to the court.

prie'-dieu' (prē'dyû') *n.* A desk suitable for a person kneeling at prayers.

prim (prĭm) *adj.* Neat; very carefully arranged; exact in appearance.

prim'i tive (prĭm'ĭ tĭv) *adj.* Original; first; belonging to very early times; unchanged by man or civilization.

prin'ci pal'i ties (prĭn'cĭ păl'ĭ tĭz) *n.* One of the nine choirs of angels.

pri'va teer' (prī'vȧ tēr') *n.* An armed private ship with the permission of its government to make war on ships of the enemy; also, the commander or any member of the crew of a privateer.

prize (prīz) *n.* Something won in competition; also, a person or thing taken by superior force, as "The boat became the *prize* of the enemy vessel."

pro claim' (prō klām') *v.* To make known by announcing in a public place.

pro mo'tion (prō mō'shŭn) *n.* Advancement in grade or rank; change to a higher or more honorable position.

prop'o si'tion (prŏp'ō zĭsh'ŭn) *n.* A definite offer or suggestion made by one of the persons trying to come to an agreement; also, a business undertaking.

pros'e cute (prŏs'ē kūt) *v.* To carry on legal action against an accused person to prove his guilt; also, to keep at a thing to the end.

prov'i dence (prŏv'ĭ dĕns) *n.* Care; protection; support. With a capital *P*, it means God as the loving Father of all human beings.

prov'ince (prŏv'ĭns) *n.* A division of a country, having a limited government of its own.

prune (prōōn) *v.* To cut off dead or useless parts of a bush or tree; to make stronger and better by taking away that which is not good.

psalm (säm) *n.* A sacred song or poem; one of the hymns that make up the part of the Old Testament called the Book of Psalms.

Pu las'ki (pū lăs'kĭ), **Count Casimir.** A Polish patriot who served and died in the War of Independence.

purge (pûrj) *v.* To cleanse; to purify; especially, to free from sin or guilt.

purse (pûrs) *v.* To pucker up; to draw together in a small bunch.

pur suit' (pēr sūt') *n.* The act of following.

quar'ter (kwôr'tēr) *n.* Clemency or mercy shown in sparing the life of a conquered enemy.

quest (kwĕst) *n.* A search after anything; often, a long attempt to find a particular thing.

quilt'ing bee (kwĭl'tĭng bē) *n.* A friendly gathering of girls or women for the purpose of sewing or quilting bedcovers and the like.

ra'di ant (rā'dĭ ănt) *adj.* Bright; shining; reflecting rays of light; also, showing lively joy or happiness.

rage (rāj) *v.* To storm violently; to rave fiercely.

range (rānj) *n.* A place for roving; especially an open space where cattle etc. may graze.

Rap'pa han'nock (răp'ȧ hăn'ŭk). A river of Virginia.

ra'tion al (răsh'ŭn ăl) *adj.* Having reason or understanding; sane.

re an'i mate (rē ăn'ĭ māt) *v.* To restore to life; to give new life and energy.

rear (rēr) *v.* To stand up on the hind legs, as a horse; to lift upward, as a church its tower; to bring up and care for, as "to *rear* a family."

re bel' (rē bĕl') *v.* To resist authority; to refuse to obey.

re cess' (rē sĕs') *n.* A space or little hollow in a wall, a coast line, a mountain, etc.

re coil' (rē koil') *n.* The rebound, or jerking back, as of a spring or a discharged gun.

red'coat' (rĕd'kōt') *n.* A British soldier.

re dress' (rē drĕs') *n.* A correction of wrong; a setting right of some injustice.

re fec'to ry (rē fĕk'tŏ rĭ) *n.* A dining hall, especially in a monastery or convent; formerly dining halls in convent boarding schools were so called.

Rem'sen (rĕm'sĕn).

Ren'nau (rĕ'nô).

re nown' (rē noun') *n.* Widespread fame; great praise; celebrity.

rep'u ta bly (rĕp'ū tȧ blĭ) *adv.* Respectably.

res'er va'tion (rĕz'ĕr vā'shŭn) *n.* One of the tracts of land set aside by the United States government for the occupation and use of the Indians.

re strain' (rē strān') *v.* To hold back from doing something; to hold in check.

re stric'tion (rē strĭk'shŭn) *n.* A rule, order, or any other thing that prevents a person from doing what he wants.

re tal'i a'tion (rē tăl'ĭ ā'shŭn) *n.* The act of paying back with the same kind of thing, as evil with evil.

re vise' (rē vīz') *v.* To change; to improve; to correct.

Ri chard', Ga bri'el' (rē shȧr', gȧ brē'ĕl'). A French priest, missionary, and educator.

Ri'gaud', E'lise' (rē'gō', ā'lēz').

Ri'gaud', Lou'is (rē'gō', lōō'ĭ).

rig'ging (rĭg'ĭng) *n.* The ropes, chains, etc. that hold and move the masts, sails, and spars of a ship.

coast is so metimes referred to as "tide-water cou ntry."

till (tĭl) *v.* To plow and plant and care for; to cul ivate.

tin'der (tĭn'd r) *n.* Something which very easily tches fire; especially, a substance u ed to kindle a spark.

toast (tōst) *n.* The act of drinking in honor o someone or something after the na me of the person or thing has been proposed to the assembled compan y.

Ton' ty (tŏn'tē), **Henry de.** An Italian explorer in America.

To'ry (tō'rĭ). One who, at the time of the American Revolution, favored the cause of Great Britain.

tra di'tion (trȧ dĭsh'ŭn) *n.* The information, opinions, customs, etc. handed down from one generation to another by means of speech rather than by written record.

tran'quil (trăng'kwĭl) *adj.* Very calm and quiet; undisturbed.

trans lu'cent (trăns lū'sĕnt) *adj.* Not transparent but clear enough to allow rays of light to pass through.

trans mit' (trănz mĭt') *v.* To transfer from one person or place to another; to pass along; to hand on.

Treas'ur y (trĕzh'ĕr ĭ) *n.* The building housing the governmental department that has charge of government funds. The Treasury is next door to the White House, just across a narrow drive.

tres'pass (trĕs'pȧs) *v.* To enter unlawfully on the land of another person; also, to go beyond what is lawful, just, or right; to sin.

trib'ute (trĭb'ūt) *n.* An offering, gift, service, or the like that shows respect, loyalty, gratitude, or praise.

Tue Res'ti tu'ta (tōō, rĕs'tĭ tōō'tȧ). A young girl who lived in Maryland not long after the War of Independence.

un al'ien a ble (ŭn āl'yĕn ȧ b'l) *adj.* Not capable of being given up or transferred. Usually spelled *inalienable.*

u nan'i mous ly (ū năn'ĭ mŭs lĭ) *adv.* Without any objection; with the agreement and consent of all.

under and out. When used as a direction in a radio play, this term means that music, for example, plays as background of text for several measures.

un reck'oned (ŭn rĕk'ŭnd) *adj.* Not counted upon; unexpected.

up lift' (ŭp lĭft') *v.* To lift on high; to raise aloft.

up and out. When used as a direction in a radio play, this term means that music, for example, plays alone for several measures.

up and under. When used as a direction in a radio play, this term means that music, for example, begins alone but soon becomes background for text.

u til'i ty (ū tĭl'ĭ tĭ) *n.* Usefulness. Also, **public utility,** a business organization supplying some service to the public; as "The streetcar company is a *public utility.*"

va'grant (vā'grănt) *adj.* Wandering aimlessly; homeless and roving.

Val'en ti'nus (văl'ĕn tē'nŭs). Saint Valentine, an early bishop of Terni, Italy, to which city his body was returned after his martyrdom at Rome.

Van'der Borght' (făn'dĕr bōōrsht'), **Francis.** A Belgian Jesuit brother and missionary.

Van'der hoe'ven (făn'dĕr hōō'fŭn).

Van'der voort' (făn'dĕr fûrt').

Van Dyck' (făn dĕk').

Van Nuy'se (făn nō'sȧ).

Van Pelt' (făn pĕlt').

Van Twil'ler, Jan (făn twĭl'ĕr, yän).

var'ied (vâr'ĭd) *adj.* Having many varieties or kinds; of many sorts.

Va'ri llat', A dèle' (vȧ'rē yȧ' ȧ dĕl').

vast (vȧst) *adj.* Of very great extent, size, numbers, etc.; huge; mighty.

Vech'te, Pie'ter (fĕk'tĕ, pē'tĕr).

ver'dict (vûr'dĭkt) *n.* The decision reached by a jury after hearing a case tried; also, a decision made by any group of persons.

Ver haeg'en (vâr hă'gĕn), **Peter Joseph.** A Belgian Jesuit priest, missionary, and educator.

vi'brant ly (vī'brănt lĭ) *adv.* Vigorously; with life and energy.

vile (vīl) *adj.* Of little value; unclean; also, wicked, sinful.

vis'ta (vĭs'tȧ) *n.* A view usually over some distance, as down an avenue.

Vis'tu la (vĭs'tū lȧ). A river in Poland.

vi'tal (vī'tăl) *adj.* Belonging to or concerning life; also, very important; most necessary.

Vo celle' (vō sĕl').

vo'ya geur' (vwȧ'yȧ zhûr') *n.* A French word meaning "traveler." A man hired by fur companies to transport goods and men to and from distant stations; also, any boatman or trapper of the Great Lakes region.

Wa chu'sett (wô chōō'sĕt). A mountain in central Massachusetts.

wake (wāk) *n.* The track left by a ves-

sel in the water; also, any track left by a person or thing.

wan (wŏn) *adj.* Pale or sickly in appearance.

wan'ton (wŏn'tŭn) *adj.* Unruly; wayward; wicked; also, in poetic use, playful; extremely merry or gay.

Ward, Ar'te mus (wôrd, är'tĕ mŭs). The pen name of an American humorist, Charles F. Browne.

war'rant (wŏr'ănt) *n.* A written order, issued by lawful authority, directing an officer of the law to make an arrest, a search, a seizure, or the like.

wed'lock (wĕd'lŏk) *n.* Marriage.

well' house (wĕl' hous) *n.* A house or room built around a well, as for dairy purposes.

West pha'li a (wĕst fā'lĭ ȧ). A province in Prussia (northern Germany).

wharf (hwôrf) *n.* Any structure, as a pier or a dock, alongside which a vessel may lie to load and unload.

wheel (hwēl) *v.* To turn around as on a pivot; to turn quickly but remain on the same spot.

whim'si cal (hwĭm'zĭ kăl) *adj.* Full of sudden, unexpected notions or desires.

wick'et (wĭk'ĕt) *n.* A small gate or door.

wide'-flung' (wīd'flŭng') *adj.* Far-reaching; covering vast areas.

wile (wīl) *n.* A trick of words or of manner intended to win over or deceive someone.

win'now (wĭn'ō) *v.* To beat with wings; to make one's way by flying.

wit'ness stand (wĭt'nĕs stand) *n.* The place or stand, usually a chair on a platform, from which a witness gives evidence in court.

wiz'ened (wĭz'n'd) *adj.* Shriveled up; withered; dried and wrinkled.

wretch'ed ness (rĕch'ĕd nĕs) *n.* Misery; suffering; unhappiness.

wrought (rôt) *adj.* Worked into shape; elaborately made.

yoke (yōk) *n.* A bar or frame of wood fitting over the necks of two draft animals and holding them together.

You, Do'mi'nique' (yōō, dô'mē'nēk'). A privateer of the Gulf of Mexico.

Young (yŭng), **Brigham.** Leader of the Mormon colonists in Utah.

Zeng'er (zĕng'ẽr), **John Peter.**

ze'nith (zē'nĭth) *n.* The point in the heavens directly overhead.

Zi'on (zī'ŭn), **Mt.** A hill in Jerusalem which was the site of the temple and the center of Hebrew government and worship; also, the city of God, or Heaven.

Zou ave' (zōō ȧv'). A member of a body of soldiers adopting the dress and drill of a well-known French infantry group called Zouaves. Several volunteer regiments in the Civil War were known as Zouaves.

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